CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

112th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

106

JANUARY 1977

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and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

45p

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CUK-H06420-199-P1261

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

January 1977 Vol. 230 No. 1332 Founded 1866

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P1261

Annual subscription (including postage): U.K. £6.48; U.S.A. and Canada $20.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail; extra costs given on request.

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LATIN AMERICA TODAY: THE VIEW FROM WASHINGTON

by Gordon Connell-Smith

LATIN America is seldom in the news; its affairs are generally not considered newsworthy as compared with those of, say, the Middle East or Southern Africa. The Cuban missile crisis of October 1962 was exceptional, and that was not a Latin American matter, but a dangerous confrontation between the super-powers. For what, in retrospect, was a brief while, Che Guevara was a world figure. But then it was erroneously believed in Washington as elsewhere (and, of course, by Guevara himself) that the winds of revolution were about to sweep across Latin America following Fidel Castro's success in Cuba. More recently, in the early nineteen-seventies, there was an unusual degree of world interest in the fortunes of Salvador Allende's left-wing coalition government in Chile; culminating in widespread indignation at his overthrow by a military coup and at the part played by the United States in helping to bring this about. A great deal of publicity has been given since then to violations of human rights in Argentina and Brazil, as well as in Chile. But human rights are not a central issue in international relations, though of growing importance, especially in

the field of propaganda. It could hardly be otherwise when international society is composed of national sovereign states determined to resist 'interference' in their domestic affairs. At all events, in spite of much greater participation in international organisations since the end of the Second World War, the countries of Latin America still play a comparatively minor role in world affairs.

But what, however limited, is this role? In the view of increasing numbers of Latin Americans the region is part of the Third World, along with the underdeveloped (often euphemistically described as 'developing') countries of Asia and Africa. Most of the countries of Latin America have been independent for very much longer than those of Asia and Africa. But, as in the case of the latter, political freedom did not bring economic independence and an end to the colonial pattern of their trade. Latin Americans, like Asians and Africans, feel themselves to be victims of 'neo-colonialism'; for their economies remain subordinate to those of the wealthier, more highly industrialised countries. It was therefore understandable that Latin American countries should join with those of Asia and Africa in confronting the developed world with demands for better terms of trade and aid when the first United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) met at Geneva in 1964. They helped to form the Third World 'Group of 77'. Later some of them joined commodity associations, the most significant being the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), of which Venezuela and Ecuador are members. There are other groups formed by producers of such commodities as coffee, copper and bauxite. Latin American governments supported 'The Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States', adopted by the United Nations General Assembly in December 1974. Introduced by Mexico, this was essentially a statement of the Third World position on major economic issues.

Yet Latin America has important links with the West. Historically, its main ties have been with Latin Europe, above all with Spain and Portugal, the principal nations which colonised the region. The colonial era in Latin America lasted some three centuries, and western civilisation penetrated much more deeply there than in Asia and Africa. In the twentieth century Latin America has come increasingly under the hegemony of the United States, sometimes described ironically by Latin American intellectuals as 'our new Mother Country'. The republics of Latin America are linked with the United States in 'the inter-American system', whose centrepiece, since 1948, has been the Organisation of American States (OAS). The system includes a collective security pact: the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance (1947). Since her alignment with the Soviet Union, however, Cuba has effectively left the inter-American system. The Castro government was officially excluded from the OAS in 1962.

The view from Washington has for long been that taken by a hegemonial power surveying its sphere of influence: 'our hemisphere', to quote John F. Kennedy among many other United States leaders. As early as 1823—a year before the wars of Spanish American independence finally ended—

President James Monroe proclaimed the region to be of special concern to his country; and the Monroe Doctrine became the basis of United States hegemony in the twentieth century. The United States is blessed with weak neighbours who could not of themselves threaten her security. Her policy has therefore been to ensure that the countries of Latin America do not come under the control of stronger extra-continental powers which could so threaten her. The United States has frequently intervened in Latin American affairs, usually justifying her actions as necessary to forestall 'foreign' (that is, non-American) intervention. Sometimes her interventions have taken the form of despatching troops to small republics in the Caribbean area; the last such occasion being as recent as 1965 (the Dominican Republic). She has successfully applied economic and diplomatic pressures to the governments of even the largest Latin American countries in order to safeguard and augment her interests in the region.

But there is a considerable element of ambivalence in United States policy towards Latin America. In spite of her presumption of hegemony, she has been anxious to refute the accusation that this policy differs little from those of traditional (European) imperial powers towards their dependencies and, in contemporary times, from that of the Soviet Union towards her 'satellites' in eastern Europe. The Organisation of American States is institutionally an association of equals, who share a community of interests. It is based upon the concept of Pan Americanism. However, in spite of this special relationship, Latin America traditionally has been a lower priority area in the foreign policy of the United States, comparatively neglected so long as there is no serious challenge to Washington's interests. Perhaps the most glaring contradiction is that between the often proclaimed United States concern for democracy and human rights in Latin America, and her long established predilection for dictators who offer stability and favour her economic and strategic interests. It must never be forgotten, of course, that the United States is not a monolithic entity; and there is not strong domestic support for a consistent, still less a more enlightened, Latin American policy. On the one hand, liberals in Washington often express great concern over United States failure to do more to encourage democracy and the observance of human rights in Latin America; on the other, there is strong opposition in Congress to more liberal policies such as trade concessions or relinquishment of control over the Panama Canal Zone.

In the last decade or so there has been a marked erosion of United States influence in Latin America. The fact that Cuba, located only ninety miles from the shores of the United States and historically so closely linked with her, has been detached from her system to become part of the system of her greatest riavl in world affairs, alone suggests a dramatic change. It is true there have been no more 'Cubas'; the Soviet Union, pursuing the policy of détente, clearly does not wish to provoke the United States further in her special sphere of influence, though continuing to promote economic relations with Latin America. Meanwhile, western European countries and Japan, in particular, have greatly increased their trade and investment in

the region. Japan has multiplied her exports to Latin America ten-fold since 1960, and in 1973 new Japanese investment in Brazil exceeded that of the United States. The latter's economic dominance has also been challenged by measures taken by Latin American governments. For example, the revolutionary military government of Peru, which seized power in 1968, expropriated the International Petroleum Company (IPC) and other United States concerns; and at the beginning of 1976 Venezuela nationalised her oil industry. Moreover, since 1968 the countries of Latin America have made new efforts to co-operate more effectively with each other to strengthen their economies vis-à-vis the United States. In 1969 they signed the 'Consensus of Viña del Mar', named after the Chilean seaside resort where their representatives met. This document affirmed 'the distinctive personality of Latin America' in its relations with other parts of the world. In 1975 the Latin American countries, this time including Cuba, agreed to establish a Latin American Economic System (SELA) to further their economic interests.

But both the Consensus and the agreement to establish SELA were essentially statements of aspirations. For Latin America is far from united, and certain events in the last few years have weakened the challenge to the United States which earlier had been gathering strength. Such were the overthrow of Allende, the failure of Juan Perón and his widow Isabel to bring stability to Argentina, and the effective end of Peru's social revolution. Authoritarian governments now installed in almost all the important countries of South America could not—for lack of a popular base—pursue anti-United States policies even in the unlikely event of their wishing to do so. Venezuela seems to be isolated as a democratic country and the leading Latin American member of the Third World. Mexico, whose northern boundary is the frontier between Latin America and the United States, can pursue 'independent' policies only within strict limits. Thus, at least in the short term, there has been some strengthening of the United States position in Latin America.

Yet problems remain which will continue to embarrass the United States in her relations with Latin America. Mention has already been made of the human rights issue, which arouses concern among liberals in Washington. Congress has taken action to curtail military aid to certain Latin American governments offending in this respect. Evidence given before Congressional committees has uncovered activities of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in 'destabilising' foreign governments, notably that of Dr. Allende; and has shown the undue influence exercised by giant (United States) transnational companies in Latin America. But Congress has not been willing to grant substantial economic concessions to Latin America, which now demands not only more stable and higher prices for its raw materials, but also easier access to the United States market for the products of its growing manufacturing sector. And there is the problem of the Panama Canal, the focal point today of Latin American nationalism.

Under the terms of a treaty of unlimited duration, signed in 1903 with

the then newly established government of Panama—in whose birth at the expense of the Republic of Colombia she had played a crucial part—the United States enjoys rights 'as if sovereign' over the ten-mile wide strip of Panamanian territory through which the Canal runs. Panama's case for ending this treaty and obtaining sovereignty over the Canal Zone has the support of the rest of Latin America. In March 1973 there was actually held an extraordinary meeting of the United Nations Security Council in Panama at which a resolution in favour of the host country was vetoed by the United States. World opinion is, on the whole, on Panama's side; and the United States government is fully aware that the continuation in perpetuity of a treaty secured in the most dubious circumstances over seventy years ago —and today so offensive to Panama's national dignity—is extremely hard to justify. Ever since riots and loss of life occurred in the Canal Zone in 1964 there have been intermittent negotiations between the two countries to conclude a new treaty. Successive United States administrations have expressed willingness to concede sovereignty over the Zone to Panama and to replace the perpetual treaty with one of limited duration. But they have been determined to safeguard United States security interests in the area. At the same time there is strong opposition in the United States to what influential members of Congress and the military establishment would regard as a 'sell-out'. A new treaty would, of course, require a two-thirds majority vote in the United States Senate for ratification. The outlook has always been unpromising. Even the strongest Latin American pressure—and one must wonder how strong it would be in the event—could not force the United States to relinquish her position in the Panama Canal Zone.

The view of Latin America held in Washington in January 1977 is the view of a new, Democratic administration following eight years of Republican rule. When President Richard Nixon first took office in January 1969 he was preoccupied with the problem of how to extricate the United States from her involvement in Vietnam. No such overriding issue faces President James Carter. Nonetheless, it is hardly likely that Latin America has a high priority in his immediate plans, though the new president reputedly speaks Spanish and has shown interest in the region. Traditional foreign policy rhetoric, expected of an incoming administration, will doubtless promise 'our sister republics' a re-appraisal of their problems, and express a new determination on the part of the United States to strengthen the special relationship between the two Americas. Even Dr. Kissinger, who was able to devote little of his time to Latin America, endeavoured—albeit without success—to establish what he called a 'New Dialogue' with the governments of the region.

It has to be recalled that the 'Alliance for Progress', launched by President Kennedy in response to the Cuban revolution and heralded as a 'New Deal' for Latin America, ended in disillusionment. For it will be surprising if some of those who helped to fashion and implement the Alliance are not back in Washington under President Carter engaged in the task of trying once more to improve relations with Latin America. As Dr. Kissinger and

his predecessors have found, it is difficult to achieve diplomatic triumphs south of the Rio Grande. So long as the vast imbalance of power persists in the western hemisphere, relations between the United States and Latin America are bound to be delicate. They can only be transformed in the shorter term by concessions on the part of the United States on a scale which she could not possibly accept. In the long term the erosion of United States power already in evidence will continue, and the imbalance of power will gradually be redressed. But politicians everywhere are preoccupied with the short term.

There are a number of issues outstanding from the period of the Ford administration. The United States Trade Act of 1974, whose main stated purpose was to establish a generalised system of tariff preferences for developing countries, met with a hostile reception in Latin America. For its benefits were limited, and restrictions were placed upon imports into the United States of certain manufactured goods important to various Latin American countries. Moreover, Congressional approval was required in all cases, and it was obvious that this would not be given where imports of manufactured goods from Latin America hurt particular United States interests. But what angered Latin America above all was the provision that trade concessions would be denied to countries whose policies were judged to affect adversely United States interests. In the first instance, this provision was applied to the two Latin American members of OPEC, Venezuela and Ecuador, but it could be extended to other countries forming associations to protect and increase the prices of their raw materials. And Latin American countries, as has already been mentioned, have been participating in such groups of producer nations. The United States was acting to discourage the spread of commodity cartels. Meanwhile, Latin American concern over the influence of United States transnational companies and the activities of the CIA had been increased by the post-Watergate revelations in Washington.

But the Panama Canal issue could be the test-case of President Carter's intentions towards Latin America. His administration will presumably take up the negotiations for a new treaty which were virtually in abeyance during the recent presidential election campaign. Mr. Carter has been anxious to proclaim his freedom from obligations to special interests. Will he be able—and willing—to overcome the interests opposed to a new treaty which would meet the demands of Panama? And would a refusal to satisfy the national aspirations of the Panamanians provoke a dangerous situation of guerrilla action in the hemisphere as Dr. Kissinger has warned might happen? At all events, the record suggests that it will take a major crisis in the region to bring about a dramatic change in Washington's view of Latin America.

[Gordon Connell-Smith, author and broadcaster, is Professor of History at the University of Hull.]

FAMILIAR WEAKNESSES JEOPARDISE RECOVERY

by Peter Oppenheimer

THE mild upturn in demand and output brought a sharp widening of the U.K. trade gap in the second half of 1976. The payments deficit on current account has been running at about 3 per cent of GDP, compared with under 2 per cent in 1975, when output was falling. Appearances are not yet as bad as in 1974, when the current deficit came to 5 per cent of GDP. But the unemployment percentage is now more than twice as high as it was then (5.5 per cent, seasonally adjusted, compared with 2.6 per cent) and the recovery in output has hitherto remained weak. Retail price increases slowed down considerably in the first half of 1976—the index in June was 6.7 per cent higher than in December—but showed some re-acceleration in the second half, as producers passed on cost increases generated by the depreciation of sterling during earlier months. As regards finance for the external deficit, aside from drawing on the reserves, the government is now having to rely entirely on foreign-currency borrowing, both through the Euro-currency market and from official sources (foreign monetary authorities and the IMF). Large-scale withdrawals of sterling by OPEC and other holders from the spring of 1976 onwards meant that foreign-currency finance had to be substiuted for that also.

Severe weakness of the pound on the exchanges in the early autumn, together with the public sector's massive credit demands, forced interest rates up to record level. The Bank of England's Minimum Lending Rate was increased to 15 per cent in October. The credit squeeze was reinforced by requiring banks and finance houses to place additional Special Deposits with the Bank of England and, more important, by reimposing restraints (known as the 'corset') on the growth of the banks' interest-bearing deposits. Britain's difficulties in achieving macro-economic equilibrium are basically the same as they were twenty, or for that matter fifty, years ago. What kind of government policy can possibly, in these circumstances, carry conviction?

Discussion of the issue has been, and continues to be, bedevilled by a basic confusion. Governments and their economic advisers have, of course, made mistakes. But there are limits to what even good policy can achieve. It is necessary to distinguish between what demands can properly be made of government, and what must be left to the economy at large.

For instance, the belief that governments can substantially influence the rate of economic growth (long-run growth of productive potential, that is) was increasingly taken for granted in the industrial West after the mid-1950s. Britain's slow rate of growth compared with other countries was a source of dissatisfaction; and in the climate of the time it was natural to suppose that governments could do something about it. Moreover, since Britain also had troubles with the balance of payments and with inflation, it was not surprising that the issues got conflated. A significant body of economic literature tended, explicitly or implicitly, to link them.

Writing twenty years ago in the *Review of Economics and Statistics*, the late Ragnar Nurkse diagnosed Britain's need for a simultaneous increase in net exports and in industrial investment, so as to equilibrate her external payments while also furthering industrial modernisation. A necessary condition for achieving this in the short run was restraint on consumption expenditure, private and public. Similar ideas were present in the export-led growth analysis of Wilfred Beckerman and others in the early 1960s. A more recent version of the same theme is the argument of Messrs. Bacon and Eltis that Britain has 'too few producers', that is, too large a share of the labour force in tax-dependent jobs.

These analyses, though bold and often ingenious, were nevertheless sketchy in character. The proposition that long-run growth of productive potential is directly influenced by short-term economic management has never been substantiated. In one way this is reassuring. The fact that British governments have found the combination of full employment and a satisfactory external payments position beyond their grasp has not stopped the country experiencing technical progress, investment or the resultant long-term gains in productivity and well-being. At most, it slowed the process down, though even that is unproven.

But from another point of view the erroneous conflation of short-term and long-term issues had very unfortunate results. It led to macro-economic policies being overstrained and abused. The desire to push economic growth as well as employment to the maximum was a major factor behind the inflationary eruption which Western countries finally brought upon themselves in the 1970s. Nowhere was the syndrome more evident than in Britain, where governments tried a whole series of policy experiments from the early 1960s onwards in their efforts to raise the growth rate and strengthen the balance of payments. Some of the experiments were harmless, others not. They included half-baked imitations of what was thought to be French planning, applying to join, and eventually joining, the EEC and—most unfortunate of all—headlong fiscal and monetary expansion in the belief (or hope) that this might produce a breakthrough to faster and steadier long-term growth.

Willingness to engage in this last type of policy—and too ready acquiescence in it in the early stages by many British economists—was strengthened by a relative disregard for financial aspects of macro-economic analysis. The works already referred to on applied aspects of economic growth naturally operated in terms of real resources. And the same was true of much of the standard theoretical literature on 'internal and external balance', i.e. the achievement of full employment together with balance-of-payments equilibrium.

It was established that achievement of these twin objectives could not be guaranteed merely by the judicious application of fiscal and monetary policies. A second type of variable also had to be got right, namely, the country's relative level of labour costs, which affected the profitability of exports (and import-substitution) relative to that of purely domestic goods.

If the cost level was allowed to remain too high (i.e. export profitability too low), then balance-of-payments equilibrium could be attained only by having some unemployment. The analysis was conducted very much in terms of aggregate real demand and its components. Financial variables such as the public-sector deficit or the quantity of money were commonly regarded as instruments affecting the components of demand, and not as target variables in their own right. It was also assumed that, if domestic cost levels were 'sticky', the necessary adjustment in international terms could always be brought about by altering the exchange rate.

If neglect of financial aspects was characteristic of some academic work in the 1950s and 60s, it was true par exellence of national income forecasting and policy analyses in the U.K. Treasury, more so than in any other country. Here the annual budget deficit and the increase in the money stock were hardly calculated at all.[1] Instead, individual policy levers (tax rates, HP restrictions, controls on bank advances) were viewed as having a direct effect on one or more components of aggregate demand—which of course they did have; but the question was whether the overall picture would not be more accurately assessed by pairing up, as it were, the snapshot of aggregate demand with its corresponding negative showing the financial behaviour of the economy's major sectors.

Things changed gradually from the late 1960s onwards. The watershed was the sterling devaluation of November 1967, and the economy's seemingly inadequate response to it. This coincided with the beginnings of faster world-wide inflation, and the growing influence of 'monetarist' economic thinking. Even then, the pennies were slow to drop. Financial analysis of Britain's balance-of-payments history from 1949 to 1967 was left to foreign observers such as the Bank for International Settlements.[2] And the U.K. Authorities' commitment to impose specific limits on domestic credit expansion in 1968-69 was the result of pressure from the IMF.

By the mid-1970s, however, sector financial balances were all the rage, thanks partly to the influence of Professor Kaldor and his 'New Cambridge' successors, who found this a convenient vehicle for emphasising that large discretionary swings in fiscal policy have succeeded only in destabilising the U.K. economy; and, in particular, that fiscal expansion is not necessarily a route to sustainable full employment. The key stimulus must come from the external sector.

The 'full-employment budget balance' is a useful concept here. It has been current for many years in the United States where, however, its rationale has been political rather than economic—to persuade Congressional and other diehards that the 'true' budget position during a period of unemployment was not the deficit actually observed but a much smaller or even negative one, reflecting the higher net tax receipts that could be forthcoming at 'full employment'. In Britain, the purpose is to provide a medium-term guideline for fiscal policy, so as to get the pattern of demand correct at the point when full employment is reached. If the public sector is at that point a net borrower, then the private and overseas sectors

together must be net lenders. The private sector's net lending, though liable to fluctuate, is not very manipulable by the government. A bit extra can perhaps be squeezed out by tightening credit, but not much. In general, net borrowing by the public sector in excess of what the private sector is willing to lend is bound to consist, directly or indirectly, of borrowing from abroad —which means a corresponding payments deficit on current account.

The public-sector deficit has risen to a very high level in the 1970s. Deliberate but misconceived tax cuts under Mr. Barber in 1971-72 were followed in 1973-74 by the world-wide inflationary boom, the oil price explosion and the U.K. change of government produced by the miners' strike and three-day week, after which the Treasury temporarily lost control of the growth of public spending. The public-sector borrowing requirement (PSBR) for the current (1976-77) financial year is projected at £11,500m or over 10 per cent of gross domestic product, and the public-sector financial deficit (PSFD, which excludes borrowing for on-lending to the private and overseas sectors) at nearly 9 per cent. This is with GDP measured at factor cost.[3] The gap between the PSBR and the PSFD, incidentally, is something that the City should watch. For it indicates roughly the extent to which the government is acting as a financial intermediary for other sectors, i.e. taking on the City's functions.

The centrepiece of Mr. Healey's budgetary measures in July 1976 was his commitment to reduce the PSBR in 1977-78 to £9,000m or about 7 per cent of factor-cost GDP,[4] and the PSFD presumably to something less, perhaps 6 per cent of GDP. The figures imply that GDP at current prices will rise by about 15 per cent between the two financial years. The Chancellor's hope in July was that this 15 per cent would comprise little more than 10 per cent price inflation, together with the 4½ per cent growth of output. Subsequent developments—the slower recovery of world trade and the unexpectedly large drop in sterling—have destroyed this hope. Inflation is likely to remain in the neighbourhood of 13-14 per cent during 1977, while output expands by 1 or 2 per cent at best. The authorities have also abandoned their earlier target of keeping the growth of the broad money supply in the 1976-77 financial year down to 12 per cent (a figure whose consistency with the rest of the official forecast was never very apparent).

The key questions in this situation are, first, whether the public sector deficit is being narrowed quickly enough; and secondly, what further policies should be adopted, if any, to step up the demand stimulus from the external trade side. At 6 per cent of GDP in 1977-78, the PSFD would still be significantly greater than the 5 per cent recorded in 1973-74, which was far too large for equilibrium at the time. The Chancellor has not been very explicit in defending his medium-term strategy and, of course, he has not offered any balance-of-payments projections. But three main arguments seem to be floating about.

First, it has been pointed out—in *Economic Trends* for May, 1976 and also in the Chancellor's July budgetary statement—that Britain's public-sector deficit in the current recession has not been out of line with that of

other countries, when measured in the same way as theirs, i.e. excluding the nationalised industries. This is not a tenable argument. There is no presumption that countries ought at any one time to run similar public-sector deficits, however defined. To take just one aspect, the implications of a government deficit for aggregate demand depend on how much the non-government part of the economy wishes to save in excess of its investment. In Germany, for example, the net savings available to the government sector in this way are much larger than in Britain. Therefore Germany can actually run a bigger government deficit than Britain and still have a substantial surplus on her current balance of payments.

Secondly, although smaller than in Germany, the private sector's financial surplus has recently been much higher than in the more distant past, mainly because of greater personal savings. During the 1960s and up to 1971, personal savings were running at about 8 per cent of personal disposable income. In 1972-73 they rose to 10-11 per cent and in 1974-75 to nearly 14 per cent. The big rise in 1974-75 provided some after-the-event justification for the simultaneous increase in the PSFD—without, however, having been foreseen in advance by the Authorities. Some economists have suggested that the private sector's unusual financial surplus is mainly an adjustment to faster inflation. More precisely, that it reflects an attempt to maintain a desired relationship, which rapid inflation was otherwise eroding, between the value of accumulated stocks of financial assets and the flow of current income. By the same token, much of the interest on the national debt, which is equivalent to nearly half the PSFD in 1976-77, is simply an offset to the declining real value of outstanding government debt and not a 'genuine' deficit item.

As a partial explanation of the private sector's financial behaviour this is persuasive, especially as the phenomenon was world-wide and not confined to Britain. The desire to build up liquid assets seems also to have been intensified by the slump and associated uncertainties over future income. It follows from all this that the private sector's net demand for additional financial assets will slip back as the economic climate improves and inflation rates come down. It does not follow, however, that such additional financial assets as the U.K. private sector wishes temporarily to acquire should all be supplied by the U.K. government. If the government supplied less, then more would need to be acquired from abroad, which implies a temporary improvement in the current balance of payments.

It might also imply higher unemployment in the short run. This raises the third argument, which is that a budget deficit of the size proposed for 1977-78 is appropriate to the margin of unemployment then in prospect. One must bear in mind that the object is to end up with a satisfactory balance-of-payments position when full employment is reached. On this basis the argument is convincing. The Cambridge Economic Policy Group has calculated that the full-employment PSFD will actually be in surplus from 1978 onwards. This is a result of revenue buoyancy in real terms (assuming direct and indirect tax rates to be indexed at their 1975 levels),

first receipts of tax from North Sea oil and the narrow limits now envisaged on public-expenditure growth. The Cambridge projections may be optimistic in assuming that U.K. productive potential is now growing at 4 per cent per annum; but this does not affect the broad conclusion that, if external demand stimuli succeeded in moving the economy back to full employment (=650,000 unemployed) over the next three-to-four years, then the fiscal tightening brought about automatically would be sufficient for a substantial surplus on current payments.

But, to bring these goals nearer, should there be further moves to strengthen the external demand stimulus? The government could induce a further drop in the exchange rate by easing monetary policy. Yet the wisdom of such action would be doubtful, bearing in mind the fall in sterling that has already occurred over the past nine months, in conjunction with restraint on wages. These events have strengthened export incentives (ask the overseas visitors here!) and are generating some of the shift in U.K. income distribution towards profits that is indispensable for a revival of industrial investment. We have not yet seen their full impact, either on exports (which have suffered from faltering global demand) or on real earnings. To press the policy further now would be unlikely to yield quick dividends on the export front, and would certainly jeopardise the continuation of pay restraint beyond mid-1977. A more gradual strategy would aim simply to hold real wages constant after mid-1977 for two years or so, and allow rising exports to stimulate employment and investment.

The Cambridge Group, on the other hand, urge restrictions on imports of manufactures as an allegedly reliable 'expenditure switching' policy. They envisage restricting imports to match available foreign exchange earnings. Evidently quota restrictions rather than tariffs are intended. This, it is said, will not only permit internal and external balance to be reached, but will do so without requiring the sizeable income redistribution in favour of profits and without the fall in export prices relative to import prices that would otherwise be necessary. Hence real wages at the end of the 1970s will supposedly be some 10 per cent higher than under devaluation policies. Even allowing for some retaliation against British exports (but not for any spontaneous fall in British industry's inclination to export), our overseas earnings should remain sufficient to provide 'a large margin of flexibility' over and above the minimum needed to finance essential imports of 'food, raw materials and those components and machinery which could not be produced at home without great difficulty.' The expansion of GDP would create the opportunity 'for a transformation of industry and the economy in which the critical structural problems existing today could be resolved.'[5]

As the last quotation makes clear, the argument is not simply about internal and external balance, but is really the 'export-led growth' model stood on its head. Britain should go for growth led by import restrictions. No reason is given as to why featherbedding of the home market should lead industry to invest and transform itself—unless there is in fact the sizeable shift of income distribution to profits just as with devaluation. The

Group also does not say for how long they expect import restrictions to last; the presumption must be that it would be for an indefinite duration, always depending, of course, on how industry gets on with its transformation.

The distinction between essential and other imports is invidious. Much of Britain's food imports are non-essential inasmuch as farmers could produce more if paid to do so; and anyway we all eat too much. By contrast, to keep out components which could be produced at home 'without difficulty' but aren't being, would penalise efficient firms that use them. Many of these firms are presumably multi-national companies whose further investment in Britain would be discouraged. A large bureaucratic apparatus would have to administer import licenses, with consequent incentive to evasion and corruption. Foreign holidays, incidentally, are clearly inessential, and foreign business travel essential only when guaranteed to generate earnings required to finance some essential import. The Group also does not explain why they think the sterling exchange rate should be kept where it is once it has been decided to impose import restrictions. Part of the immense 'margin of flexibility' afforded by our present level of export earnings could surely be used to upvalue sterling, thereby raising real wages even more for a few years?

In short, the formula is one for initially allowing U.K. industry to carry on as it has been doing; and eventually for withdrawing as far as is necessary and feasible from international commerce into a kind of quiescent economic insolationism. This is something which the British public qua consumers have shown that they do not favour—which casts added doubt on purported 'real wage increases' achieved by stopping people buying what they want.

Of course, during World War II Britain was forced to adopt stringent import restrictions, along with rationing, allocation of industrial materials, direction of labour, etc. And the economy worked well. So do the economies of some East European countries today. But the choice has to be made. If Britain is to remain basically a market economy, then it has to be accepted that not merely long-run economic growth but even, now, the return to fuller employment depends on the economy at large and not on government economic management alone. For the time being, this is the route that has been chosen. The likelihood is that unemployment will decline only slowly in the years ahead, and may remain unpleasantly high even in 1980. Beware of policy formulae which seem to offer an easier way out.

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[1] In the words of Sir Alec Cairncross, 'the financial implications were worked out almost as an afterthought'. (Memorandum to House of Commons Expenditure Committee, Session 1975-76, on The Financing of Public Expenditure.)

[2] B.I.S., 38th Annual Report, Basle, 1968, p.17.

[3] The Chancellor's July budget statement made the percentage shares look slightly

smaller—9 and 8 per cent respectively—by measuring GDP at market prices instead. Although the point is purely statistical, the market-price measure is less satisfactory, because it varies with the composition of tax revenue as between income tax and taxes on expenditure. If income tax is reduced and VAT raised to compensate, then GDP at market price goes up, while GDP at factor cost remains the same. This is on the reasonable assumption that the aggregate pre-tax wage bill remains the same. By contrast, take the less likely case of a shift not from income tax but from corporation tax to VAT, where corporation tax is shifted forward on to market prices; in this case, the factor-cost measure will vary with the tax regime, while the market-price measure stays the same.

[4] 6 per cent of GDP at market prices was the Chancellor's figure.

[5] Quotations are from *Economic Policy Review*, No. 2, March 1976 (Cambridge University, Department of Applied Economics).

[The above article is adapted from a private circular prepared for Messrs. Vickers da Costa and Co. Ltd., Stockbrokers.

Peter Oppenheimer is a Student (i.e. Fellow) of Christ Church, Oxford and currently National Westminster Bank Visiting Professor at the London Business School. He previously held posts at the Bank for International Settlements, Basle, and at Nuffield College, Oxford. His main interests are in international economics and public policy, and he is a frequent broadcaster on these subjects. He is also a director of the investment trust 'Investing in Success' Equities Ltd.]

Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski

We very much regret that, due to an oversight, we failed to state that Professor Brzezinski's article, 'America in a Hostile World', published in our November issue, had already appeared in *Foreign Policy*, Summer 1976.

PATRIOTS—AND HOWE!

by Donald Baker

POLITICS and poetry form an uneasy compound. At best, the result is satire and wit; at worst, propaganda and sheer nastiness. The eighteenth century undoubtedly had its share of polemical poets and, especially in the 1770s when the American Revolution was well under way, daily papers like *The Morning Advertiser* and *The Public Ledger* carried a sizeable burden of doggerel verse maligning 'patriots' on both sides of the Atlantic. To the Establishment, focused on monarchy, Tories and Anglicanism, 'patriotism' was a synonym for treachery. A semantic quibble often sows the seed of revolution, war and international misunderstanding.

Anonymous poetasters were common during this time, but to discover that Charles Wesley, who wrote over 7,000 hymns based on a respectable theology, referred to American colonists as 'Christen'd heathen', 'vipers' and 'parricides' whom Jesus was to 'blast with his eyes' as a punishment for their political sins, may cause a slight jar to the pious sensibilities of those who regard Wesley's poetic voice as one of unequivocal Christian charity. For instance, the following lines written in 1779 were not likely to heal colonial wounds:

> Why do the Christen'd heathen rage,
> And furiously their powers engage
> Against their Lord most High?
> Against his dread Vicegerent here,
> Throw off the yoke of legal fear,
> And God himself defy?
>
> (*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

Nevertheless, the poem in which these lines occur is only one of many similar poems, 'hymns' Wesley calls them, that form a collection of vitriolic verses characterising the Tory attitude towards the American Revolution, God and the rights of man. Wesley, like many others of his political persuasion, was plainly baffled by the revolutionary game, the rules of which were so utterly alien to those of his own life style.

In a long reflective poem entitled *The American War under the Conduct of Sir William Howe,* Wesley deals at length with the political implications of Howe's apparently dilatory prosecution of the war in the colonies, whilst in a manuscript notebook written in his own hand and with the somewhat cumbersome title of *Hymns and Verses on Modern Patriotism and the American Rebellion and Independency, etc. . . .*, he considers the theological aspects of the American Revolution and includes a large group of poems—they can hardly be called 'hymns'—on the fate of the Loyalists.

Of some fifty-seven poems of varying lengths in the *Hymns and Verses on Modern Patriotism . . .*, only eight have been previously printed and the volume as a whole remains unpublished. However, my annotated edition of *The American War . . .* appeared last year. It has to be admitted that there is no great literary merit in either the *Hymns and Verses . . .* or *The*

American War . . .; nevertheless, these poems do underline the common and continuing dilemma into which anyone confronted by the ambivalent social mores of a country in the throes of revolution is inevitably placed.

For in such times, action speaks louder than argument, and in any case, terminology gets confused so that a word like 'patriot' to one side means 'traitor' to the other. The label depends entirely on one's point of view and whose 'inalienable rights' one happens to believe in. That patriotism and treachery are two sides of the same human face is a lesson that history has never been able to teach anybody. To rebels bent on disrupting the status quo, those who seek to maintain it are traitors, whereas to those claiming to be loyal to the existing state, rebels are traitors. Unfortunately, semantic quibbles can cost lives.

During the American Revolution, the 'inalienable rights' of Man which are the fundamental principle of the Declaration of Independence, apparently did not apply to every individual. For example, it must be questionable whether, in supplying arms to Tory sympathisers, the Mayor of New York, David Matthews, who was accused of 'treasonable conspiracies against the rights and liberties of the United States', was not in fact doing his duty as he saw it. And when Washington remarked, after Sergeant Hickey was hanged for his part in the affair, that he was 'hopeful that this example will produce many salutary consequences and deter others from entering into the like traitorous practices', we hear the familiar argument for the ultimate deterrent, whether the crime be political or criminal. Execution may have a temporary effect, but it seldom solves anything permanently for society as a whole.

Individuals continue to be torn between the conflicting claims of personal and collective conscience, so that loyalties, though sincerely held, are frequently contradictory. But in times of revolution, the tides of passion run high and easily drown the voice of reason. One result of this process is the blurring of previously accepted values and definitions, and, consequently, terms like 'patriot' take on a variety of polarised meanings, some sincere, some satirical.

Ultimately, people must suffer for what they genuinely believe, and both loyalists and patriots, in whatever time and place they happen to live, contribute equally to that endless stream of helpless and often hopeless refugees who are the inevitable backwash of interpreting the rights of man in a one-sided way. Addressing his lines to "The Modern Patriot', Charles Wesley points out the confusion that arises from diametrically opposed attitudes towards 'patriotism':

> How long shall Patriots profane
> And take the awful Name in vain,
> Yet strive with a malicious joy
> Their harrast Country to destroy
> Her rebel sons with rage inspire,
> And heaping fuel on the fire
> Destroy her root and branch, to prove
> How dearly they their country love!
>
> (*The American War . . .*)

Much of the narrative poem, *The American War . . .*, is concerned with attacking Sir William Howe, whose 'patriotism' on account of his Whig sympathies, was called into question when he defended himself before the House of Commons in April, 1779. It was not really Howe's fault that he failed to prosecute the war with diligence and application, but rather the British Government's failure to understand American conditions and thus to send him sufficient reinforcements.

But for Charles Wesley the blame rested without a shadow of doubt upon the unfortunate British commander:

> Ask Will why he refus'd to join
> And save the resolute Burgoyne
> Marching (his rival to betray)
> Their thousand miles another way?
> (*The American War . . .*)

It seems very likely that most of the background material for *The American War . . .* and the *Hymns and Verses on Patriotism . . .* was derived from Joseph Galloway, a delegate to the First Continental Congress in 1774, and who later became an ardent Loyalist and British spy. During his enforced exile in Britain, Galloway whiled away his time by producing vitriolic pamphlets depicting Sir William Howe as a voluptuary, gambler and drawing-room soldier. Apparently, Galloway never forgot that throughout the British occupation of Philadelphia, and while living next door to him, the General called only once! Whatever may be the reasons for Galloway's comments on Howe, John Wesley, who met him in November, 1779, thought them worthwhile collecting in his volume of *Political Extracts*, and Charles seems to have used this material as ammunition against Howe.

Charles Wesley's attitude towards the War was that of a fairly orthodox High Church Tory. The War was not really war, but rebellion, not only in a political sense against the mother country, but against God, symbolised in the figure of George III. There was, and perhaps still is, a close correlation between politics and theology. The American Revolution may have had fiscal manifestations in the taxation disputes, but its temper and inspiration were religious. It is a significant fact, which did not escape the notice of the British Government, that many of the colonists were men who had found life under an arbitrary political—or very often religious—authority impossible, and in America had already established for themselves a tradition of religious liberty. Now they were seeking autonomy in political affairs. Presbyterians were especially obnoxious to American Tories on account of their suspected republican sympathies.

Thus it is not surprising to find Wesley, in company with others of similar political and theological persuasion on both sides of the Atlantic, believing that the American 'patriots' were reviving the issues of the English Civil War:

> The horror of the good old Cause,
> The hate of Kings and Church and Laws
> Thou wilt, O God, expel,
> And then the kingdom of the Fiend

Shall come to a perpetual end
And sink again to hell.
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

Wesley frequently compares the American Revolution with the English Civil War in the *Hymns and Verses on Patriotism* . . . 'Cromwell with his desperate crew' are denounced in terms not unlike those in which the Parliamentarians themselves had described the 'zeal of the Lord' they claimed to employ when cleansing the country of its corruption, sin and monarchy. Wesley seems to regard himself as a prophet of doom proclaiming his message over a Britain riddled with the sin of questioning a sovereign's authority and being punished for it by the loss of her American colonies:

The national calamity
With stony eyes can Britons see,
With stupid carelessness?
Nearer it draws, and nearer still
The dreadful storm of public ill
To swallow up our race.
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

And when the Articles of Peace were finally drawn up in November, 1782, Wesley attacked the Peace itself but more especially the twisted, unnatural 'patriotism' of the negotiators:

Spirits perturb'd, ye now may rest,
Nor stir the hell within your breast,
The Rebels have their purpose gain'd,
Ye see your heart's desire obtain'd,
And in their Independence see
Secur'd your own impunity.
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

One of the immediate results of the Peace was the problem of what to do with the Loyalists. Britain was in no position to bargain from strength with the Americans, but to many in England it seemed as if the Government had forsaken the interests of those who had been loyal to their King and 'parent state' throughout the war. With this view Charles Wesley agreed and, despite his own rigid intolerance of the 'patriots' on whichever side of the Atlantic they lived, he draws salutary attention to a problem that is still very much with us, namely, the fate of countless thousands who, for various reasons, have become awkward embarrassments in the world of international politics because their loyalty was to the losing side. Thus the refugee question was as much a concern in the 1780s as it is in the twentieth century.

Wesley was appalled by the apparently callous treatment of the Loyalists by the British Government, and, drawing much of his information from Joseph Galloway, included a group of poems on the fate of the Loyalists in his *Hymns on Patriotism* . . . The last poem of this group, *The Testimony of the American Loyalists*, 1783, gathers up all the themes of national and international dishonour about which he had written extensively over the previous five or six years. The opening stanza of the poem gives voice to the hopeless position of refugees in whatever country or century:

Outcasts of men, by all forsook,
To whom shall we for succour look?
To whom our griefs declare?
Will high or low incline their ear,
Or with humane compassion hear
The cry of sad despair?
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

Throughout the war the position of the Loyalists had become steadily worse. At first the majority condemned the objectionable acts of the British Parliament, but strongly opposed separation from the Empire. Before April 1775, few efforts were made to suppress the Loyalists, but following the Lexington affair, when war seemed inevitable, measures increased in severity.

The Loyalists contributed about 60,000 men to the royal colours, organising themselves into companies of militia commanded by officers commissioned by the Crown. Colonel Rankin, whom Wesley mentions at some length, was an officer of this kind in York County, Pennsylvania, and he also acted as a Loyalist spy under the code name of 'Mr. Alexander'. In September 1781, Rankin made an intriguing proposal to attack Philadelphia, enlisting the support of the Loyalists. At a council of war, the British commanders were divided in their opinions on the project and the whole idea was dropped. But Wesley believes that this was part of some mysterious plot to deny the Loyalists their right and proper participation in the war, and that this denial was due to the sympathy of the 'patriot' commanders towards the 'rebels':

Who has not heard of Rankin's proffer
To bring the rebel Congress over,
At Little York to take them napping
Without a mother's son escaping . . .
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

And in answer to the injunction that no blood should be spilled in the expedition, Wesley invents the following dialogue between Rankin and Sir Henry Clinton, who had by this time replaced Howe as Commander-in-Chief of the British army:

Rankin replies, 'If none is slain,
My work is to begin again;
I cannot save them all I own':
'Then let the Gentlemen alone,
That still our Faction's brave upholders
May keep their heads upon their shoulders.'
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

Admittedly, it did seem as if the Loyalists were being rejected and persecuted by both sides. As early as 1775 persecution by the Americans had begun when all who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new Government by Congress were denied rights of citizenship—in curious contradiction of the principles of freedom of speech and action for which the revolutionaries were professing to fight. Nearly all states eventually enacted legislation banishing those who refused to swear allegiance and confiscating their property.

This measure was based on the advice of Thomas Paine, whose pamphlet *Common Sense*, published in January 1776, contained the proposal that one way to finance the rebellion was to confiscate the property of those remaining loyal to the King; and at least one-third of the population, including most of the wealthy people, were Loyalists during the Revolution. On 24th June 1776 Congress declared the property of all Loyalists subject to seizure, and late the following year advised states to sell the estates of those who had lost their citizenship rights and to invest the proceeds in continental certificates. About £10,000,000 was probably involved.

The example of Rankin is probably typical, and Wesley's versified comments might be applied in more general terms to the Loyalists as a whole:

> Rankin withdraws—not unpursued
> By men that thirsted for his blood,
> The rebels, as fierce savages
> His wealth and ample fortune seize:
> Proscrib'd he flies, of all bereft,
> With only a good conscience left.
> But how is loyalty regarded
> Or by his Country dear rewarded?
> He loses all, her cause to serve:
> His Country suffers him—to starve. . . .
>
> (*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

The fortunes of the Loyalists fluctuated as the tide of battle swept back and forth across their particular territory. Some of their misfortunes were self-induced, for their own loyalty could not always be relied upon. If things went badly, they disappeared as Burgoyne discovered to his cost when he advanced on Saratoga, although those who did remain loyal to him were given homes in Canada. But it was their own political apathy that allowed the Revolution to get under way. Galloway testified in 1779 that he had never heard of any Loyalist Association opposing the Whigs in any part of Pennsylvania. He said that instead of taking part in colonial politics they withdrew from 'the noisy blustering and bellowing patriots . . . '

In Philadelphia, during the British occupation, many of the militia complained of cold treatment by British officers, and Wesley, no doubt relying on Galloway's testimony, comments on the fate of the Loyalists who came into the city:

> Punish'd for their Leader's sin,
> Scourg'd for madness not their own,
> By infernal arts drawn in,
> Hear the loyal sufferers groan!
> Who shall bid their sufferings cease,
> Who shall give them back their peace?
>
> (*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

It is quite true that the British abandoned the majority of the Loyalists when Philadelphia was evacuated in 1778; yet it is difficult to see what else could have been done. New York was already full of refugees, and it was practically impossible to withdraw only the loyalist militia. Several unfortunate Loyalist leaders fell victim to the harsh laws of the state which branded Loyalists as traitors with the penalty of death without benefit of clergy. John

Roberts was one of these and was specifically mentioned by Galloway. Wesley reports the matter in one of his loyalist poems:

> Witness the venerable man (John Roberts)
> Whose blood with that of thousands slain
> Beneath the altar cries:
> The martyr his reward receives,
> But an eternal monument leaves
> Of Clinton's cowardice.
>
> (*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

The fate of the Loyalists was finally sealed when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown in October 1781. Added to the military disaster was the apparent abandonment of the Loyalists. This was made plain when the tenth article of Cornwallis's surrender terms, which asked that no inhabitant of York or Gloucester who had aided the British should be punished, was refused. As Wesley wrote:

> . . . Till headlong and precipitate
> Cornwallis rushed upon his fate;
> Yielding at once without a stroke,
> And passing tame beneath the yoke,
> He beg'd the haughty Foe to spare
> His sutlers and his tools of war,
> But left the Loyalists to feel
> The mercy of those Fiends from Hell . . .
>
> (*The American War . . .*)

It appeared to Wesley that those who had kept faith with their King and 'Parent-state' had been completely forgotten. He blamed Shelburne, the Prime Minister, for not enforcing some kind of protection for them because he lacked sympathy with their cause:

> Of ill-got wealth and power possessed,
> Could pity move a patriot's breast,
> Or make a Shelburne feel?
>
> (*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

In fact, Shelburne did what he could for the Loyalists, but this was not much since he had little bargaining strength and all he could do was to extract a vague promise from Franklin that each state in America would deal with its own claimants for compensation—which amounted to the states doing nothing whatever about it.

It is estimated that 200,000 Loyalists died, became refugees or were exiled during the course of the war. As Wesley ironically makes the Loyalists complain, all that they received for defending their own version of liberty and the rights of man was a grave! And Britain did not really want them either, mainly because Britain was populated by 'patriots' whose loyalty lay with the American revolutionaries:

> But who with open arms receives
> The poor, the loyal fugitives,
> Or generous pity shows?
> The Great will not incline their ear,
> The Happy cannot stop to hear
> The annals of our woes.

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Where all are patriots, not one
Will make the sufferer's cause his own
Or succour our distress;
Zealous for liberty and right,
Humans, they cast out of their sight
The sons of wretchedness.
(*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

The American War of Independence was not the first time, neither will it be the last, when political manoeuvring in high places causes suffering amongst the awkward but faithful survivors on the losing side.

In the final analysis those who suffered most in the conflict were the Loyalists whose loyalty was to the wrong cause according to the American patriots and also to those patriots in England who sympathised with them. Perhaps there is one lesson to be learned from the American Revolution: that neither patriotism nor loyalty is enough, Tolerance and an acceptance of other people's equally valid and sincerely held beliefs are essential if the inalienable rights, in which the American revolutionaries claimed to believe and for which we all now urge support throughout the free world, are not to vanish in a cloud of bigoted nationalism, intellectual ideology and blinkered party zeal.

Freedom presents a kaleidoscope of faces and the 'spirit of '76' produces an equal measure of heroism and horror wherever a group of people claims an exclusive right to be right and another group fiercely contests it. In the American Revolution, the Loyalists had as much right to express their opinions as anyone else. Unfortunately for them, the American patriots believed that the Loyalists' loyalty betrayed the cause of liberty. One simple conclusion we might draw from this and other similarly motivated conflicts in the modern world is that we have to discover a no-man's-land lying between us, an area of indeterminacy and blurred definitions where people matter more than politics and we can question the fanatic who tries to impose his own version of freedom and democracy on those whose visions are totally different. Patriotism and loyalty, treason and betrayal are relative terms applied to either side in ideological wars wherever they happen to erupt. The most dangerous men in any age are those whose fanatical belief in doctrinaire certainty prevents them from recognising the validity of any contrary opinion.

Throughout the war, Charles Wesley's attitude towards the colonists never wavered and was uncompromisingly hostile. His brother, John, on the other hand, possessed a marked degree of tolerance and understanding as his famous letter to Lord North, the British Prime Minister, plainly shows:

> I do not intend to enter upon the question whether the Americans are in the right or in the wrong. Here all my prejudices are against the Americans; for I am a High Churchman, the son of a High Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notions of passive obedience and non-resistance. And yet, in spite of all my long-rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, these, an oppressed people, asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow. (John Wesley: *Works*)

But Charles Wesley's intractable Tory chauvinism would not allow him or anyone else of similar persuasion to agree with such conciliatory sentiments, and it is this doctrinaire refusal to entertain even the possibility of an alternative point of view that ultimately destroys the concept of personal liberty. Though Charles Wesley was wrong in most of his judgements about the necessity for and the conduct of the war in America, the bitter words he put into the mouth of an imaginary Loyalist not only underline the consequences of holding fanatical beliefs with a cocksure certainty leaving no room for the admission of mistaken opinions, but also indicate the fickle nature of any society governed by political expediency:

> You that on Britain built your hope,
> Nor would, like us, your King abjure,
> Confident now to both look up
> For succour and protection sure:
> 'Where is your King?' the scoffing crowd
> Exclaim, 'and where is now your God?'
> (*Hymns and Verses . . .*)

For Wesley, the Declaration of Independence was not so much a political disaster as a theological blasphemy. The Americans, by rejecting their King and the parent state, had denied their God. The war in America inevitably produced a lack of understanding and tolerance on both sides, and that fanaticism is the true enemy of freedom was not appreciated then any more than it is now. Maybe one day the world will accept Voltaire's famous injunction: 'I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.' In the meantime, the world will continue to have its fanatical 'patriots'—and how!

[Donald Baker has edited and contributed an Introduction and Notes to the epic poem *The American War Under the Conduct of Sir William Howe* by the Rev. Charles Wesley, written in 1782 and published now for the first time (Keepsake Press, 26 Sydney Road, Richmond, Surrey; £3.95 ($12.50); paperback £1.95 ($6.00).]

THE STATE OF THE NATION'S YOUTH

by John Ewen

ANY regular reader of local newspapers is likely to have a confused view of the nation's youth, for there is scarcely an edition which does not contain two kinds of story, each presenting a totally different picture. On one page will be the endless court reports of youngsters joy-riding at some luckless motorist's expense, of 'bovver' after the football match, or of petty theft or vandalism; on the other will be pictures of well groomed young people collecting Duke of Edinburgh's Awards, marching in a Guide Parade, or making tea for pensioners. Trying to piece this together the average reader is likely, if asked about modern youth, to pronounce 'The majority of them are a jolly good bunch, but there's always a minority that you can't do anything with.' If the same reader were to make a judgement from the national press, who tend to operate more by the precept that only bad news is news at all, he might make a different judgement, for the evidence presented to him there might add up to something like this: all modern youth are either football hooligans, ungrateful blacks who throw stones at policemen and loot shops, layabouts who even if offered a job wouldn't accept it, or communist agitating students bent on revolution; the majority are promiscuous, a high proportion homosexual, and most either drunk or drugged. The only problem about such an analysis is that presumably all these youngsters are somebody's children, and most parents—(even if sometimes more than a little confused about such matters as long hair, peculiar clothes, getting in late and the rest of the awkwardness of parent-child relationships)—think their own kids are reasonably all right.

What then is the truth about the state of the nation's youth? The admittedly rather sparse research evidence available leads to quite a different conclusion from that suggested by the picture above. Young people in fact emerge as a pretty conservative bunch; their values differ very little from those of their parents, whether on sexual matters, the work ethic, or on general moral issues. Certainly they are in general better educated and they have higher expectations of life; most, though by no means all, are less confined to a small local community than their parents were—the instant world of television, package tours, and greater labour mobility have seen to that. More of them are likely to be concerned about social issues, often through direct involvement in community work of some form or other; philanthropy is no longer the perogative of a middle-class elite. They do mature physically earlier (though not all that much) and are less likely to be as 'up-tight' as their parents about sex, though that does not mean that they are any less likely to be pragmatic about the consequences of early sexual experience. The brighter ones are more inclined to seek work with some social benefit and less keen on a career in industry or the applied sciences; money is a less significant factor in their career choice than job satisfaction. The less academic ones have little more work choice than their parents, and many (nearly 400,000 unemployed under 20s in July 1976)

have no choice at all. Nor, contrary to the general impression, is there a vast increase in young adult crime: the majority of crime, mostly petty theft and vandalism, is committed by their younger brothers, the 10-15 year olds, not by older teenagers. Most of them have very little interest in party politics of any variety, but in that they are apparently no different from their parents.

But lest this description be thought a total negation of the assumed generation gap, there are of course differences between the present young generation and their parents (or certainly their grandparents): they are, for example, less likely to accept what they are told without checking it themselves through their own experience, for the essence of modern educational intention (and occasionally practice) is for a youngster to be taught to learn to have an enquiring mind, to find out for him or herself. Authority therefore has to be explored, and values, hitherto accepted as *a priori*, tested. That does not mean that they are unlikely to reach the same conclusions as their parents, but the route will be different and often more painful. Moreover, the individual young person now has a stronger collective youth consciousness behind him to offset the too ready acceptance of the accumulative sum of human experience. He may not have created this youth collective consciousness for himself, the powerful commercial forces of the post-war period recognising the value of a new affluent youth market did that, but it is more than ten years now since the young took over that consciousness for themselves, or at least wrested part of it out of the hands of the sharks. That consciousness may have its nihilistic, even hedonistic elements, but the room that it creates for self-exploration in the fulcrum between dependence upon a family and independence for one is a positive new feature in our society, which, with its creaking institutions, is certainly in need of revitalisation.

It remains to be seen, however, how society intends to cope with this cultural 'time-out' that the young have created for themselves. It can attempt to assimilate it—the 'we're all ravers now' syndrome of pot-belly beaded with-it dads. It can attempt to destroy it—the 'what they want is a bit more discipline, bring back National Service' brigade. It can attempt to eliminate it—raise the school-leaving age, turn youth clubs into community centres, get them to settle down as conforming adults as quickly as possible, youth doesn't really exist approach. Or it can recognise the potential values in it, help the young to reject the self-destructive elements, and cherish the new ways of looking at things and going about things and investigate their application to the problems that confront us.

It is this crucial element of recognising the contribution which the young could make to our apparently ever-deteriorating world position which is ignored. The United Nations definition of youth policy is one which 'enables young people to make an immediate and future contribution to the modernisation of their society.' The developing countries of the Third World have recognised from the start that young people are essential to the effective socio-economic and cultural development of their emerging

nations. With 60% of their populations under 30, they could scarcely do otherwise. The Eastern European and other Communist countries have put the highest priority on the education (some may say indoctrination) of the young to play a full part in development. Both the Third World and the Communist world have clear expectations of youth, and clear policies, involving considerable expenditure, by which those expectations may be realised. They see such policies as vital to their future.

But we in Britain, along with many of our other European colleagues, have failed to produce such policies. As in so many other things, we rely on 'ad hocery' and muddling through. We fail to act; we only react, too late and usually by tolerant repressions. We are swift to restrain the negative excesses of youth, and slow to harness the positives. We have no youth policy as such, but at least six Departments of Government each with separate and often conflicting policies. The Whitehall entrenchment between Department of Education and Science educational policy and Department of Employment (through the Manpower Services Commission) training and employment policy is only the most notorious example.

Why should this be? What is there which prevents us from taking a more rounded look at both the needs of the young, and the contribution which they could make?

Part of the answer lies in history, and in two particular aspects of it. Within our own shores, youth itself is a relatively recent phenomenon. In an agrarian and little educated pre-Industrial society, youth was a luxury experienced only by the elite ruling classes; for the bulk of the population, transfer was from childhood to adulthood with no intervening youth stage. As people came together in large cities, as universal education developed in answer to the industrial need for new skills, and as employment legislation eliminated child labour, so there developed a gap between the status of childhood and the status of adulthood.

It was in response to this (and perhaps with a mind to revolutionary situations elsewhere in Europe in 1848 and 1870) that the ruling classes (themselves now changing from the 18th century landed gentry to the 19th century entrepreneurial middle-class) became concerned to offer young people orderly leisure provision. It was the period of the birth of the major national youth organisations. The pattern of that provision remained little altered, although considerably enlarged by the crisis needs of two World Wars, until the 1950s. In the post war period of class redefinition, 'we are the masters now' followed by never having it so good, youth became for the first time in history an affluent, often the most affluent, section of society. Exploited at first by those who recognised the buying potential of this new market, but later developing its own cultural identity principally through music, the 1960s was the decade of youth—exciting, creative (Beatles, Mary Quant, Stones, Twiggy) but also hedonistic (drugs, trips and violence). Our society was both intrigued and frightened. Its reaction was simultaneously philanthropic and paradoxically repressive. Unconsciously, for certainly there was no deliberate plan, it went for containment; more youth clubs to

soak up the energy, more healthy leisure pursuits in new sports complexes, the raising of the school leaving age prolonging controls within the formal education system, and the lowering of the age of majority (at least in some aspects of life) and the early vote. Unconsciously over the past decade, we have striven to eliminate youth. It was too uncomfortable a stage for us to cope with. We had never been sure that youth was a good thing: now it was to be squeezed out of existence.

But our resistance to recognising the potential of youth for modernising and rejuvenating our creaking institutions stems not only from our own history. We had also experienced the youth movement of a near neighbour —Germany. During the late twenties and thirties we had seen youth used for political aggression and racial glorification, as a weapon of totalitarianism. We took the decision that ours should be a pluralist approach to the young; we resisted overt state intervention, lest it lead to state manipulation.

Yet in avoiding one error, we have fallen for another. For surely there is no question as to our failure to make a positive and dynamic approach to the young to bring them on board in tackling the problems that face us. A nation which fails to utilise the creative energy, the questioning, the demanding of its young is bound to prove too static to cope with the winds of change. And that is precisely our situation now: industry with outdated plant, failing to exploit new inventions and technologies; trades unions still on the defensive and failing to realise that the battles have been won and the fortifications taken; parliamentary institutions of less and less relevance to needs; outdated electoral machinery producing political polarisation; defensiveness against concepts of federalism and reactionary retention of a centralism which has clearly failed: the baronial power of teachers dictating an educational system which is simultaneously found to be irrelevant to the student, and irrelevant to national needs; a penology which self-evidently does not work; and so on.

There is an old adage: if people are not permitted a worthwhile role, then they may well create for themselves a worthless one.

The 'Youth Charter Towards 2000' Conference at the new Wembley Conference Centre in February next is the first major step towards the presentation and potential resolution of some of these questions and problems. Bringing together 750 young adults and 750 of those who work with them in a variety of settings (teachers, youth workers, industrialists, trade unionists, politicians, careers officers, social workers, et al), it hopes to think through our nation's approach to young people and their views and contributions to the nation. With keynote speeches from Ted Heath, Harold Wilson, Shirley Williams, and a host of concerned public figures to trigger the debate, including Judith Hart, Len Murray, Arnold Weinstock, and John Wolfenden, the major part of the week's conference will be devoted to study groups producing reports which will be published to encourage continuing public debate through 1977. The Conference is deliberately constructed as a debate of equals; between the young themselves and those working with them. And that is itself a rare contribution.

Sadly some of the young people's organisations, particularly the National Union of Students, have chosen to opt out. Others have natural reservations: is the Conference just another opportunity for adult manipulation?

What then can come out of it? Hopefully, at last a recognition that we cannot afford any longer to ignore youth's potential. We need a positive national youth policy, deliberately geared to turn the young onto the problems we face. We can have such a policy through pluralistic channels; there is no need to create new monoliths. But it will require positive recognition by Government, and a dynamic appeal to the young which for once in our history, apart from an invitation to join the horrors of war, offers them a real opportunity to make a positive contribution to needed modernisation.

[John Ewen is Director of the National Youth Bureau and a member of the Conference Steering Committee.]

The February issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Danish at the European Communities* by Cay Dollerup, *Electronic Democracy* by Stephen Frost, *A Further Look at the Golden Age of Dutch Art* by Ernle Money, and *Problems in Economic Development: A Case Study of Pakistan* by Sharif M. Shuja.

MAN OF THE YEAR IS AN ITALIAN

by Vernon Bartlett

WERE I one of those editors with the duty of selecting a 'Man of the Year', my choice for 1976 would be an Italian. An Italian politician whose name was almost unknown outside Italy when the year began —Enrico Berlinguer, the Communist leader. And I should choose him because I am so strongly opposed to Communism as interpreted by the men in the Kremlin.

The situation in Italy, as seen by many Italians, is vastly different from that seen by Dr. Kissinger whose speeches, designed to lessen Communist influence, have undoubtedly had the opposite effect. The Italian of today is very unlike the bombastic and boastful Blackshirts of Mussolini's first decade of power; he tends rather to emphasise his country's weaknesses and defects than to pretend they do not exist. But he certainly resented the warnings from Washington that Italy would receive no more help from America if her citizens, in the process of voting in the June general election, made the Communist party the largest party in the state. Was not this interference in their national affairs, they asked themselves, the negation of democracy? Warnings from the Vatican also caused dismay, but less indignation. Twice in recent history the Church has interfered in political affairs, and with devastating results for the Christian Democratic party, which is its spokesman in the Italian parliament—but in matters such as divorce and abortion it is difficult to decide what has to be rendered to God and what to Caesar. No such difficulty arose in the case of the interference by the White House; with a little encouragement from the Italian Communists, this was inevitably interpreted as blackmail.

This influence of the Vatican is, of course, very important as far as the development of Italian Communism is concerned. It is not my intention to decry the good influence of the Church, but nobody could maintain that its policy, as expressed through the Christian Democrats, inspires the nation's youth, and many voters questioned the wisdom of the threats to excommunicate anyone who had planned to vote for the Communist ticket in the June election. The threats may have checked a large number of the over-forties, but they almost certainly had the opposite effect on the under-thirties, influenced by the outstanding success of many of the great Communist-administered Italian cities. *Unità*, the Communist newspaper, gives long lists of 'festivals' in large towns or small villages at which, with the help of fun and games, the nation's youth are told all about Communism that is considered good for them to know; the other parties do little or nothing to stimulate interest and to win support.

Long before the June election it had become obvious that the Communists would make important gains and they talked optimistically about a *compromesso storico*, a coalition government in which they would share power

and responsibility with the Christian Democrats. Many Christian Democrats themselves had hoped for this solution, and for two reasons. First, with Communist ministers in the government, there would be a notable reduction of industrial unrest and absenteeism. The second reason for supporting the *compromesso storico* was that this ministerial experience would prepare the people and the parties for the almost inevitable day when the Communists in parliament will outnumber the Christian Democrats and their dwindling allies in the minor parties, and the President will be compelled to call upon Signor Enrico Berlinguer or some other Communist leader to form a government.

Well, as we know, this has not yet happened, and, as of now, government is still in the hands of the Christian Democrats. They might even appear to be in a stronger position than before since, this time, they have not had to offer ministerial portfolios to members of the smaller parties who hitherto had enabled them to outvote the Communists. But in fact the June election has been a disaster for the Christian Democrats, as is shown all too clearly by the vote of confidence that established the Andreotti government—258 in favour and 44 against, but with 303 abstentions. In other words, Andreotti can govern, but only as long as he does what those 303 abstainers want him to do. And they expect him to shoulder the responsibility for restrictions and hardships more severe than those imposed in Britain, but for which public opinion blames him and his party.

All this has been obvious ever since the election, but a reminder is of importance, and for two reasons. One is that it may lessen the tendency of the Americans to interfere in the perfectly legal operation of democracy in another country, for it is quite probable that, without the threat to withhold further aid to Italy if the Communists were to win the election, the Christian Democrats would probably have agreed to the idea of a national coalition, and that would have meant that the Communists would have had to bear their share of unpopularity for the essential and long overdue tough legislation. The second reason is that it gives us a little more time in which to study the intentions of Signor Berlinguer.

If and when the time comes for Berlinguer to form a government, what will be the effect on international politics? We have heard a lot about the danger to NATO, and that danger is obvious and real. Signor Berlinguer claims that he wants Italy to remain in NATO, and he may, or might, want this in order to weaken it from within. But there is an alternative reason that is too often overlooked—he may need NATO to defend his party which is, perhaps, more Italian than Marxist-Leninist. In any case, NATO was never intended to last for ever, and the increasing reluctance of each of its Members to make the sacrifices needed to keep it strong reveals a subconscious feeling that it is getting out of date. While we worry about the very remote possibility that the Russians will commit suicide by starting a nuclear war in Europe, they have moved on to modern and vicarious warfare in Angola and other African territories. NATO cannot help to win the support of the Third World. It seems to me that Berlinguer, following the

example of Marshal Tito, has given the Western allies their most effective peacetime weapon since the war.

Is it not probable that the Russians are even more worried about the successes of the Italian Communist party than are the present and future occupants of the White House? To anybody who has been inside Russia, the Berlinguer speech at the Communist conference in East Berlin—the beginning of 'Eurocommunism'—was an amazing act of defiance, the importance of which was underlined by the relative politeness with which Breznev had to receive it. The extent to which it rankles was revealed by the attack, towards the end of August, in the party review *Kommunist*, against the 'pseudo-innovators' of Western Europe. Their 'revisionism' was stated to be as dangerous as that of declared 'anti-Communists'. 'Our ideological adversaries' were attacked for supporting 'bourgeois democracy' with its belief in the existence of other political parties, and other practices of the 'antagonistic class structure of bourgeois society.'

There are still those who believe that Enrico Berlinguer is an agent of the Soviet Union designated to destroy NATO and the Western alliance. But it seems to me incredible that, in order to carry out this plan, he should have been authorised to speak as he did at the East Berlin conference, in the presence of almost all of the world's leading Communists and at a time when COMECON was in such difficulties over the falling price of gold needed to pay for imports from the West, when there were serious riots in Poland over rising food prices, and when Russian agriculture was in such a bad way.

Of course, Berlinguer may fail. Pessimists point to the similarities between him and Dubcek, but they overlook the fact that Dubcek might still be in power if the Soviet armies had not been actually on the Czechoslovak frontier eight years ago: those same armies could not reach Italy without so obvious an invasion of other independent states that they would end all possibility of detente, which the Russians so badly need for both economic and political reasons. Again, Berlinguer may be overthrown by the Italian Communist party, since he does not oppose the hardships Andreotti is imposing (often at Berlinguer's behest). But for reasons I gave at the beginning of this article there is probably a larger percentage in Italy than anywhere else of voters who would find, when the crisis came, that they were nationalists rather than Communists. By chance rather than by choice, Berlinguer is the man who has stood up for Italy against criticism both from Washington and from Moscow, and this flatters even those Italians who hate the very name of Communism. He looks like becoming something of a national hero. He might well be destined to play a more important part in world history than any other Italian since the war.

[Vernon Bartlett, C.B.E., was formerly London Representative of The League of Nations Secretariat, S.E. Asia Correspondent for the *Guardian* and special correspondent of *The Times*. Publications include *The Colour of Their Skin* and *A Book About Elba*.]

REVERBERATIONS IN BERMUDA OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR

by Terry Tucker

BERMUDA—a tiny group of rocks, islets and islands, less than twenty square miles in all, more than 600 miles off the nearest point of land in America, three thousand miles distant from England—what, one may ask, could so isolated and small a group have to do with the shattering events in American history that are being so busily commemorated in this Bicentennial Year?

Let us push the clock back 200 years—or 201 to pinpoint more exactly Bermuda's involvement—and consider local conditions at the time.

There were 10,655 people in the islands, almost equally divided into White and Coloured; the former were mainly descendants of the original settlers from England, while the Coloured (as they till recently preferred to be called) of Negroes brought in early in the islands' history. There had been no aborigines.

The Governor at this time was George James Bruere, a benign, simple and kindly man with a large family, who lived in Government House at the east end of the islands and to the north of St. George's town which had been the capital since 1612 (and was to remain so until 1815). Today the pillars of the ancient Government House gate still stand; through them you reach Retreat Hill which descends steeply to Tobacco Bay on the north coast of St. George's Island. Although Government House looked an imposing building, by the time of Governor Bruere's arrival it was in ramshackle condition—leaking in every room when hurricanes blew. Although the governors were appointees of the Crown the island had a measure of self-government surprising for so small a body of people under a distant monarchy, had passed its own laws since 1620, and was in no sense a Crown Colony. . . . Today you can still see the Sessions or State House at the eastern side of the Town, nicely balancing ancient St. Peter's Church at the west. (In fact, Bermuda's parliament had followed hard on the heels of that in Jamestown a year earlier, and now enables the islanders to state that they are Great Britain's oldest self-governing colony, owing loyalty and allegiance.) By mid-18th century most of the wood-and-plaster houses in St. George's had been reconstructed of native limestone, so that 100 buildings formed the old town, with haphazard paths winding between the lots. And the town boasted four small dry-goods shops!

Bruere was dismayed to find the islanders totally uninterested in agriculture. They far preferred to rake salt at the Turks Islands and exchange it up the American coasts for food, to go whaling, fishing, shipbuilding—and even wrecking when opportunity offered. The new governor imported ploughs, and set an example himself by buying sixty acres of land north of the town and planting it. He was also alarmed to find that the government's

store of gunpowder was kept in the centre of the town, in the top storey of the State House where fire-hazard could not be ruled out since a torch made from a furled palmetto-branch was still used along the narrow alleyways after dark. So he had a small powder magazine built, twenty feet long by ten feet wide, with solid limestone walls and roof, on part of his newly-acquired land on Retreat Hill, adjoining the grounds of Government House.

Food was often woefully short even before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War and its embargo on ships trading with British colonies. An unbiased picture of conditions in Bermuda is given to us in a letter written in 1773 by a young Quaker from Philadelphia.

> Arrived here (Bermuda) December 29, 1772, after a passage of 13 days all of which time was perfectly well, [Thomas Coates wrote to his mother] the people here were in such want of provisions when we arrived that the government detained the sloop which was bound, and cargo consigned, to Antigua, consisting of flour and rice . . . which was but a mere mouthful among so many people and no other arrival of provisions till the 23rd of January 1773 when a sloop arrived with 200-and-odd barrels of flour and 1500 bushels of corn, which, by calculation, isn't above a quart a family. The flour thirty shillings and the corn seven and six a bushel—dreadful times indeed. The poor people really bear the marks of hunger in their countenance as many of them cannot muster up more than will buy a peck or two, and in two or three days perhaps could buy more—but it's all sold. . . . I suppose there's one third of the families here have neither flour, corn, or rice to make bread with, obliged to live on fish alone—when they can get it. . . . And the slaves did nothing. There was nothing for them to do. Yet a woman with twenty slaves had not enough money to buy flour for herself, let alone for all her retinue of servants.

We see clearly the great disadvantages of slavery, for both the bonded and the owners. Nothing had been done regarding the governor's recommendation to grow their own food crops; now he made himself even more unpopular by sending a recommendation to London that a lighthouse was badly needed on this reef-bound coast to prevent at least some of the several total wrecks that occurred each year. Why, wondered the islanders, prevent these 'turtles-in-the-net' that brought them in more than would the laborious tilling of the soil? The lighthouse scheme was dropped.

By this time, the Governor and the Assemblymen were altogether at odds. They stopped paying his salary and refused him the small boat he needed for transportation. They raised no money to keep up the roads and bridges or to pay the clergy their stipends—even the ferry-keeper's request for his small pay (the Causeway connecting the islands would not be built for another hundred years so that the ferry was a prime necessity) was set aside as 'trivial'! As Bruere correctly, but tactlessly, told the Assemblymen, they had used all the funds in the Treasury to pay themselves. Poor Bruere, in his stern devotion to duty had not the gift of making himself popular; but perhaps no one else could have done so either, at such a difficult time when trouble was brewing between the colonists in America and the Government in England, which had been loaded with an enormous debt by the prosecution of the successful war against the French and Red Indians in the New World.

Bermudians considered themselves members of a great Empire; the Navy

had been their shield against France and Spain in the recent Seven Years War. But by now they thought of themselves as Bermudians first and Britishers second. Then, too, many of them had ties of friendship and blood with the American colonies. Governor Bruere found these divided loyalties especially true among the many members of the Tucker clan, Colonel Henry Tucker, now in his sixties, was the senior representative and lived at the Grove, Southampton, (on the Overplus, originally granted to Governor Daniel Tucker in 1616) where he and his wife brought up four sons and two daughters. His position must have been intolerably difficult since not only did he himself wish to be loyal, but his eldest son, Henry Tucker, Jr., had married Frances, Governor Bruere's daughter, and lived in St. George's in the house on Water Street now known as the President Henry Tucker House,—while, on the other hand, his two sons in America, Thomas Tudor and St. George, openly championed the American cause. To complicate matters still further: old Colonel Henry Tucker's daughter (another Frances) married cousin Henry Tucker of the Bridge House, Somerset, (now known as Somerset Rectory) who sided with the revolting colonists while still remaining in the islands, under the protection of the British flag.

When the Continental Congress in Philadelphia put an embargo on all trade with British colonies, it suddenly came home to Bermudians that not only were they about to lose their carrying trade, but that starvation stared them in the face. It was immediately decided at a local meeting to send an unofficial delegation to Philadelphia to implore Congress to continue accepting salt in exchange for food. Colonel Henry Tucker went as chairman. Not only was Bruere angry at this, assuring the islanders that if they stood firm everything would be all right, but many Bermudians, especially those of the central parishes, were quite fiercely loyal, and regarded with horror such overtures to rebels. They held meetings of protest and sent a petition to the House of Assembly: 'Whereas certain persons have taken upon them to represent this parish (Pembroke) in a certain meeting in Paget's tribe, we the subscribers do assert that they were not sent by us and that we entirely disapprove of their measure and proceedings'—even though, at that stage, there was no thought of offering the enemy anything but salt. Thomas Burch, uncle to the Chief Justice, together with Ben Williams and Captain Miller Cox, both of Devonshire Parish, were working hard in the loyalist cause, as were members of the Dill family, the Darrells, Chief Justice Jonathan Burch, Thomas Tudor of Port Royal—and of course 'President' Henry Tucker, who headed the loyalists in St. George's.

His father, old Colonel Henry Tucker, began his appeal to the Continental Congress by asserting his faithfulness to King George III while begging the Americans to continue to accept salt in exchange for food. Congress told him flatly they were totally uninterested in salt; the only thing they wanted to lay their hands on was the King's gunpowder, stored, as they understood it, in a magazine in St. George's. Doubtless they had heard about it from his two sons already in America—Thomas Tudor who later became Treasurer of the United States, and St. George, the youngest of the family. That must have been a terrible moment for the old colonel, for he knew of

course that the gunpowder would be used against the King's forces. But he was a 'middle of the road' man, and to him Bermuda's plight was what mattered most. . . . He arrived back in Bermuda by July 25th and joined his cousin son-in-law, Henry Tucker of the Bridge House, Somerset, (who had already managed to get a consignment of gunpowder on his own account) in making arrangements with a Cap'n Morgan to obtain the whaleboats necessary for his scheme. Nothing of this must leak out to his loved eldest son and namesake in St. George's; everything was as secret as the grave.

14th August 1775 was a sultry still night in the old town. The heat had been so oppressive all day that Governor Bruere was not surprised when only four Members of the House of Assembly presented themselves that afternoon. He went to bed at his usual hour, and the little town of St. George's was soon wrapped, to all appearances, in its accustomed slumbers. If we had been there, how astounded we should have been to see the figure of a man rise noiselessly from the underbrush on the northern ridge and scurry quietly, soundlessly, over Retreat Hill near Government House. Why, look! there is another, and now another, moving stealthily as shadows, without a sound. Where can they be going? To Government House? But no! They are branching off towards the little powder magazine, a few hundred yards north-east, which the Governor had caused to be built on his own land. And then—how astounding!—one man is being helped up on to the roof where, holding some instrument, he is bringing his clenched fist down, time and again, on the muffling folds of a coat thrown on the roof. Then, quickly, they are all removing slabs of tile—now are lowering one of their number through the hole they have broached. A moment more and the door is opened from the inside and, stooping, one after the other, several figures glide in. Here they come, out again, and what is it they are rolling? It must be barrel after barrel of gunpowder that they are trundling so quickly and quietly down the slope to the north shore.

A hundred barrels of gunpowder are rolled away opposite the corner of Government House lawn, a thousand thrusts given by eager hands, before the several small whale-boats lurking in Tobacco Bay are reached below the hill; not a voice is raised in alarm, not a dog's bark quivers on the still night air. The very oars must be muffled for no sound carries across the limpid water—the boats row miles offshore to the two waiting ships lying near North Rock before the darkness swallows them. If we had indeed been there, silent and invisible, we should now have passed our hands across our astonished eyes and thought: surely that must all have been a dream.

It was no dream to the luckless Governor. Someone noticed the broken powder magazine and gave the alarm at daybreak. Bruere was awakened at once. At first, such was the incredible horror of the news, he was stunned. It must have appeared to him as a nightmare from which he would presently awake to reality. Then he was wide awake—and in a frenzy. He seized his quill and dashed off a Proclamation: SAVE YOUR COUNTRY

FROM RUIN WHICH MAY HEREAFTER HAPPEN! THE POWDER STOLE OUT OF THE MAGAZINE LATE LAST NIGHT CANNOT BE CARRIED FAR AS THE WIND IS SO LIGHT. A GREAT REWARD WILL BE GIVEN TO ANY PERSON THAT CAN MAKE A PROPER DISCOVERY BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

Of course he knew now what must have happened: traitors among the Bermudians who sided with those rebels in the American colonies had stolen the King's powder to be used against the English forces. And he, the most loyal of governors, might be blamed for betraying his trust. Why, his own sons were fighting on the British side in America—one had been killed eight weeks earlier at the battle of Bunker Hill, fought on Breed's Hill near Bunker.

That morning, 15th August 1775, St. George's town was in a turmoil with the reading of the Proclamation. Everyone was agog. The ships on the dawn horizon were the 14-gun American frigate, *Lady Catherine*, despatched from Rhode Island under Captain Ord on purpose to obtain the gunpowder so desperately needed by George Washington's army, and the *Charleston and Savannah Pacquet*. The Governor was frantic at remembering that he, himself, had caused the powder to be removed, for the sake of safety, to the new magazine built eight years earlier on the very fringe of his official park, on property he had bought. He looked at the few broken barrels that remained, their powder oozing out on to the ground, and had them trundled back into town—fully aware that it was locking the stable door after the horse had bolted.

Some people recalled, too late, that yesterday had been a time of flurried coming and going off the Somerset coast in Sandys Parish, where Henry Tucker of the Bridge House (Somerset Henry as he was called in differentiation) had collected some whaleboats under charge of a Cap'n Morgan. And it seemed odd that St. George Tucker, that fledgling lawyer at the College of William and Mary, had chosen this moment to come from Virginia on a hurried visit to his family; but surely it could have nothing to do with him, since he had been seen walking on the Parade till nearly midnight, deep in conversation with the Chief Justice. As you may imagine, feeling ran high; there were permanent rifts in some families whose members would never speak to each other again. . . . Outwardly, the Tucker clan held together, even their letters to one another are so carefully worded that one feels they were written with an eye to posterity—but politically they were irrevocably apart in a manner that decided the future of each branch's descendants.

Bruere made frantic efforts to obtain a sloop to send despatches to General Gage in Boston, but suddenly and unaccountably, none was to be found fit to sail! Even when one of the American vessels was still in sight from Retreat Hill, there were no guns mounted to fire at them; for now it was found that on the previous day the ten ancient cannons at Wreck Hill had been dismounted and rolled down the steep slopes into the sea where they could easily be glimpsed through the clear water. The Assembly met

on the 16th and put a good face on things by voting a Reward of £100 to any person who could find the perpetrators of the gunpowder theft. To this Bruere offered additional Reward and a free pardon for any who would turn King's evidence. Neither was ever claimed.

When at last Bruere found a sloop whose owner offered to sail with the Governor's letters and despatches, the owner was forced to go back on his promise because he received threats that his rudder and sails would be removed. Desperate, the Governor brought the matter up in Council only to be blandly informed that no one knew of any vessel for hire. Determined not to be outdone, Bruere raised his fee to £50 and at last, by 3rd September, got the offer of a boat. Even then, when the mate at the last moment refused to sail, Bruere put one of his own men in his place and, thoroughly on his guard, sent a trusted slave aboard with instructions to hide below with the precious despatches. It was lucky he did so, for sixteen or seventeen men actually sailed out, boarded the sloop, and belaboured the unfortunate captain when he protested he had neither letters nor despatches to give up. These reached Gage safely, and in reply he sent H.M.S. *Scorpion* to Bermuda to aid Bruere.

No one was ever brought to trial, or even publicly accused of a share in this astounding business. . . . The Continental Congress lifted the embargo against provisions for Bermuda, and opportunities were made for Bermudians to ship salt to the Americans. To those who had won their way, it was a matter of sheer survival. One of the more ironical slants on this matter of provisioning the islands, is the fact that the official population figures (10,655 inhabitants—5,632 White and 5,023 Black) were prudently given to Continental Congress as 15,000, and so remain in their records!

The powder is reputed to have been used to compel British troops to evacuate Boston 17th March 1776.

Meanwhile, in those days of slow communication, George Washington was unaware of the mid-August successful theft when on 6th September 1775 he penned a lengthy letter 'to the Inhabitants of the Islands of Bermuda' from Camp Cambridge three miles from Boston, in which he begged for a supply of gunpowder since 'we are informed there is a very large Magazine on your Island under a very feeble guard.' Captain Abraham Whipple at Rhode Island was entrusted with this mission, but of course as events turned out the powder was already long gone when he arrived and the letter was never presented in Bermuda. (Nor, incidentally, was George Washington himself ever in the islands, despite legends to the contrary.)

Here is the letter in its entirety:

> Camp Cambridge three miles from Boston, Sept. 6, 1775
> To the Inhabitants of the Islands of Bermuda
> Gentlemen:
>
> In the great conflict which agitates the continent, I cannot doubt but the asserters of freedom and the right of the constitution are possessed of your most favorable regards and wishes for success—

As descendants of freedom, and heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance—We flatter ourselves, that, though divided by situation, we are firmly united in sentiment. The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate—It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space and distance.

You will not be uninformed, that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonists, into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much human blood, and left us with no alternative but a civil war—or a base submission. The wise Disposer of all events has hitherto smiled upon our virtuous efforts. These mercenary troops, a few of whom lately boasted of subjugating this vast continent, have been checked in their earliest ravages, and are now actually encircled in a small space, their Arms disgraced, and suffering all the calamities of a siege. The virtue, spirit, and unison of the provinces leave them nothing to fear, but the want of ammunition.

The application of our enemies to foreign states, and their vigilance upon our coasts, are the only efforts they have made against us with success. Under the circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, gentlemen, for relief.

We are informed there is a very large magazine on your Island under a very feeble guard—We would not wish to involve an opposition, in which, from your situation, we would be unable to support you; we know not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance in availing ourselves of this supply; but, if your favour and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself—you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further the scheme, so as to give it the fairest prospect of success.

Be assured that in this case the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honourable Continental Congress, that your Island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every mark of affection and friendship, which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors.

I am, etc., G. Washington.

Ironically, the marks of 'affection and friendship' several times included plans for the seizure of the islands. These were projected in 1776 by Silas Deane, a secret agent of the Continental Congress and by Lafayette in 1779 and 1780. And in the Treaty of Commerce between France and America signed 6th February 1778, plans were alluded to for the capture of Bermuda by the American navy.

But long before this, the Bermuda legislators had second thoughts or perhaps an uneasy conscience, as to the gunpowder rape, and not knowing yet whether the war would end in a definite break-away, decided to propitiate both sides. Only a few days, as it was to turn out, before the public act known as the Declaration of Independence (4th July 1776) by which the Second Continental Congress declared the thirteen North American colonies to be independent of Great Britain, Bermuda memorialised the Crown in a long statement assuring their gracious Sovereign of their loyalty and zeal for him and his family together with their love and admiration for the Constitution—and begging him to ignore any absurd rumours as to their conduct having been undutiful or disloyal! 'For there are not in your extensive Dominions a people whose hearts are more firmly attached to their Sovereign . . . than your subjects of Bermuda.' Under-

standably enough, Lord George Germain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, dryly replied that memorialising the Crown could not excuse the Bermudians for sending delegates to Philadelphia or the discrepancy which existed between words and facts!

During the second half of 1776, Royal Navy ships (*Galatea, Nautilus* and *Resolute*) hovered around the islands to impede the American ships that, since Bermuda had been exempted from embargo, still attempted to bring in provisions. And now, urged by Bruere and by the American loyalists who began making their way to British-held territory, the loyalists in Bermuda began privateering in earnest against the enemy, which naturally caused a revulsion of feeling on the continent against Bermuda whose plight would have been desperate but for such forays. Notably Bridger Goodrich from Virginia cruised so successfully against the King's enemies that in one winter he captured and brought in to Bermuda 36 vessels as prizes. Eventually all Bermuda was united in the wish to remain loyal to the Crown and, urged by Governor George James Bruere and, in his turn, his son George Bruere, abandoned illicit trade with the Americans. George Bascome, a clever St. George's lawyer, was afterwards to observe that 'poor little Bermuda observed a strict neutrality'—though this was far from being the case. While old Colonel Tucker, despatched to London as the Colony's agent from 1779 to 1784 at a salary of £500 per annum, also protested loyalty to a rather disinterested Colonial Office but, ironically, changed his own wavering point of view for a more imperialistic one! But when, in 1786, the staunchly loyalist party in Bermuda raised a committee of enquiry into the still-rankling question as to the persons guilty of the gunpowder betrayal, producing some new evidence to put before the Council and House of Assembly, such an investigation was dismissed as 'frivolous.'

In 1778, to help Bruere keep order, a detachment of troops was stationed in Bermuda and from that time the island had a regular garrison.

Worn out by those last five years of struggle, George James Bruere died in St. George's on 10th September, 1780, and was followed by his son, George Bruere, as governor. Strange to relate, the gunpowder magazine, scene of these sensational happenings, is no longer standing—its very site was swept away in excavating for later fortifications. The old restored fort now labelled 'Gunpowder Cavern' had nothing whatever to do with this incident, was merely an old fort, and was not used as a gunpowder depository till one hundred years later. The present St. George's Rectory is a part of walls where Government House then stood, and the tall imposing pillars that mark the entrance to the Governor's Park, remain. And, at the eastern side of the old town the solid State House (built in the 1620s, the first native-limestone building in Bermuda) where the gunpowder was originally stored, still stands. On Water Street in the town itself, the President Henry Tucker house is now open to visitors; this was the home of that eldest son of Colonel Henry Tucker of The Grove in Somerset who became Colonial Secretary and President of the Council and who lived here from 14th March 1770 when he had married Frances Bruere, till his death in 1808.

Here they produced ten sons and two daughters—not one of whom ever returned to Bermuda or even remained in the New World. For this loyal man of great integrity managed to remain aloof from the faction and intrigue which distinguished the times, and never allowed bitter political differences to defeat family affection. Nevertheless they no doubt enhanced his melancholy cast of mind. He felt Bermuda had become 'but a sad place' and one by one he sent all his children to England though 'it almost sinks me into the grave' as he wrote to brother St. George in Virginia. In fact, when he died so unexpectedly in 1808 'of the prevailing epidemic' he was planning to settle in England. His obituary filled nine columns of the twelve column weekly newspaper and shows with what immense respect and affection this reserved man was regarded by his fellow islanders.

It is not surprising that today (and especially in this Bicentennial year) when Bermuda is visited by some 500,000 tourists per annum, these buildings and relics reminding us of two hundred years ago are of very special interest. . . . Also to be seen, at the western end of the islands in Sandys Parish and now used as the Rectory, is the large square house of Bermuda-Georgian design known as the Bridge House, built in 1740 close to tiny Somerset Bridge. Here that Henry Tucker was brought up (son of the Chief Justice John Tucker who had built the house) to whom we refer in differentiation as Somerset Henry. When he married Frances Tucker, daughter of Colonel Henry Tucker at The Grove, Port Royal, Southampton (where the Port Royal Golf Course now lies) the couple lived here at the Bridge House with his parents, as did his children and grandchildren. Each of the six sons and two daughters of Chief Justice John inherited handsome estates, and Frances carefully preserved all the portraits of her distinguished father and brothers which are now on display at what was her eldest brother's 'President' Henry Tucker house in St. George's. Four of these portraits had been painted in 1753 by Joseph Blackburn, an artist of great interest both to Bermuda and the New England States. . . . Did this other 'Fanny' realise how much her husband opposed not only the Brueres but her own eldest brother, Henry, in St. George's? For Somerset Henry headed the local party in removing the powder from the magazine, and was one of those who, unsuccessfully as we have seen, attempted to prevent the information of the theft from reaching General Gage in Boston. When, spurred by each Bermuda governor, and encouraged by the example of such loyalists as came to Bermuda to privateer against American ships, Bermudians in general began to oppose American trade, Somerset Henry helped to form what was termed the General Association created to boycott privateering. However, the Association failed in its objective.

Not only did Somerset Henry double-deal the British, but when it suited him to do so he proved himself quite capable of cheating his friends the Americans if a good opportunity offered—as in the case of the American brig *Commerce* when she put in at the west end. None of this was ever brought home to Somerset Henry who had a nimble and keen brain, able to bluff many of the loyalists themselves. There is a miniature of him in the President Henry Tucker House, St. George's.

Old Colonel Henry Tucker of The Grove, returned in his old age from London to die (1787) in the bosom of his devoted family. His youngest son, St. George, came down from Virginia to pay him a visit and to see the rest of the family who always kept in close touch with him through a series of letters which has been preserved in Colonial Williamsburg. St. George himself, who was professor of law at the college of William and Mary, became a Judge, and is the ancestor of the Virginia branch of the Tucker family. Colonel Henry Tucker left his estates equally divided between his family, quite irrespective of their political beliefs and activities.

It is estimated that one hundred thousand loyalists fled from the United States to escape lynching, tarring-and-feathering, and other brutal treatment, but did not escape confiscation of property. They fled to England, Canada, Turks and Caicos Islands, the Floridas, Bermuda, and various islands of the Caribbean. They left their mark in Bermuda where William Browne of Salem, Massachusetts, became a very successful governor in 1782; Daniel Leonard was Chief Justice 1782-1806 and lived at Ardsheal now owned by the Waylands; John Green from Philadelphia appointed as a Judge of the Bermuda Court of Vice-Admiralty lived at Verdmont; and Bridger Goodrich set the example of privateering against the enemy. If George Bruere, when he became governor after his father's death in 1780, made an impression on the House of Assembly on the question of loyalty in his initial speech, even more did they accept William Browne since he had sacrificed so much for his beliefs. Nevertheless, Bruere's words were unforgettable:

> Let us not deceive ourselves, liberty is nowhere to be found as pure . . . as under our limited monarchy. . . . Stray not after it to rebel states and new-fangled systems. In Britain and under British government you will find it. . . . Imagine not you can act with impunity the detestable double part of subjects to Britain and friends to her enemies.

The fear of invasion did not leave Bermudians until peace was signed at Versailles in 1783 whereby the independence of the United States of America was acknowledged. In Bermuda, however divided opinions had been at the start of the conflict, those who had remained staunchly loyalist throughout had won everyone to their point of view. The islands remained under the British flag. Historian Wallace Brown in The Good Americans remarks:

> The loss of America—and in particular loss of the South—facilitated the ending of slavery throughout the British Empire in 1833, while, ironically, the country dedicated to the principles of the Declaration of Independence required a civil war to accomplish the same ends.

Amusingly enough, as the American Bicentennial approached, Bermudians became more and more embroiled in discussion as to whether the theft of the gunpowder in 1775 had been an act of treason or not. This question arose because the Bermuda Postmaster General suggested issuing postage stamps depicting the Gunpowder Rape of August 1775. My own answer to this query was that, since that episode was a colourful event in local history it deserved to be remembered—remembered but not officially

celebrated since those who connived at the theft while still owing loyalty to the Crown and accepting its protection were committing an act of treason. Those who renounce their government and openly attack it from without, as some prominent Bermudians certainly did,—are not committing treason but open and honourable warfare. . . . The most heinous offence, under criminal law, that can be committed against the State is that of treason and it can only be committed by someone who owes allegiance to that State or that Crown, the roots of the laws against treason being adherence 'to the King's enemies in the realm, giving them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere.' According to tradition and logic, the State gives protection and in return exacts obedience to its laws. The process is reciprocal and the maxim of the law reads: 'protection draws allegiance, and allegiance draws protection' (protectio trahit subjectionem et subjectio protectionem).

In short, we in Bermuda understand and sympathise with our 'American Cousins' here who are celebrating their Bicentennial with various festivities and we know too that our visitors are eager to be told of our islands' small share in the attainment of U.S. Independence. But we ourselves are not officially celebrating what was an act of stark treachery 201 years ago—the stamp issue merely depicts a colourful event which we cannot deny looms large in our island story.

NOTE:

It is obviously necessary to affix some differentiating sobriquet to several of the names of persons concerned. Henry Tucker of The Grove, Southampton, is therefore distinguished as Colonel Henry; his eldest son who lived in St. George's, and held such positions as President of the Council, Colonial Secretary, Colonial Treasurer, Provost Marshal General and King's Receiver, is throughout referred to as 'President' Henry; and the cousin who lived at The Bridge House in Somerset and who had married the old Colonel's daughter, was always termed Somerset Henry. There were at least two other Henry Tuckers at the time but they do not come into our story.

[Terry Tucker, novelist and historian, is the author of *Bermuda Today and Yesterday*, 1503-1973, Robert Hale Co., London, St. Martin's Press, N.Y., which contains further material on this subject.]

NEW POEMS

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN

Can you say
Where the successful woman lives?
Is it there,
With her nice-looking kids, and
Husband with greying hair,
Distinguished, with a gentle
Academically vague air?
Or is it where she works,
Dull and respected,
Sensible and apparently organised,
With her pension protected?

Or does she live
Inside the twin windows of her eyes?
Watching others despise
Her inefficiency.
Knowing her inadequacy.
The job which brings wages
Is often resented
Because the job which engages
Her mind and ambition
Cannot even be attempted.
It lives only inside
The successful woman.

Even the kids argue and rebel
And the husband grows alone
And the writing stays unwritten,
Songs unsung
And the paint dry.
Who can tell
Where the successful woman lives,
Or why?

HELEN RILEY

ABROAD

My need to capture Nature,
Each fleeting feature——
Sights, sounds, scents, texture and taste.
The call comes back, returns compulsively.
Much runs to waste.

Now I am watching a villa courtyard hard to indite,
Rose walls, green shutters: I see sharply
What divisions of light and shade
On half-circle steps the sun has made.
A black cat breathes in the shade.

Look! there's the least movement of a white poplar's
Small honey-silk leaves. The cypress moves a dark tip.

When from Avignon I shall slip homeward gratefully,
Am gone,
I will remember carefully tended dry soil,
Blossom, the fruits of toil;
And unsparing light on the broad quick flow of the Rhône.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

THE STRONG CAN KEEP THE TRANSIENT YOUNG

The strong can keep the transient young
As the yellow candle bucking against its bright tether
Will eat into eternity with its last blue squint
Even as the last gust swallows it.

It is not passiveness we want
But some passion for what must be:
A ruthless adoration of the sacrifice
If we are to make the transient and eternal one.

Therefore if I am Isaac on the brittle tinder,
Then let me be the sword, the fire,
The very altar on the hill.
I wait for no angel, but I plunge
Daggers into my being. Oh we can live and die
With astonishing humanity:
We can whip ourselves with the divine will.

Come then tender failure, delicate trail,
A lifetime's obese wandering:
Walk with me inept to my own brim.

PAUL ROCHE

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

A Fringe of Leaves. Patrick White. Jonathan Cape. £4.50. *Afternoon of a Good Woman.* Nina Bawden. Macmillan. £3.50. *Saville.* David Storey. Jonathan Cape. £4.50. *100 Scenes from Married Life.* Giles Gordon. Hutchinson. £3.95. *The God Spigo.* Anne Tibble. Duckworth. £3.25. *An Englishman's Breakfast.* Derek Barton. Cassell. £4.25.

Domestic life and personal relationships may seem at first glance to be a less exciting theme for fiction than espionage in exotic places, yet rightly handled they can be a good deal more interesting. The impact of individuals on each other, particularly in the demanding confines of the married state, appear to dominate the best of the autumn publications.

In *A Fringe of Leaves* Patrick White has a head start for, besides being an account of a most unusual marriage, his plot is based on a bizarre happening some hundred and forty years ago, which remains a talking point in Australian history and folk-lore. In the fictional version frail yet authoritative Austen Roxburgh has married Ellen Gluyas, a Cornish hoyden many years younger than himself. When Austen has finished turning her into a 'lady', he yields to a long buried impulse to visit his scapegrace brother, Garnet Roxburgh, in van Diemen's Land. He is as much concerned to give Ellen a second honeymoon, and to erase the tragic memory of their two stillborn children. All might have gone to plan had not Ellen allowed Garnet to seduce her in a woodland glen, whereupon she insists that she and Austen must leave Australia by the next available boat.

This was the *Bristol Maid,* inadequately 'victualled' and manned, quite unsuitable for a young matron pregnant with the child of one or other of the brothers. A ferocious storm blows up, during which the ship founders on a coral reef. Some members of the crew and two passengers take to the unseaworthy lifeboats and endure appalling hardship. Ellen's child, born prematurely into a quagmire of swill and stench, fails to survive. The others live on in hope, fulfilled only by a landing on the territory of a cannibal tribe who murder Austen and the remaining members of the crew. Ellen is taken prisoner and forced to become a slave, in conditions of almost unbelievable squalor and deprivation.

It is at this point that the novel swings away from the subtle interplay of personality between Ellen and the brothers to follow in general terms the similar ordeals of the original of the story, Mrs. Eliza Fraser who, in contrast to the variable and endearing Ellen, emerges from the records as the stock heroine of an adventure story. Although engrossing as a documentary on the behaviour of a cannibal tribe in the eighteen-thirties, the wealth of factual detail slows down the narrative and precludes any further development of character, which is a pity. But it is for the brilliant examination of the ill-assorted pair, Austen and Ellen, as much for the vividly conveyed scenic background that *A Fringe of Leaves* will be remembered and enjoyed.

Nina Bawden also is concerned with the intricacies of conjugal adjustment between two incompatible people, although she keeps her characters in the present and with their feet firmly on the ground. In the opening pages of *Afternoon of a Good Woman,* Eddie and Penelope are about to part, although Eddie is unaware that Penelope plans to walk out on him, leaving behind the traditional note of farewell. Penelope is a dedicated J.P. and takes leave of her comfortable suburban home *en route* for the courtroom, where cases of theft and indecent exposure are being tried. When sitting in judgement on others, she is only too aware of her own shortcomings, and the purpose of *Afternoon of a Good Woman* is to uncover the basic insecurity of a woman who appears to be exceptionally self-sufficient and decisive. In a sequence of flashbacks, her past builds up. Penelope never really cared for Eddie; as a girl, she was in love with her step-brother, who deprived her of her virginity and then thrust her unceremoniously aside. She preferred a daredevil nephew to her own worthy, plodding daughters; hated—perhaps—her hypochondriac step-mother and resented the insensitive praying of the woman who cared for her in adolescence. As a result of these trials she sees herself as having worked through her girlish vacillations to a state of modesty and tolerance. In fact, contrary to her own belief, modesty and tolerance are qualities beyond her comprehension; and she emerges from her own frank musings as a woman determined at all costs to have her own way.

This is not in any sense a disadvantage. In spite or because of her inconsistencies and self-deception, Penelope positively sparkles with wit, dispelling the foggy platitudes of suburbia with infectious gaiety. Throughout that long, hot, arduous day in the courtroom, Penelope's affairs are brought to a credible conclusion. There is no conventional return to the home and hearth. The last glimpse we have of Penelope is on her journey to meet her lover, apparently unruffled by the problems which lie ahead.

It is no great compliment to compare an author with other writers who have gone before him, even those of the highest achievement. Yet in David Storey's new novel, *Saville,* it is difficult to avoid hearing the overtones of Thomas Hardy and D. H. Lawrence. Fortunately for David Storey's reputation as a highly gifted and original writer the comparisons are only superficial. Yet in the opening of *Saville,* the modest family moving house could have been the Durbeyfields, and the stoical miner father have stepped straight out of *Sons and Lovers.* Tragedy shadowed Colin Saville's life even before it began, for an older brother had already died in infancy. However, the parents do not work out their grief on Colin. He is given all the available opportunities and yet the limitations of his background all but militate against making good use of them. He accepts the situation and seldom rebels against the unconscious domination of his mother and father. In a fine technical achievement, the alignment of Colin and his parents against the external world of enterprise and ambition has the effect of enveloping them all in a cocoon of unreality from which there is no escape. True, having rejected the University, Colin eventually leaves the village to train as a teacher, but it seems that he carries the 'greyness' with him; all the more surprising since the period of the novel is set in the years immediately following World War II. The pace of this long, deeply thoughtful novel is leisurely, and the underlying theme of the power of early environment and influence is one that has particular significance at the present time. *Saville* has deservedly been awarded the Booker fiction prize for 1976.

Giles Gordon has as different a view as possible of family tyranny. He has written previously about marriage and in the same episodic manner but never

with greater effect than in *One Hundred Scenes from Married Life*. Presumably to cover himself from the accusation of leaving anything vital unsaid, he has sub-titled the linked vignettes 'a selection'. The very triviality of the incidents selected—taking the children to the local park, entertaining relations to Christmas lunch, cleaning and tidying the house—underline the claustrophobic limitations of domestic routine.

Ann and Edward are a pleasant, responsible couple who figured in an earlier novel at the time of their courtship. Their new novel is about their struggle to preserve a little glamour and something of their own individuality in the married state. Ann sometimes walks about the house naked; she struggles to keep up her 'painting'. Yet inevitably the claims of two boisterous sons and a baby daughter frustrate all attempts to present herself as an uninhibited person with a mind and will of her own. Edward for his part throws off the shackles of the 'office' whenever possible and even takes a girl abroad for the week-end. Yet nothing results from the adventure to damage the marriage and in fact the minutiae of day-to-day existence suggests that nothing will ever change. The only consolation is that in a couple of decades the children will release their long-suffering parents from bondage. But one vital question remains unanswered. When the period of servitude is at an end, will Ann and Edward possess the necessary qualities of industry and drive to build their lives anew?

One could wish that Anne Tibble had been willing to tackle her very different domestic theme with even a small part of Giles Gordon's unsentimental realism. Particularly as in *The God Spigo* she has chosen to tackle a theme of burning social importance—the problem of bringing up deformed children. Penny, Dicey and Jon are not thalidomide victims but the crippled offspring of two apparently normal sisters, Rosetta and Kate. The boys wear artificial arms and legs while the girl is comparatively unscathed save for a fingerless hand. Diverted from their deprivations by sophisticated toys and books, the children live out their frustrated lives imprisoned in a kind of garden tower, from which they rarely escape, to save their mothers 'embarrassment'. Into this peculiar set-up in remotest Cumbria strays Lora Redpath, in answer to an advertisement for 'companion-governess'. She finds an 'odd' man who subdues the children by brute force, a simple-minded maid and a total dearth of health visitors or school attendance officers. It is left to Lora to indent for wheelchairs and outdoor games and to curb the boys' passion for torturing and dismembering animals. They call the 'spirit' overlooking their own private wood the 'God Spigo' and their acts of cruelty are in fact a sacrifice to him. At this point the novel moves on to a mystical plane with the serious intention of probing the power of occult and primitive influences. Yet despite its deeper implications the seat of the 'god' is merely a damp, smelly, secluded dump of the kind that from time immemorial has appealed to imaginative children.

Fantasy is admittedly one of the most testing departments of fiction, particularly when harnessed to a theme of burning contemporary significance. Anne Tibble's economy of style and neat observation would have been seen to far better advantage in a more cohesive kind of novel.

Turning to *An Englishman's Breakfast* is like coming out into the sunshine. Derek Barton has already written seven novels, mostly in a subtly comic vein. In *An Englishman's Breakfast*, he tells the story of Tom Chateley, scion of a wealthy if unconventional family, who has found it more congenial to live in Eastern Europe. On the death of his father he feels obliged to return to the family home and he cannot fairly be blamed for not liking the loosely linked

group of eccentrics and hangers-on who have made the house their own. Inevitably, if only as a means of providing background information, other members of the family confide in him. As Madge, one of the more stimulating members of the clan, puts it: 'I think I had better unload the lot . . . I've been wanting to for a long time', and her revelations, running to some twenty pages, almost a short story within the novel, provide one of the most interesting sections. It should all be highly entertaining yet somehow the rather negative character of Tom Chateley and the exaggerated behaviour of the relatives combine to make *An Englishman's Breakfast* heavy going.

Also Received

The Bulls of Ronda. Eugene Benson. Eyre Methuen. £3.85.

A first thriller by a Professor of English whose former works include poems, essays and opera. *The Bulls of Ronda* was written as a result of extensive travel in Spain and abounds with first class descriptive material, even if the stock set of 'espionage' characters never really get off the ground.

The Death of the King's Canary. Dylan Thomas and John Davenport. With an introduction by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Hutchinson. £3.25.

Students of Dylan Thomas in search of some new aspects of the poet's work will be disappointed by this strange 'romp', worked out as a collaboration with the late John Davenport.

It was designed, it seems, as a kind of 'spoof' thriller to show up the absurdities of the conventional 'who dunnit' plot; yet, alas, it all seems strangely flat and dated despite occasional flashes of the Thomas wit.

The Glass Cottage. Peter Redgrove with Penelope Shuttle. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.50.

Readers of previous works by these two authors will not expect a conventional or smooth working approach to problems and events which in themselves are often obscure and difficult to isolate. It is wiser not to attempt to relate *The Glass Cottage* to the credible world, but rather to relax and float on the tide of fantasy and allusion which, once accepted, is often extremely entertaining.

The Grey Coast. Neil Gunn. Souvenir Press. £3.50.

Following the re-issue of *Morning Tide* and *Green Isle of the Great Deep* publication of *The Grey Coast* presents the late Neil Gunn's finest novel. This is an uncomplicated story, dominated by the magnificent scenery of the Scottish Highlands, so well known to the author, more satisfying than a modern, sophisticated plot.

A NEW NOVEL ON TERRORISM

The Glory Boys. Gerald Seymour. Collins, London. £3.50.

Gerald Seymour's new book deals with Arab terrorists: his first book—*Harry's Game*—dealt with Irish terrorists. In the unhappy world in which we all live, I can see further volumes dripping from his industrious pen on the Japanese 'Red Army', the Black liberation movements fighting in Rhodesia, and on the killers in the Argentine. Terrorism is almost as pervasive today as the common cold.

The Glory Boys is a thriller, well-paced, exciting and even gripping. It describes an attempt by one of the Palestine Arab *fedayin,* helped by an Irish gunman, to assassinate a rather dim Israeli atomic scientist. Mr. Seymour in one place refers to the scientist's 'anonymity': I very much doubt whether the

Israel Government would ever allow a key 'backroom boy' to abandon his anonymity and to surface in order to give a public lecture in London—or even in Israel.

Be that as it may, the author has made good use of his experience as a reporter both in Ulster and in the Middle East. He can also write with conviction about 'hippy' communes in London and on undercover detectives looking for drug pushers. He reproduces to perfection the slang used by policemen on the beat and behind the desk, and shows an intimate knowledge of life in the Ministries of Whitehall, in embassies and in newspaper offices. He recreates vividly the thoughts and fears of RAF crews on wartime bombing raids over Germany, and sets out elaborate security precautions today at Heathrow Airport. His knowledge of London's geography can stand up to that of any veteran taxi-driver.

He is less convincing when he tries to depict Arab terrorists. He makes them talk in a far too sophisticated English, using phrases such as 'a different dimension' or 'foetid complacency'. I am also puzzled about his odd transliteration of Arabic (and Hebrew) names of people, places and newspapers. When I saw General Dayan called Dyan I thought at first that it was an attempt to avoid a possible libel action. But then I found dozens of other errors which, to anyone living in the Middle East, are irritating. I was forced to conclude that the author had not done his homework ; he could have got the accepted spellings from any English-language map or telephone directory. Perhaps he failed to check with his Arab advisers even the spelling of the name he gives to his principal Arab terrorist for fear of finding himself on an assassination list as a penalty for prying!

Many novels of violence find it essential to bring in frequent passages of explicit sexual activity. There are one or two in this book, but, though frank, the scenes are treated with delicacy.

The Glory Boys is concisely written, with the tension maintained until the very last page. In the process, the author makes it clear that whether terrorists are regarded as glory boys or as murderers depends on one's racial, religious and political stance. His Irish gunman, musingly refers to 'what it is to earn the hatred of one half of the world, the gratitude and adulation of the other.' The head of the British Security Service, reflecting, says: 'Courage if he was from your lot, fanaticism if he was on the other side.'

Mr. Seymour has written a credible and well-balanced book: I wish it the success that it well deserves.

EDWIN SAMUEL

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

CROSSMAN AND WILSON

Richard Crossman. The Diaries of a Cabinet Minister. Volume 2. Hamish Hamilton and Cape. £9.50.

Harold Wilson. The Governance of Britain. Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Michael Joseph. £5.

'I find the House of Lords an infinitely nicer place than the House of Commons, an infinitely better club and I shan't be sorry when I join it in due course', so wrote Richard Crossman in March 1968 after a stormy eighteen months as Leader of the House of Commons and Lord President of the Council. Why did Wilson appoint Crossman to be Leader of the House of Commons? In my review of the first volume of these diaries I pointed out (what is now

common knowledge) that Crossman was bored by the House of Commons, unlike Baldwin, Herbert Morrison or even Churchill. Perhaps Wilson was being his usual clever self, moving his *knights and bishops and castles* on the political chess board so that no one conspirator could challenge his ascendancy. Crossman quotes him as saying 'Last July I managed to increase my crown-princes from two to six, that was the point of my reshuffle. . . . Now I've got seven potential chancellors and I've knocked out the situation where Jenkins was the only alternative to Callaghan. You know, this is one of the most successful political operations that's ever been conducted'. It is very difficult to square Crossman's quotation with Wilson's account of the same events, whether in Wilson's *The Labour Government* 1964-70 or in *The Governance of Britain* whether about government itself, appointments, devaluation, Rhodesia or many other matters.

Crossman set out genuinely to reform the House of Commons and the House of Lords (on an inter-party basis). But alas, none of his reforms succeeded, including the morning sessions and expansion of the Committee system. His extremely competent Editor, Dr. Janet Morgan, in her excellent book *The House of Lords and the Labour Government* 1964-70 has explained why the reform of the Lords failed. Apart from failure to get agreement and mismanagement by the reformers, Wilson never gave priority to the scheme. Indeed he was more busy then and thereafter using his patronage to create life peers.

Month after month Crossman pleaded with Wilson for an inner Cabinet; for a strategic plan, for a central dynamic and follow-up for all decisions taken by Cabinet and Cabinet committees for great issues to be discussed in Cabinet as issues of principle. Much of the book revolves round this theme, Wilson always evasive or creating an alibi. Crossman defends him in public and at first admires his adroit leadership, but by March 1968 he says 'it is a big job rebuilding the party's reputation as long as Harold is leader'.

Although this book is called a Diary it is in fact about *Power*, about the ups and downs of the Browns, the Jenkins, the Michael Stewarts and the Healeys, about leaks and lobbying, press and television appearances, about public relations, about the merits and demerits of his own speeches and contributions to Cabinet discussions. I will pass over the string of abusive adjectives he employs to describe his Cabinet colleagues, referring once to the 'proletarians' in the Cabinet.

Raymond Mortimer once wrote 'a critic must find things to like'. A redeeming feature of both volumes is the continuing reference to his wife Anne, the children and the farm, Prescote Manor (mentioned over fifty times). Apart from the enduring affection and peace of mind which the family and "rootedness" in the countryside brought into his life, he writes in October 1967: 'As someone who helps to run a small farming business, I can see rather more clearly the dangers of the kind of intervention by amateurs advised by civil servants which Harold believes in so much'. This kind of candour spills over several times in the diary, mixed with self-criticism and frank admiration of his colleagues on specific issues.

In truth Crossman became disillusioned. How else could he write: 'Throughout my adult life, I've seen participation decline. There's less interest in local government now than there was thirty years ago and public opinion is less well-informed despite the radio, the television and the press. What we have now is mass indifference and mass-alienation. . . . I've abandoned the aims in which

I believed in the W.E.A. and I now accept that the settled and just management of society by *a progressive oligarchy* is probably the best we can hope for'. It is a tribute to Crossman's intellectual honesty that he could write such words, ten years before the Labour government fell and eight years before his own death.

The existing autobiography and diaries of recent Labour governments fail to give the general reader much confidence in the workings of Cabinet government, but then we have had no comparable revelations from the Conservatives. Sir Harold Wilson in his new book refutes the Crossman thesis that Prime Ministers have assumed Presidential powers; he makes only one exception (as Morley and Leo Amery have done before him) namely, the emergency of war.

For the rest, his book is a sixth-former's guide to No. 10 Downing Street and the Prime Minister at work. In spite of stringent criticism by some leading journalists, I found Sir Harold's book informative and interesting. He quotes Asquith's remark: 'the Office of the Prime Minister is what its holder chooses and is able to make it' and constantly repeats this truism to justify, indeed to glorify, his long tenure of office. There is no suggestion in these hastily written two hundred pages that Britain is facing its worst national crisis or that our political system is in need of reform.

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice. KENNETH LINDSAY

ANATOMY OF AN AUTOCRACY

The Shadow of the Winter Palace: the Drift to Revolution, 1825-1917. Edward Crankshaw. Macmillan. £5.95.

This study displays all the erudition, superb sense of place, and empathy for the Russian mind and spirit, which we have come to take for granted in the author's previous contributions to contemporary history. He has not sought to produce any new findings culled from previously unknown or neglected sources. Rather he attempts the rarer and infinitely more difficult task of a comprehensive and balanced portrait of the nineteenth century Tsarist regime and society. His range is truly panoramic, and his lucid prose is infused with a humanity and power that invites comparison with the great Klyuchevsky. Too many histories of Russia in this period have merely rehashed the private lives of the Tsars, their mistresses and madnesses. It is the great strength of Crankshaw's work that he does not leave out the suffering Russian people or the fresh victims of far-flung expansion of the Tsar's empire. In his skilled hands the frozen reductionism of the icon is replaced by an impressionistic yet vivid motion picture. Above all, by portraying the dynamic interaction of classes and interest groups and autocracy, he is able to bring out the extent to which they were mutually interdependent. The supreme paradox that emerges from Crankshaw's skilful anatomy of the Russian autocracy is the extent to which the Tsar was the prisoner of his own system.

Perhaps the most important insight to emerge from this study relates to the role of the landowning nobility as a powerful negative factor vetoing and obstructing crucial reform. In backward agrarian Russia where, as the author argues, 'the worst evils . . . arose directly from the institution of serfdom,' this failure to reform the abysmal conditions of the peasantry was a tragic and insurmountable obstacle to any effective modernisation or liberalisation of society. Yet even the proud and intransigent Nicholas I seems to have been aware of the urgency of the need: indeed he set up no less than nine commissions to explore how serfdom could be abolished. The huge Tsarist bureaucracy, corrupt and overcentralised though it was, could have been swung into action to

implement reform. What prevented Nicholas from reform? It was the stubborn opposition of the landowning nobility which had so often in the past been prepared to dispose of Tsars who did not toe their line. Nicholas was afraid that he might suffer the fate of his own father, Emperor Paul, who was murdered in 1801 in a palace revolution. Crankshaw observes:

> This kind of sad fatuity held Russia in its grip. What sort of an autocrat was he that stood helpless before the obstinacy of a ruling class which owed all its privileges to the Crown and over the members of which the Emperor was supposed to hold the power of life and death?

Crankshaw is, of course, acutely aware of the many other factors which have often been held to account for the failures of constitutional reform and economic modernisation in Russia: the absence of a strong indigenous capitalism and the consequent absence of a large and creative entrepreneurial class; repeated failures to establish an effective national parliamentary assembly; successive waves of reactionary policy which undermined the effectiveness of the few promising reforms that were attempted (such as Alexander II's judicial reforms and the delegation of genuine powers of self-government to the zemstvos); and, of course, the legendary corruption and inefficiency of the bureaucracy. Crankshaw's most valuable insight, though it is in danger of being lost in this vast panorama, is his appreciation that a fatal weakness of the Tsarist system was the absence of a politically responsible and reforming aristocracy. It is true that a few brave noble souls 'went over' to the radical intelligentsia. Relatively small numbers joined the senior ranks of the bureaucracy, though this was still considered degrading by the bulk of the nobility. Some of the more junior and impecunious became Army officers. But the overwhelming majority stayed idle, without real political power, initiative, or understanding. As Crankshaw notes, they were 'disenfranchised in the largest sense, a dead loss to their country.' In the absence of a parliamentary assembly they even lacked a central political forum. In the economic sphere they left the business of developing capitalism mainly to foreigners and the Tsar's ministers.

When Alexander II did eventually manage to push through a measure for emancipation of the serfs in 1861, in the teeth of enormous opposition from landowners, it created fresh sources of discontent among the peasants by saddling them with enormous 'Redemption Dues' and by giving them less than their fair share of land in the fertile regions. And it failed to satisfy the demands of the radical reformers among the intelligentsia. For the peasantry were still in practice treated as an inferior caste in civil and legal terms. Crankshaw gives credit where it is due to the later efforts of Witte and Stolypin to carry through major agrarian reforms in an effort to win the firm loyalty of the middle peasantry to the monarchy. But as in the case of the constitutionalist concession of the Duma which was wrung out of the Tsar by the searing experience of the 1905 Revolution, these later reforms came too late to save the Tsarist system or to ensure a smooth transition to constitutional monarchy.

Somewhat less satisfactory is the author's analysis of the reasons for the ultimate collapse of the Tsarist system. There is insufficient attention to the sources and character of the revolutionary leaders. Nor is there sufficient emphasis on the savage effects of Russia's war against Germany and Austria or on the novel and stunningly effective manner in which the Bolsheviks exploited the ensuing economic and military debilitation and the vapidity and indecision of the Provisional Government. Crankshaw's brilliant and compelling examination of the worm in the fabric of Russian autocracy certainly convinces one

of the inevitability of its ultimate collapse, but it cannot explain its succession by a new and still bloodier autocracy.

PAUL WILKINSON

TWO AMERICAN WARRIORS

Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors. Stephen E. Ambrose. Macdonald and Jane's. £5.95.

This dual biography is devoted to the careers of two most remarkable men: Crazy Horse, perhaps the greatest of all Sioux warriors, and George Armstrong Custer, the daring, flamboyant general whose cavalry charges during the Civil War astounded the American public. Although much familiar ground is covered, the book is eminently readable, providing a wealth of detail about the life of the Sioux in the glorious age of their nomadic freedom before American expansion westwards forced them to accept reservations and government dole.

The Great Plains of North America which were the setting for the final conflict between the U.S. Army and the Indians stretch from the Mexican border north to and beyond the Canadian frontier, from the 100° meridian west to the Rocky Mountains. The last major tribe to arrive on the Plains was the Sioux who by 1800 occupied the area approximately of the present States of North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nebraska. Crazy Horse, an Oglala Sioux, was born in 1841 in the Black Hills district. As a teenager he was quiet and modest; he had a sense of reserve that was unusual; he disapproved of warriors bragging about themselves and he refused to do it himself. Moreover, he retained these traits in manhood. Custer was born 1839 in Ohio, entered West Point Military Academy in 1857, and passed out as a commissioned officer in July, 1861 soon after the outbreak of the Civil War. He was a brilliant success and promotion was rapid; as a general he had one basic instinct, to charge the enemy wherever he might be, but 'he was neither a thinker nor a planner and scorned manoeuvring, reconnaissance, and all other subtleties of Warfare.'

Crazy Horse moved to the Powder River country (Wyoming and Montana) about 1866 because it was one of the few areas where buffalo were still to be found. The advent of the railroad meant an end to the Indian's way of life inasmuch as it opened the country to the buffalo hunters who were Crazy Horse's real enemies, not the soldiers, for by 1888 there were fewer than 1,000 buffalo in the United States. In 1875 more than 10,000 Sioux were living in agencies, and yet by May of the following year the agencies had lost half or more of their Indian population. There were many reasons for this exodus but one stood out clearly: the Indians were going north to fight the soldiers and to have one last summer of the old wild life. The Army made no attempt to hide its preparations for a campaign and the agency Indians knew enough about the white man to realise that the end had come. When the Army took possession of the only buffalo range left in USA the Sioux would roam no more. Crazy Horse's Oglalas and Sitting Bull's Hunkpapas were camped on Rosebud Creek but in June 1876 they moved to the Little Bighorn Valley; this gathering was the closest the Sioux ever came to presenting a united front to the whites.

The climax to all this activity was on June 25, 1876 when the Battle of Little Bighorn was fought. Custer, who had been ordered to locate the enemy and engage them if possible with his 7th Cavalry, did just that. He marched up the Rosebud following the Indians' trail and arrived late on June 24 at a point on the river where Crazy Horse had crossed a few days earlier. Thereupon he

decided on a night march across the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn, although his men had been travelling hard all day. He got a further ten miles out of them before stopping. Why the haste? Stephen Ambrose suggests and develops the theme that Custer knew the Democratic Convention was meeting late in June and that his chances for nomination to the presidency were good if only he could achieve victory over the Sioux. Custer then announced he would rest the troops on June 25 and attack the following day when help could be expected from General Gibbon. He changed his mind, however, when erroneous information from his scouts arrived that the Sioux were packing and moving, ordering an immediate attack. Prior to the engagement he split his column of 611 cavalrymen into four, taking command of five troops himself. It was Custer's men, some 250 of them, that bore the brunt of Crazy Horse's attack and they were killed to a man. Custer was not only outnumbered—there were 3,000 Sioux—he was outgeneralled, and his errors of judgment, inadequate reconnaissance, and underestimation of Crazy Horse's superb qualities of leadership cost him his life.

The Sioux army broke up after the battle, most of the Indians returning to the agencies. Pockets of Sioux resistance were cleared by the Army, and the Plains were now completely open to settlement. Crazy Horse surrendered to the Army in 1877 but was stabbed to death when trying to escape. It was perhaps the ineluctable finale: he could never have learned to walk the white man's road. 'There was no room on this road for Crazy Horse, the greatest warrior of them all.'

S. F. WOOLLEY

A RE-ASSESSMENT OF GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy. Catharine du Pré. Collins. £5.95.

In the fashionable cult of re-assessing the famous author it is not often that a totally new subject presents itself, particularly one who merits attention by the sheer weight of literary achievement. Catharine du Pré has done well to concentrate her talent for research and classification on John Galsworthy, a novelist and dramatist revered during his lifetime, only to be cast aside by the generation which grew up during and after World War II.

It is a curious trick of fate that success and recognition have returned to him through the presentation of his work on radio and television—media which he himself would almost certainly have considered inappropriate. As the recipient of many important honours, including the Order of Merit and Nobel Prize, Galsworthy would scarcely have regarded himself as being in need of popular promotion. There were times when he had as many as three plays running at one time and huge sales for his novels so that it seemed that he could not put a foot wrong. His appeal was to a public unexpectedly willing to accept his condemnation of upper class hypocrisy and assumption that the 'lower orders' had a monopoly of tolerance and grit.

Yet it all emerged from the most unlikely beginnings. Born of conventional, affluent parents, John Galsworthy enjoyed the benefit of a first-class education and an adequate unearned income. As a writer he was a slow starter, so much so that his mother's comment that she would dislike her son to become a well-known author must have seemed sadly superfluous. Strangely, it was the woman who later became his wife, Ada Nemesis Galsworthy, at that time unhappily married to his cousin, Arthur Galsworthy, who not only encouraged him to make a beginning but unwittingly inspired a succession of 'wronged heroines', the most significant of which is Irene Forsyte.

Unfortunately, having given impetus to the incipient genius, Ada Galsworthy seemed bent on destroying her creation by restless insistence on travel and social activities, oblivious of the writer's need for domestic serenity. And when, not entirely surprisingly, he fell in love with a young girl of outstanding talent and ability, Margaret Morris, the dancer, Ada's ascendancy was too great to allow him to 'escape', with the result—or so it was thought at the time—that submission atrophied his creative powers.

Yet from a careful reading of Catharine du Pré's meticulously presented chronicle, another possibility emerges and one more complimentary to Galsworthy's spiritual integrity—namely, that he turned aside from Margaret Morris of his own free will, rather than admit failure to assess Ada's curiously frigid, introverted disposition at the time of their courtship—and so bore her no personal resentment for the termination of the abortive love affair.

Whether, by her attempted domination, Ada stimulated or stultified her husband is still an open question. What remains, after studying *John Galsworthy*, with its comprehensive notes and bibliography and illuminating discussion of the novels and plays, is wonder at the fluid nature of a writer's inspiration and the unlikely sources from which it springs.

ROSALIND WADE

AN INTRODUCTION TO YEATS

Yeats. Frank Tuohy. Macmillan. £6.95.

There must be some method of approach to a writer so abstruse as W. B. Yeats. There must be an introduction. All those who have read poetry in their childhood and adolescence will remember the frustration of the beautiful language dancing on the page, and the impenetrability of the ideas. Some readers may abandon the effort, and perhaps return to Yeats in later years via the route of an interpreter. Mr. Frank Tuohy's *Yeats* is the ideal introduction. His literary biography, of medium length, is so beautifully produced, with many colour plates, that at first sight it is almost an art book, with running commentary, but this is an illusion: the photographs and paintings, especially those of the poet's father, Jack Butler Yeats, sugar the pill. Mr. Tuohy's tone throughout is objective; he essays no wild conjectures, nor seeks to deliver judgment, but concentrates upon a particularly well-balanced account of the phases of Yeats' life as expressed in and lived through the succeeding ideologies which in their turn totally consumed him.

The intensity and excitement of the ideas which were so important to Yeats that they were an expression of his existence—aesthetics, the Irish literary revival and the Abbey Theatre, his lasting fascination with esoteric mysticism and magic, his active involvement in Irish politics—shines from every chapter of the book. The difficulty is, however, that although Yeats was 'tireless in his efforts to convince himself, he was not especially interested in convincing others' in his beliefs, or in his pursuit of beliefs. His life was curiously unreal and protected: although he was not set apart or monkish, but, rather, gregarious, always thriving upon discussion, in his father's studio, in salons, côteries and lecture halls, he seems unencumbered by the mundane problems which were always with the saint-like Sean O'Casey. He acquired a picturesque tower, named Thoor Ballylee, in Galway, but lived there only intermittently, when the weather was fair. The strange ladies by whom Yeats was enthralled are all evoked in a businesslike fashion by Mr. Tuohy. If we wish to learn more, and to read more widely, that is surely his justification.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Hidden Life (Macmillan. £4.95). 'The Enigma of Sir Edmund Backhouse' is the apt sub-title of this remarkable study in biography by Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper. Until now, Sir Edmund Backhouse, second baronet of a distinguished family, 1873-1844, was known as a very accomplished sinologist and scholar, benefactor of the Oxford Bodleian Library for his presentation of Chinese printed books and manuscripts of great importance and for the last twenty years of his life a recluse in Pekin. In 1973 Professor Trevor-Roper was asked by a distinguished Swiss scientist to take to England and hand to the Bodleian two volumes of memoirs typed by Backhouse. This led to the professor carefully examining this material and then to penetrate the hidden life of this extraordinary individual. After an enormous amount of painstaking and widespread research, Professor Trevor-Roper has discovered a hidden career of fraud, forgery and fantasy, known only to a few during Backhouse's own lifetime. Until after the First World War Backhouse had acquired a public reputation as a great and generous scholar. Yet 'all through those years of apparent triumph, Backhouse was continuing his career of forgery and fantasy. Unknown to the public, or to the world of scholarship, he was concocting new documents, perpetrating new frauds on British American companies, leading the cabinet ministers and war leaders of his country in a grotesque, irrelevant dance.' He survived because he was able to evade confrontation at critical moments and indulge successfully in plausibility. It is quite clear from this study that everything Backhouse wrote is now suspect. Professor Trevor-Roper does not condemn him as a wholly evil man, but rather as living largely in a world of fantasy and make-believe. It is a fascinating story.

The Limerick Makers (The Research Publishing Co. £3.00). Jean Harrowven has written a short but erudite study of the history of the limerick verse form. She attributes the origin of its metre, 'a triple version of the short metre', to the eighteenth century Maigue Poets of Croom, near Limerick. She refers particularly to John O'Toumy and Andrew McGrath as the main exponents 'in establishing the true source of the limerick verse, as we know it today'. She then argues that this metre form passed to London, particularly through the medium of a literary hack, Ned Purdom, who travelled to and from the two cities. The author concedes that only the metre came from Ireland, and that 'its development and moulding into the traditional style that we know so well must be credited to English authors'. She starts with the 'first book of English Nonesense verses' *The History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women*. Chapters are devoted to Edward Lear and Herbert Langford Reed. Other limerick makers are referred to and quoted, for example Lewis Carroll and Sir William Gilbert. It is worth considering that this type of verse was not labelled 'limerick' until 1898. Jean Harrowven concludes her fascinating book with a large number of limericks contributed at her invitation by contemporary comedians and entertainers. She is not concerned with the erotic variety.

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Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

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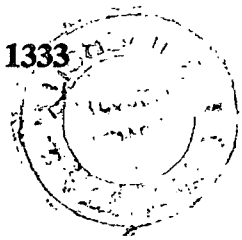
Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

February 1977 Vol. 230 No. 1333



WEST GERMANY: HELMUT v. HELMUT

by David Childs

WATCHING the political debates on West German TV in the summer of 1975 and again in 1976 the writer was struck by the similarity of the arguments used by Opposition politicians. West German Christian democrats like British Conservatives lamented the rising prices, made loud noises about unemployment and warned in strident tones about the dangers of socialism, Communism, bureaucracy and excessive trade union power. The government of Helmut Schmidt and James Callaghan differ greatly, however, in their ability to cope with these charges.

The Christian Democrats (CDU) produced the figure that consumer prices in West Germany had risen by 216% since the Social Democratic-Liberal coalition took over in 1969. This compared with a rise of 168% in Switzerland, 69% in the USA and a mere 32% in Holland.[1] The CDU found it difficult to produce any other seemingly damning figures on the economic front. Indeed, the independent Hamburg weekly, *Die Zeit*, (11 June 1976) showed that between February 1973, Schmidt took office in May 1974, and March 1976 West German prices had increased by 20.5%. This compared very well with Switzerland (22.6%) USA (30.2%), Holland (32.5%) and Britain, France, Italy, Japan and Sweden. In fact it was easy for the Government to win the battle of statistics. Whether the figures related to employees' incomes, public sector debts, strikes, growth or unemployment, the Federal Republic was better placed than most other industrial states.

No wonder the Social Democrats (SPD), quoting the *Financial Times* and the American *Newsweek* referred to the Federal Republic as a model. The Social Democrats claimed that the Federal Republic had become a model state in five ways: its successful policy of detente and reconciliation; the success of the West German economy; the development of social security which produced social stability; its degree of personal freedom; and the persistent policy of reform.[2]

The writer has, on an earlier occasion,[3] commented on the practical achievements of Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* of detente. The Christian Democrats argued that this had not prevented shooting on the East-West German frontier, nor had there been any let-up of East German spying activities or

the Soviet arms build-up. But they too were for a policy of rapprochement with the peoples of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.[4] As far as the military security of the Federal Republic was concerned the SPD pointed out that for the first time the Bundeswehr had reached its full strength—495,000—and this despite the reduction of national service for 15 months.[5] Moreover, the armed forces had gained greater acceptance than at any time in the 1970s.[6] As for the spies, the West German security authorities had registered many successes recently.[7] But, in any case, this year's election, unlike that of 1972, was fought mainly on domestic, rather than foreign policy or defence issues.

As we have seen above, in the domestic field, the SPD-FDP coalition had cause for satisfaction. In addition to the good set of economic statistics, the Federal Government could present the electorate with an impressive list of achievements. Among these were the raising of unemployment pay to 68% of the previous wage, the introduction of retirement pensions for the self-employed, the introduction of sickness insurance for farmers, accident insurance for school children and students, increased family allowances with 50 DM (about £12) per month for the first child, 70 DM for the second and 120 DM for each subsequent child, and the doubling, since 1969, of retirement pensions. The Social Democrats also claim that between 1970 and 1975 250,000 new university places had been created, more lecturers recruited, and more money made available for student grants. Finally, a variety of other reforms had been introduced from improved co-determination,[8] and improved divorce laws, to the Petrol Lead Law which reduced the dangerous lead content in petrol.

Given this situation of relative affluence and contentment the Christian Democrats were in a difficult situation. They had another difficulty. The election was fought on presidenial lines, which obviously gave many advantages to Helmut Schmidt. After Chancellor Schmidt's performance at the special Labour Party conference on the Common Market referendum and his subsequent appearances on British television one need not dwell on his ability to project himself.

Born in 1918 the son of the school teacher, Schmidt studied economics at Hamburg University after war service as an artillery lieutenant. He was elected to the Bundestag in 1953 and quickly became a well-known exponent of the SPD's view. But his moderate stance made some of his own colleagues mistrust him, some too regarded him as rather a cool fish from cold northern waters. In 1961 Schmidt returned to his native Hamburg to become *Land* Senator responsible for the police. He became a popular figure when in charge of rescue operations during the Hamburg floods of 1962. Herr Schmidt returned to Bonn in 1965 and was elected Chairman of the SPD's parliamentary party in 1967. Under Brandt he served as an energetic Defence Minister—he had been one of the first Bundestag members to serve as an Army reserve officer—and then from 1972 in the politically perilous Ministry of Economics. Helmut Schmidt regards President Giscard d'Estaing as a personal friend and sees himself as a Kennedy-like figure. In fact, comparison with Denis Healey comes more readily to mind.

In comparison with Helmut Schmidt, Helmut Kohl, the Christian Democrats' choice for Chancellor is an amateur. Although it has been said that, apart from their names, and those of their wives—both are called Hannelore —the two men have nothing in common, their profiles are not so dissimilar. True Kohl is Catholic, though his wife is not, and Schmidt is Protestant. Kohl is tall and Schmidt is short. Kohl being twelve years younger missed the war and was able to complete his Ph.D, (in politics), which Schmidt did not. But Dr. Kohl and Herr Schmidt have similar middle-class backgrounds, both have made their way in federal politics from strong associations with their native *Länder*. Both are really professional politicians, their jobs after university, Kohl in the Association of Chemical Firms, Schmidt in the Hamburg *Land* administration, were just stepping stones. Like Schmidt, Kohl is something of a moderate in his own party, and like the Chancellor he tries to project the image of himself as a classless, managerial, modern but not trendy, politician. Dr. Kohl's weakness in the election was his lack of experience in Bonn and on the world stage. Photographs of him with President Tito, Margaret Thatcher and Gerald Ford could do little to hide this defect. Nevertheless, as we shall see when we examine the results, Kohl was not without his strengths.

The third key actor in the Bonn drama was Hans-Dietrich Genscher, Chairman of the (Liberal) Free Democratic Party and Foreign Minister. Herr Genescher was born the only son of a Conservative farmer who was also involved in lobbying on behalf of farming interests. The homestead happened to be in what became the Soviet Zone in 1945, and after brief war service, Hans-Dietrich studied law at Leipzig University. He became active in the Soviet Zonal Liberal Democratic Party, but eventually came into conflict with the authorities and came to the West in 1952. He still has relations in the German Democratic Republic. In the Federal Republic Herr Genscher took up law again moving to Bonn in 1956 to work as a research assistant for the Free Democrats. He entered the Bundestag in 1965. Genscher was one of the architects of the SPD-FDP coalition, though he was known to have good contacts with Helmut Kohl. These could become a factor in the next year or two. In 1968 Genscher became Vice-Chairman of the FDP, and Minister of Interior in 1969. He came under attack for the apparent failure of the police to deal with urban guerrillas and the lack of security which made possible the massacre of the Israelis at the Munich Olympic Games in 1972. This did not retard Genscher's progress in the FDP where he was seen as a 'strong man' who regarded the coalition as a marriage of convenience and clearly defined the distinctive FDP position *vis-à-vis* that of the SPD.[9]

If the Social Democrats and their Free Democratic partners had the advantage of being in government with all the authority and glamour that lends to politicians, they had to reckon with certain disadvantages. Much of the popular press in the Axel Springer empire was against them. They faced once again the opposition of the captains of industry grouped in the BDA. However, this time the industrialists were more subdued in their utterances. Apparently, in 1972 their vocal support for the CDU had lost

that party and the industrialists public sympathy. The Social Democrats and Free Democrats also faced opposition from the Catholic Church's press with a circulation of about 10 million. On the other hand, they did not get the open and unequivocal support from the DGB—West Germany's TUC —which they had had in the past.[10]

Despite the reluctance of the various groups to openly support one side or the other in the campaign, there appears to have been no shortage of funds. Of course, since 1966 the parties have received subsidies from public funds to defray the costs of electioneering. But a great deal of money has come from other sources too. The result was that both sides were able to flood the voters with a great deal of expensive-looking printed material, and that was not all. A large number of trinkets were available to supporters and voters. The SPD and CDU vied with each other to distribute car stickers, lapel buttons, key rings, and even T-shirts and bikinis. The CDU gave away a well produced tourist map of Germany with holiday tips, a distance chart, menus and quite naturally a message from Helmut Kohl. Both sides produced attractive literature with the emphasis on modern print and layout, with plenty of colour and plenty of colourful illustrations. Unlike earlier campaigns, there was little to remind the electors of war, revolution, sudden death, starvation, slums, loneliness or anything else unpleasant. Certainly the CDU kept its warnings rather low key and hidden in the text rather than prominently displayed. Perhaps this was one of the weaknesses of its campaign, it offered the electorate 'Freedom instead of Socialism', it warned, yet its literature seemed to indicate that it did not really believe this was the choice facing West Germany.

One concept which came up a great deal in the campaign was security —secure, social and free, *sicher sozial und frei* was another slogan of the CDU. And the SPD did not neglect it either. The Free Democrats' slogan was Freedom Progress Achievement. *Freiheit Fortschritt Leistung*, but they too were strong on security. As Herr Genscher put it, their programme aimed at maintaining 'external and internal security, economic stability and social peace'.[11] This theme of security is the one most consistently used in West German elections.

Of the literature of the three main parties, the FDP's was the most old-fashioned and most ideological. They made great play of their connections, rather tenuous, with the Liberal traditions of the Weimar Republic and of 1848. As we shall see, all the party literature came in for criticism after the election.

West German elections are not the most gentlemanly of affairs. Personal invective and character assassination have often been a major element in the campaign. Willy Brandt was, in his time, subjected to the most unscrupulous attacks. This time too there was rumour and innuendo. Franz-Josef Strauss the boisterous Chairman of the Bavarian Christian Democrats (CSU) had some awkward questions to answer. Herr Strauss who served as Defence Minister from 1955 to 1962 was accused of having been a recipient of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's favours. As in three or four earlier cases involving Herr Strauss no incontrovertible evidence has been pro-

duced though the suspicions hang heavily. Less lucky was Social Democratic Prime Minister of Hesse, Albert Osswald. As Hesse's head of government Herr Osswald was Chairman of the Hesse *Land* Bank which has lost thousands of millions of Marks. During the election there were rumours of secret deals and large donations to SPD funds. Herr Osswald fought a rearguard action until immediately after the election and then resigned.

Though the regional, *Länder*, elections since 1972 had gone badly for the Social Democrats, it seems likely that Helmut Schmidt expected to win. In spite of the difficulties due to world economic conditions since the oil crisis, the Federal Republic stands better placed than most industrial states. In addition, Schmidt could count on the traditional swing towards the government party in the period just before polling day. When the votes were counted, therefore, there was disappointment in the Social Democratic camp. What had happened?

The SPD vote fell from 45.8% in 1972 to 42.6%. Roughly it fell back to its 1969 position (42.7%). The FDP proportion fell from 8.4% to 7.9%. The Free Democrats vote had only been lower in 1969 (5.8%) and 1957 (7.7%). As in West Germany a party needs to gain 5% of the national vote to gain any representation in the Bundestag, the FDP's future remains precarious. By increasing their share from 44.9% to 48.6% the Christian Democrats could, on the face of it, feel well pleased. Only once before, under Dr. Adenauer in 1957, have they gained a higher proportion of the vote (50.2%). Only once, in 1972, has the SPD gained a higher percentage than the CDU/CSU.

The losses of the SPD were right across the country and were not confined to any one social group. It must have been of some consolation to Herr Schmidt that his party's losses in Hamburg were as low as anywhere else in the country—only 1.8%—and that the Social Democrats had made good some of the losses sustained in the earlier regional elections. Closer examinations of the voting patterns has indicated that the SPD did best, getting a clear majority, among the 21 to 29 age group. The first time voters (18 to 21) split about evenly.[12] The Christian Democrats had a majority among the older age groups. The Social Democrats lost more heavily in Catholic areas than in non-Catholic areas, but in Catholic working class areas these losses were of a lower order than in middle class Catholic areas.[13] Indeed it is being said that some Catholics voted against the Coalition's liberal views on divorce and abortion.[14] After the 1972 election there was a lot of talk about the Christian Democrats being a dying force. It was explained that due to urbanisation and secularisation the traditional CDU/CSU voter was disappearing for the Christian Democratic heartlands were in the rural, Catholic areas and among the old, especially the old ladies. But the Christian Democrats cannot afford to be complacent. They had only 45% of the votes of the new generation of voters to the SPD's 44%. And it is possible that these new voters were influenced in their choice by their parents, i.e. those roughly speaking over 40. Traditionally the SPD and the Labour Party do better among those voting for the *second* time, i.e. those who have probably left the parental home and influence behind, and who are them-

selves concerned with mortgages, pensions and social security. Moreover, it can be no comfort to Herr Kohl that the Christian Democrats made their greatest gains in Bavaria. In that *Land* they gained their greatest ever vote —60%. Thus Herr Strauss can contrast his aggressive electoral campaign with the more moderate style of his CDU colleagues.

Just as Strauss and Kohl have blamed each other for their failure to defeat the SPD-FDP coalition so have there been Social Democrats and Free Democrats who have been prepared to criticise Helmut Schmidt's campaign. Georg Leber, SPD moderate and Defence Minister, is reported as having felt that his party neglected the patriotic appeal.[15] Certainly the CDU, not to mention the Bavarian CSU, stated clearly, once again, its disapproval of the East German regime, 'Germany is divided. Millions of Germans are still denied freedom. The SED regime prevents free elections, self-determination, and the right to choose where one lives. . . . We want freedom and unity for the whole of the German people.'[16] On much of its literature the CDU used the inoffensive slogan, *Aus Liebe zu Deutschland*, Out of love for Germany. The SPD, on the other hand, restricted itself to condemning East German denial of human rights 'above all on the frontier'.[17] It stressed the fact that Germany, though divided, had enjoyed a longer period of peace than ever before in this century. The Free Democratic election programme was nearer the CDU than the SPD on the German question calling for eventual German reunification.[18]

Whether the patriotic appeal of Christian Democracy had much effect is difficult to say. One investigation carried out since the election claimed the three parties had too many slogans. The CDU/CSU used eight, the SPD five. On the limited evidence available the SPD seemed to have done better with its slogans than the CDU. Only 82% of CDU/CSU supporters were said to have accepted the Christian Democratic slogan, 'Freedom instead of Socialism.' And this slogan was rejected by 93% of SPD supporters, and even by 66% of those voters who were leaving the SPD for the CDU/CSU. Yet the SPD slogan, 'Work more on the model Germany', was accepted by 88% of Social Democratic supporters, rejected by only 62% of Christian Democratic supporters, and was acceptable to 50% of those turning from Christian to Social Democracy. Clearly, the SPD had some advantage here.[19]

Two other criticisms have so far been levelled at Helmut Schmidt's campaign. Firstly, that Schmidt himself appeared too cold, and was too orientated towards north Germany. Josef Ertl, the big Bavarian who is the FDP's Minister of Agriculture, made this charge. Secondly, Social Democrats attacked their party's lack of vision. Many SPD members feel the Party must offer the voters something to aim for in the future, a little bit of idealism, even utopian ideals.[20]

What of the near, not so utopian future? How strong is the Coalition? It will have to make do with a majority of ten seats over the CDU/CSU. The SPD secured 214 seats (230 in 1972); the FDP 39 (41), and the Christian Democrats 243 (225).[21] Of the Christian Democratic seats 53 (48) belong to the CSU. In 1969 Herr Brandt's mini coalition had a 12 seat majority. As

Herr Schmidt knows from Brandt's experience, he will have his work cut out trying to maintain his small majority. Between 1969 and 1972 3 FDP deputies defected to the CDU/CSU including their ex-leader Erich Mende. One other deputy, Wilhelm Helms, left the FDP without actually joining the Opposition party. The SPD lost 4 deputies to the Christian Democrats.[22] In this way the Brandt government was forced to call the first unscheduled election in West German history. Moreover, the Social Democrats know that their coalition partners are prone to splits. But Schmidt is not the only one with problems. The Christian Democrats look set for civil war. There have been threats from Herr Strauss that if he is not satisfied with the CDU he will campaign with his own CSU nationwide. Though similar threats have been made on earlier occasions, they have never materialised. On the other hand, Dr. Kohl dare not appear to be moving too much to the right. Unlike the British Conservatives, the Christian Democrats do have trade unionists among their parliamentarians. Again, throughout the history of the Federal Republic there has been talk of the possibility of the leftwing of the Christian Democrats breaking ranks and going into coalition with the SPD but this has never happened. In theory, therefore, there are several possibilities for the West German politicians. One thing seems certain, West German politicians face a period of intense manoeuvring and intrigue which will lead up to West Germany's second unscheduled election some time before 1980.

NOTES

1 *Freie Menschen—sichere Zukunft*, CDU, Bonn, 1976.
2 *SPD Weiter arbeiten am Modell Deutschland Regierungsprogramm 1976-80*, SPD Vorstand, Bonn, pp 9-10.
3 *Contemporary Review*, November 1976, 'Berlin: the Sad Frontier'.
4 *Das Wahlprogramm der CDU und CSU 1976*, CDU-Bundesgeschäftsstelle, Bonn, p. 9.
5 *Weiter arbeiten . . .* op. cit., p. 47.
6 *Weissbuch 1975/1976 Zur Sicherheit der Bundesrepublik Deutschland und zur Entwicklung der Bundeswehr*, Bonn, 1976.
7 See 'MAD: Geheimdienst ohne Skandale', *Die Zeit*, 2 April 1976; see also G. Nollau *Wie sicher ist die Bundesrepublik?* Munich, 1976.
8 For a useful account in English of German co-determination see *The Economist*, 4 September, 1976.
9 See *Die Zeit*, 27 October 1972, p. 3.
10 *Die Zeit*, 1 October 1976, pp. 17-18.
11 *Freiheit Fortschritt Leistung Wahlprogramm F.D.P. Die Liberalen*, FDP Bonn,
12 *Die Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 6 October 1976.
13 *Die Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 5 October 1976.
14 *Die Zeit*, 8 October 1976.
15 *Der Spiegel*, 11 October 1976.
16 *Frieden, Freiheit und Sicherheit für Deutschland, Europa und die Welt*, CDU, Bonn, 1976, p. 3.
17 *Weiter arbeiten . . .* op. cit., p. 49.
18 *Freiheit Fortschritt Leistung*, op. cit., p. 29.
19 *Der Spiegel*, 11 October 1976.
20 *Der Spiegel*, 11 October 1976.
21 These exclude the Berlin deputies who do not vote.
22 *Deutscher Bundestag 25 Jahre parlamentarische Demokratie*, Bonn, 1974, p. 30.

ELECTRONIC DEMOCRACY

by Stephen Frost

> Unless we can evolve a system of democracy that is relevant to the wishes of the people I fear for the future of democracy itself. (Cyril Smith, MP, former Liberal Chief Whip.)

THE demand for a new relationship between citizen and government grows daily but the form it should take is wide open for debate. Technology has now reached the stage where a computerised voting system is both practical and economical and the possibility of using electronics to strengthen democracy can no longer be ignored.

We already have an efficient one-way communication system: the government can address the people via the media. One of our most pressing needs is for a two-way system whereby citizens can address the government.

That parliament is an inefficient vehicle for this purpose is generally conceded but nowhere in this great debate on constitutional reform has anyone proposed the introduction of The Initiative.

The Swiss recognise that MPs cannot have a monopoly of wisdom and so they have a system whereby an ordinary citizen, on his own, can initiate legislation. We badly need The Initiative in Britain because devolution is not enough. Every newspaper editor in Britain should study the Swiss system and consider whether he should educate his readers in the subject, thus adding a vital new dimension to the great debate.

The Initiative involves referendums, on which hear Thomas Paine:

> There ought to be a method of ascertaining public opinion, to find out what the sense of a nation is and to be governed by it. If it prefer bad government to reform, or choose to pay 10 times more taxes than there is occasion for, it has the right to do so. Though there be much error there is no injustice and neither will the error continue long. (*Rights of Man*, 1792.)

With electronic voting and The Initiative we would not need general elections or political parties.

Both of these exist to give the nation a chance to decide broad policy every few years, but the winning party claims erroneously that it has a mandate for every item in its manifesto. With EVC we could vote for policies individually at any time and this would also automatically sort out the rulers. If the nation voted for a policy which was unacceptable to the minister concerned he would resign and hand over to someone who would carry the policy out.

As for individual MPs they should still have to submit to re-election every four years or so but this could be done by a continuous process of by-elections instead of every constituency voting on the same day in the same year.

Thus instead of a convulsion every few years we could have a system of continuous adjustment in a way that we haven't got now. Reform should be the norm and if it was necessary changes would meet with less resistance and would be put into effect as soon as the need was obvious, instead of

having to wait until enough pressure had built up within the system to warrant the attention of an overburdened parliament, which might not happen for years, and sometimes decades, after the need first arose.

Before we look at what sort of electronic feedback system would be workable, let us consider some more needs it could meet.

Lord George-Brown on communist infiltration: 'Democracy will die if unionists don't get down to branch meetings to vote.'

The problems to be overcome here are inertia and intimidation. If we had a system of Electronic Vote Collection (EVC) it could be used for union ballots: the vote would automatically be secret (which would overcome intimidation) and the act of voting would not only be effortless but actually fun, which would overcome inertia, as people like pushing buttons and watching lights.

Sir James Jones, Department of the Environment: 'If planning is to succeed, ordinary people must somehow be involved, in spite of all the difficulties.'

If people could vote with the ease that an automatic, 24-hour access, voting system would allow, public involvement in planning would be as democratic as it should be.

Instead of inefficient public enquiries the planning body should advertise the plans widely in the relevant area over radio, TV and the press. (Incidentally, such continuous government advertisements in the press would give it the assured income it needs to survive.)

When all interested people have had a chance to discuss the plans a local vote would be taken using the single-transferable-vote system of proportional representation. Instead of having to say Yes or No to just one plan the voters would be presented with several choices, including the status quo.

The would vote 1-2-3 in the order of their preference and if no choice got an overall majority at the first count the one with the lowest number of votes would be eliminated and its preferences would be distributed amongst the remaining options. This process would continue until one option gained an overall majority.

This is the same process which is used for the election of candidates in those countries which use STV for elections to parliament. It avoids deadlocks resulting from indecision and computerisation would make the whole procedure quick and easy.

And if the turnout is low, no matter. Isn't Rousseau right when he says: 'The commands of the leaders may pass for the general will if the people, being free to oppose, does not do so. In such cases the silence of the people permits the assumption of consent.' (*The Social Contract*: 1762.)

Sir Keith Joseph, on the need for a Bill of Rights: 'Every time an individual suffers for the collective good, society moves closer to despotism.'

We need some kind of check to an unrepresentative parliament and civil-service. A Bill of Rights could be one: EVC could be another: with EVC aggrieved groups or individuals could appeal to the nation and override both parliament and those bureaucratic decisions which result from

the cerebral solidification caused by civil-service security. Sovereignty belongs to the people; and parliament and its servants exercise it by proxy only because there's no other practical way for 'democracy' to work in a large nation. EVC would return us to the simple democracy of ancient Greece and thus put sovereignty back where it belongs.

Every high street in the land would have booths like public telephones. Each booth would contain an automatic computer terminal which would look like, and be operated like, those 24-hour cash dispensers which are a common sight in the outer walls of banks. Each terminal would be connected to a computer over an ordinary telephone line, and each voter would have a coded card which would be pushed into a slot and the vote would be entered by pushing buttons.

Local plans and the wording of motions would be advertised in the press and also shown on TV by means of the new system know variously as Teletext/Ceefax/Oracle. This uses the spare picture lines of ordinary transmissions to provide an electronic magazine on adapted sets.

Unlike ordinary TV where a piece of news is gone before you can grab pen and paper, the Teletext picture remains stationary on the screen (until a new page is selected by the viewer) and can be studied and copied at leisure. The existence of a motion to be voted on would be mentioned in the TV news and the exact wording would be displayed on one of the Teletext channels. By the time the Government thinks seriously about EVC most sets in the country should have Teletext facilities.

For those people who haven't, and for those who don't read newspapers either, some booths would have TV screens, the pictures for which would be supplied over telephone lines by the new Post Office Viewdata centre. Viewdata costs more and does more than Teletext: It connects your TV with your phone and from your home you can call up on the screen any page from any book that is stored in the computerised library. Trials of both systems are going on now and public services should start by 1979. In theory Viewdata is a better medium for EVC than booths in the streets, but that would work only if every home was equipped with it, which we won't see for a very long time, if ever.

If a Londoner was in, say, Cardiff or Copenhagen during voting on a national or European issue, he would still go to a convenient booth and vote as usual. The local computer would recognise the number as a London number and would automatically send his signal to the London computer.

Double voting would be impossible: the code on the card would tell the computer who was voting and in which constituency he was enrolled. Once a vote had been cast the computer would reject further signals from that card during that voting period.

There are a number of ways of making cards so that the terminals could tell which were genuine: thus, the signals from forgeries would be rejected. Even if forgery was successful there is a second line of defence: in each voting period the computer would accept only one signal from each card. If a forger voted late in the day he would find his vote rejected if the owner

of the genuine card had already voted. If the forger voted early enough his signal would certainly be recorded but when the genuine voter tried to vote the signal rejected indicator would light up. The voter would then complain to the electoral office and if enough complaints were received a second vote would be taken (electronically or manually) with added precautions.

For lost cards the same procedure would be adopted as for lost credit-cards: you report the loss and get a new card with a new number: the old one is programmed out of the system and the computer would reject signals from it.

Any person can submit a motion to his local Electoral Office at any time. If the officer decides that the motion is not frivolous it is put to the vote in that county. If it's a local issue the matter remains within the local area, but if it's a national issue the motion is then put to the nation if it gains a certain percentage of the votes in the county vote. (If the officer decides that a motion is frivolous he can be overridden by a small petition.)

It's easy to imagine mum saying to dad: 'Going down the road to vote, are you, dear? Take my card and vote for me as well.' This would be illegal under present law but would have to be legalised for EVC because the present law would be unenforceable. Anyway, it's an academic point: if mum wasn't going to vote the same way as dad she wouldn't give him her card.

Votes would consist of impulses stored on tape, so in cases of dispute a recount could involve just re-running the tape, or another vote could be taken. However, a more tangible record of votes cast could be achieved by equipping each terminal with a paper roll like a till-roll. The vote would be recorded in print and could be visible through a glass panel so that the voter could ensure he had voted correctly. If he'd made a mistake he could press a 'cancel-last-entry' button and try again.

When the roll was three-quarters used it would automatically send a signal to the Electoral Office who would send someone out to change it. The rolls could be kept for a time and checked against the tape in cases of dispute.

There should be one computer for each county and the parties would appoint computer experts as scrutineers. They would check the programmes to ensure correct recording and collation of votes.

The safeguards suggested to avoid 'rigging' would also ensure secrecy: the computer would not make a record of who had voted or how.

The coded card would contain whatever information the computer needed: e.g. the voter's identity: which constituency and local government area he was enrolled in: which union he belonged to, etc. In this way EVC could serve almost any purpose: e.g. if a union ballot was being taken, the computers in the relevant areas would be programmed so that, during the voting period, the only signals accepted would be from those people eligible to vote. If a non-member tried to vote he'd be wasting his time as the computer would reject his signal.

There would always be the old, the infirm, and other people who would want to stick to manual voting. They would be few in number and could be accommodated by maintaining manual facilities in Town Halls, selected Post Offices, etc.

Public telephones could easily be vandal-proofed and so could EVC booths: all glass could be of unbreakable polycarbonate and all other surfaces could be metal. The weakest area would be the slot for the card but there are various ways of protecting this, so vandalism should not be too great a problem.

The following figures are approximate; they have been calculated by taking the latest actual figures available and correcting them for inflation to the end of 1976. The present electoral system costs the UK £30m p.a. and this covers registration of electors; local elections and by-elections; parliamentary by-elections and an annual allowance for general elections.

To this must be added the many millions spent annually on postal ballots by unions and professional bodies.

The estimated capital cost of EVC is £105m which is the cost of 60 miles of motorway. This includes one computer for each of the 66 counties and 20,000 street booths throughout the UK. If we express the cost in real terms it comes to .1% of GNP; the percentage figure is the true cost and it will drop steadily (regardless of inflation) as technology advances.

Calculation of the running cost of EVC will have to wait for the book but the cost may well be less than the present neolithic system, especially when EVC could handle all the elections and strike-ballots of unions and professional bodies.

The cost of the present system has been extrapolated from official figures and the cost of EVC has been estimated from information supplied by the Post Office and computer manufacturers. The stated cost of EVC assumes that it would need its own computers, but the Post Office Viewdata system will eventually have its own local computers all over the country in proportion to demand. By arrangement between the electoral offices and the Post Office, the Viewdata centres could receive and collate the votes: thus the capital cost of EVC would be much less than that shown and EVC would form part of the demand which Viewdata needs in order to spread. Those EVC booths with screens could also be used for Viewdata when not needed for EVC: a Viewdata subscriber's voting card could double as a Viewdata-credit-card, so enabling him to use Viewdata anywhere in the country.

During slack periods EVC could earn part of its keep by selling 'line-time' to opinion-pollsters and market-researchers. With enough advertising millions of responses could be obtained to questions of any complexity and EVC would be unsuitable only where personal information about the respondents was wanted.

Local newspapers could hire the booths in their areas and conduct opinion-polls on local issues. The broadcasting bodies could hire it and the need has been stated by the Church of England. In a report to Lord Annan's Committee on the Future of Broadcasting the Church said,

> There is a profound sense of frustration at the lack of facilities for making viewers' opinions known, and the real need is for effective machinery to detect trends in popular attitudes and tastes.

In other words there is a need for a feedback system and EVC could fulfil this and many similar needs. There is no technical or financial reason why EVC could not be installed once the present slump is over.

Rousseau said:

> How can a blind multitude, which often does not know what it wants, undertake by itself an enterprise as vast as a system of legislation? The general will is always rightful but not always enlightened: it must be made to see things as they are so as to weigh immediate advantages against distant evils. (*The Social Contract.*)

Could a democracy survive the vicissitudes of an ill-informed electorate? Maybe not, if it really was ill-informed, but proper use of the media could overcome this. Issues could be put on trial on radio and TV in a courtroom format and the jury (the electorate) would give their verdict by voting. This principle is already being explored in the serious radio programme *You, The Jury*. To avoid a see-saw effect over a particular issue there could be a statutory interval between changes, during which intervention could only come from parliament.

In the House of Lords evolution has given us a political platypus, but the idea of a 'House of Review' is a good one and not to be abandoned lightly. Since we need better representation, the upper house could be replaced by a body representing sectional interests, as is done in a limited way in Ireland. There could be committees of dockers and doctors: housewives and hoteliers: seamen and social workers, and others representing groups like Shelter, the Ratepayers' Association, the Council for Civil Liberties, etc.

To keep the blood fresh no person should serve more than one or two years and the presence in the legislative process of experts from all fields would ensure that Bills were really relevant. This is important in view of that universal law of human nature, 'other things being equal the effectiveness of management is inversely proportional to the distance between manager and managed.'

EVC would not be a panacea but there are many needs it could meet. People today want a voice in all levels of government and if EVC can make it cheap and easy they'll use it.

The Silent Majority needs a voice: EVC could provide it.

[A former youth-worker and theological student, Stephen Frost is at present working as an audio-visual technician.]

A NEW GULAG IN INDIA

by Sadhan Kumar Ghosh

THE English language does not provide the expression 'a permanent emergency' which is a contradiction in terms. Yet that is what may be imposed on us. The Home Minister of India, Mr. Reddy, said that in no circumstances would India return to the pre-Emergency days. Paraphrased in Received English it means that the Emergency will never be lifted, and that we must learn to live with the MISA and without Habeas Corpus. Since then, there have been other authoritative indications that Habeas Corpus no longer exists in India and has not existed since June 26, 1975. Does it not mean that as in the Gulag Archipelago, we are acquiescing in arbitrary and vindictive arrests as constituting a way of life? Those who reach a *modus Vivendi* with executive tyranny have themselves to thank for what comes to them. The road to totalitarianism is paved with slogans, gimmicks and acquiescence.

Can there be a General Election while an 'emergency' lasts or even within a few months of its lifting? Such an 'election' (if the word can be used at all) might be considered legitimate and fair in Moscow, Johannesburg, Uganda and Havana but nowhere else. We are truly on the edge of a tragic absurdity if an Election is sprung upon us while civil liberties are extinct, while the mass media are muzzled and manipulated and while public opinion has not been allowed to be mobilised or crystallised about the Emergency. It would be a highly devious piece of oneupmanship, not an election.

James Cameron in his *An Indian Summer* (1974) writes:

> 'Now Nehru is gone and Shastri is gone and Nehru's daughter presides over a fragmented Congress and a baffled India where ambition is more than accomplishment and profit more than probity; and yet, for all that, one day the values will return and a nation will arise, but God knows how and God knows when' (Page 105).

How can the values return if the people cannot confront the twin concentrations of power and wealth? How can democracy or civilised government survive if the people are prevented from realising that there is an intuitive grouping of money and influence against them? That, as Mr. Tridib Chaudhuri said in Parliament, was borne out by the fact that a scion of the House of Birlas led the procession of monopoly houses and of the Chambers of Commerce to express solidarity with her programme. (Parliamentary debates, July 21, 22 and 23, 1975). The supermillionaires have been the chief beneficiaries of the emergency and the erosion of the Rule of Law and civil liberties. On the same day, Mr. P. G. Marlankar asked in Parliament whether the Emergency was an emergency for the country or an emergency of the Ruling Party. Over a year has elapsed since then—an unconscionably long time for a real emergency—but we have received no answer to Mr. Mavlankar's query, which was a query posed by the whole of India. What is worse, we have received dusty answers. Recently the Congress President, Deb Kant Barooah, said at Calcutta that there would be no opposition parties in the next General Elections. Were this to

be so it would be a challenge and an affront not only to the Indian people, but to the freedom-lovers of all nations.

Among the most unbecoming things in today's public life is the manner in which eminent men and disciplined parties are being 'framed' and smear campaigns mounted against them. Among the victims are Sri Jai Prakash Narain, Sri Morarji Desai and the D.M.K. Sri Jai Prakash Narain was repeatedly accused of inciting the army and the police to rebellion. Two M.P.s, Shamin Amhed and Era Szechian, raised the very pertinent question as to why, if the accusation was true, Jai Prakashji was not openly prosecuted.

Then, there is the charge made by B. P. Maurya, a Central Minister, that the D.M.K. government in Tamil Nadu was dismissed not because of corruption but because it was planning secession. Not merely has every D.M.K. leader, including their Parliamentary spokesman dismissed this calumny with contempt because, in B. P. Maurya's case, it was an afterthought. Maurya flatly contradicted a large number of Cabinet Ministers, including the Home Minister, Reddy, all of whom insisted that the D.M.K. government was dismissed on the Governor's report accusing them of corruption. They corroborated the judgment of *Opinion* (Feb. 3, 1976) that the D.M.K.'s real fault as seen from Delhi was the failure of 'its effort to look at the Emergency and its punitive provisions with a sense of proportion, a certain sanity'. Like the Emergency, of which they were necessary sequels, the dismissals of the D.M.K. government and the Gujrat government were negations of democracy.

The Prime Minister often tells foreign journalists that she will not lift the emergency until the opposition behaves as it should behave. Mr. H. M. Patel replied to this comment on April 1, 1976 in the Lok Sabha—'I would very much like to know,' he said, 'precisely how the opposition is expected to behave? How is it behaving? What is its behaviour today which the Prime Minister does not altogether appreciate? As far as I know if you could lay any charge against the opposition today it is that it has remained completely inactive. *Its inactivity is its offence*'.

The muzzling of the mass media is seen in its ambidexterity with *Suppressio veri* and *Suggestio falsi*. Not a word about the Bombay meeting on March 21 attended by Jai Prakash Narain, Charan Singh, Nijalingappa, H. M. Patel, N. G. Goray and others was published in any of the mass circulation dailies. But the same dailies are making insinuations that Morarji Desai had prior knowledge of the murder of Mahatma Gandhi (I should request all readers to read Rafi Ahmed Kidwai's comment on the Gandhi murder, quoted in Durga's Das's *India—from Curzon to Nehru*). And the same papers have recently (May 13, 1976) published a report that Babubhai Patel received a sum of about four lakhs from the foreign country for a Trust of which he was President. But what on earth is wrong with that if the Trust is devoted—as it is—to humanitarian activities and social amelioration? Even Mother Teresa has to accept money from foreign sources.

The present Indian Emergency must be the only measure in history to turn a taboo into a totem. The Emergency is simultaneously a totem, a carrot, and of course, a red herring. One of the objects of the Emergency

was to deflect public attention from the corrupt, the incompetent and the sycophants—who surround the Prime Minister and who have formed a cabal or a lobby, and also to divert attention from the hollowness of the labal socialism which permits the co-existence of the billionaire side by side with the two hundred millions (the figures are Mr. Cameron's, Dr. Lohia would have put them higher) of paupers and destitutes who live below a humanly accepted poverty-line. The price of the liberation of Bangla Desh was paid for with Indian blood and astronomical sums of Indian money. It is difficult to make out what exactly the nation has gained by the abolition of the Privy purses, unless it is argued that the Privy purses have not really been abolished but transferred to the Ministers and the 'lobby" industrialists. James Cameron described the mass circulation Press of India as 'a processing plant for government handouts'. This was written a little before the Emergency. Presumably, government handouts are now published unprocessed. The Censor and the executive ensure the suppression of all facts a democracy ought to know. That is why we do not learn that essential foodstuff—rice, sugar, mangoes and onions—is exported to earn foreign exchange. On the face of it, considerable quantities of petrol are imported, yet there is seldom sufficient for the city and cross-country buses which are sardine-packed and accidents are frequent. But, as in Thomas Hood's poem, human life is one of the cheapest commodities in India, particularly the life of a poor man and a non-party man. The people, therefore, must wean themselves from the mass media and develop other means of communication—e.g. weekly papers and pamphlets. At the moment, four mass-circulation weeklies in Bombay and Delhi are strictly monitored.

Therefore, the General Election must not be held while the Emergency lasts or even within a few months of its lifting. The people need a minimum of six months to mobilise opinion and resources, and to ensure that the election shall not be rigged. Two groups who, in no circumstances, must be allowed to influence the elections are the billionaires, who are the chief beneficiaries of the emergency and the private armies. International opinion must be invited to ensure the parity of opportunity which is a pre-requisite of a fair election. This means that the Ruling Party candidates, particularly Ministers must, in no circumstances, use government transport, particularly planes and helicopters.

Mr. James Cameron has recorded:

> Corruption in India is almost as leaden a cliche as hunger. . . . Just as India's famines are the most cruel, her over-population the most uncontrollable, so are all the aspects of Indian corruption and bribery the most wholly widespread and spectacular.

The same writer claims that public and private venality are no longer even serious talking-points in India and it could be argued that India is probably the world's most dishonest country. (*An Indian Summer*, Macmillan, pp. 139-140).

The first phase of the Emergency was preoccupied with a well-mounted xenophobia against the Western Press, the B.B.C., the United States and China. Mark Tully of the B.B.C., Martin Woolacott of *The Guardian* and

Lewis Simmons of *Washington Post* received short shrift for writing that Mrs. Gandhi saw the last Gujrat elections as a personal rejection. This phase has now been muted and there is now a proneness to institutionalise it and to incorporate it in the Constitution. Mr. N. A. Palki Vala, the eminent lawyer, foresaw this in his book *Constitution Defaced and Defiled* (Macmillan) and this is the real objective of the Swaran Singh Committee.

Therefore, any election held during the Emergency will be a negation of democracy. The central issue in a real election must be the all-pervasive corruption. It is a tragedy that a new and emergent nation like India should be forced to model itself on the Gulag Archipelago. More than two years ago, this writer noted that India needs a Solzhenitsyn. It is a fact of literary history that under political tyranny the voice of the people goes underground into literature. One recalls V. S. Pritchett's memorable comment that The Gulag Archipelago has become the nation of serfs within the outer nation of serfs turned masters.

Can the civilised world remain indifferent while civil liberties and the Rule of Law are erased from India, while Human Rights are in permanent jeopardy? And it would be inhuman to say to the hapless Indians ***Tu l'as voulou*** **(you asked for it).**

On September 19th, 1976 the Minister of Information, Mr. Vidya Charan Shukla, announced that reporting restrictions on foreign reporters had been lifted but that censorship regulation of the Indian press remained unaltered. Four months later the censorship was relaxed, prior to the General Election which will be held in March. In connection with the above article the recently-published *Inside India Today* by Dilip Hiro (Routledge and Kegan Paul, £6.95) may be of interest. *Editor.*

'DANISH' AT THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITIES: A POLITICO-LINGUISTIC PROBLEM

by Cay Dollerup

IN connection with two stays as a kind of assistant teacher at the course for conference interpreters at the Training Division of the Interpreters and Conference Services at the Commission of the European Communities in 1975 (April and September), I studied the linguistic services and problems with special reference to 'Danish'. I had been asked to do this for the University of Copenhagen, and the purpose was to get an idea of what we should take into account if we were to set up a postgraduate course for translators (at an early stage we rejected the idea of a course for interpreters, mainly because we could not compete with the efficiency, the expertise and the international setting of the Commission's own course). The Communities are particularly well suited for a study of this type, since the linguistic services and their problems are unrivalled elsewhere. And what really sets them apart from ordinary linguistic services is that many messages originally conceived in one language may become laws in all six official Community languages (Danish, English, French, German, Italian, and Netherlands).

Some of my findings may be of interest to others than Danes—especially if the Communities are to expand. It is inevitable, of course, that I touch upon weaknesses, but it must be emphasised that this is not meant as criticism, only as a description of a state of affairs—seen by an outsider without vested interests, except the wish to see European cooperation improved.[1]

In Luxembourg there are 60 interpreters who are employed at the European Parliament but also work for the Court of Justice of the European Communities. In Brussels there are more than four times as many. They are employed at the Commission and take care of its meetings as well as those at the Social and Economic Committee and at the Council of Ministers. In addition to the interpreters who are actually employed, both institutions use a substantial number of 'free-lancers'.

The interpreters, who have usually been trained at interpreters' schools (e.g. at Sorbonne, Geneva, Heidelberg) or at the Commission's own course, must fully command two different techniques: viz. consecutive interpreting where the interpreter will transmit the message after the original speaker has finished—and which is now fairly rare (it is limited to meetings where there are no booths); and simultaneous interpreting where the interpreters, working in pairs, in booths, one for each language, transmit the speeches more or less instantaneously into their mother tongue. For it is the policy that the interpreters should always work towards the language they know best, since this is the best way of ensuring that even the finest shades get through.

They must understand at least two of the other Community languages completely so that, even though there are a few interpreters who can transmit directly from all the other five languages, it stands to reason that others must use another method: they use 'relay', i.e., when they do not understand the original source language they listen to an interpreter who does, and whose target language they comprehend. The translation services, on the other hand, are found at each of the six Community institutions. The number varies greatly, from the 16 employed at the European Investment Bank to the 600 at the Commission (in both Brussels and Luxembourg).

When documents are to be translated, the procedure is, roughly speaking, that they are distributed to the national sections by a planning office. In the sections, the documents are allotted to translators (who are to do 2,400 words per day per person), 'documentation', i.e. prior translations on the same topic, directives, etc., is forwarded to the translator together with the text, and he or she then sets to work. At his disposal are, of course, dictionaries; possibly guidelines or special files at the sectional level; and word or terminology lists. Furthermore, translators can consult not only the original draftsman, but also experts within the Community administration, at the Committees of Permanent Representations, and maybe even experts at home, on questions about highly technical terminology, etc.

The highly specialised nature and the legal implications in the member states serve to give terminology a pivotal role in linguistic transmissions (interpreting, translation) at the Communities. The above-mentioned terminology lists are guidelines made by the terminology offices. They are lists in (ideally) all six Community languages where words, terms, or passages, based either on primary material from original (and 'good') texts in all six languages, or on translations of e.g. tractarian texts, in which case even bad translations may be part of the primary material. In documents which are legally binding for the member states, e.g. regulations, the terminology lists are normative in the target language (i.e. the language you translate into). This is done in order to ensure uniformity and avoid confusion. In cases where the lists are not legally binding, the terminology offices may indicate better alternatives, if the normative suggestion is actually bad.

To return to the translator: once finished, he submits his draft to a 'reviser' who checks the translation (there are ideally two translators per 'reviser'), and it is then typed out—often at a pool away from the translation section.

And in the case of documents which are to become legally binding, the original draftsmen and 'revisers' from all languages will meet to collate the translations to make sure that they are uniform.

Within this framework then, the Danish situation is of interest, partly because of the linguistic problems in isolation, partly because it is a kind of test case for what will happen if the Communities accept more full-fledged members.

Some of the points to be made have undoubtedly also some validity for the original member states, notably, I feel, Italy and the Netherlands. But

then they have, as it were, grown up with the Community. And the position for English, affecting the UK and Ireland, is also different for a number of reasons: the number of interpreters has virtually always been adequate, presumably because of sheer political clout and because English interpreting is frequently used by Danes (and, to some extent) the Dutch. And the nucleus of the English translation services was established as early as 1958, whereas the Danes had no translators at the Communities until the last round of entry negotiations started in 1971.

Danish is also by far the smallest linguistic area with only 5 million inhabitants—provided we disregard Luxembourg—and, accordingly, it does not have the human mass to draw on in the recruitment of interpreters and translators. True, up to a point, this handicap is counterbalanced by a fairly high standard in the teaching of foreign languages (English, German, French, usually in that order) which enables many of the best educated Danes to attain a passable proficiency in one or two foreign languages.

But then the Communities also require that their linguists must hold university degrees, and this makes for other, mainly social, problems: most Danish graduates are married; they often have unwarranted high opinions about the present-day educational system in Denmark; they are unaccustomed to the initial job insecurity which is part and parcel of the Community recruitment system with its selection of the best qualified candidates by 'concours'. Add to this that the Danish approach to many problems seems curt and rude to non-Danes, whereas the stiff bureaucracy at the Communities is alien to Danish approaches among the best educated: and then you have a situation where a host of social, cultural, and linguistic problems may arise.

The most obvious consequence is that, despite unemployment among graduates in Denmark, two Danish translation sections will not be fully manned until, perhaps, the beginning of 1977, and both interpreting services are seriously understaffed.

In a way, nobody is to blame for this. What is relevant in the present context is that whatever the actual causes, which will vary from nation to nation, the outcome, i.e. social, cultural, and linguistic problems and frictions at many levels will inevitably appear with new members of the Communities. And they also affect procedure.

As already mentioned, the Communities are unique among international organisations insofar as many decisions and hence documents, e.g. regulations, become national law. This, however, means that once passed, translations from the Communities are no longer solely translations, but documents integrated in the linguistic system of each Community language. This poses an interesting theoretical question to outside linguists like me; and a complicated problem to translators, interpreters, delegates and national authorities, because they must make sure that the documents read the same way in all six languages, and that they are as well integrated in each target language system as possible.

The interpreting services at the European Parliament can usually make

up for the numerically small shortage of full-time interpreters by calling in free-lancers, whereas the Commission in Brussels, organising as much as 30 meetings in the peak season, cannot offer interpreting to all Danish delegations but must limit itself to the most important ones and leave the others to fend for themselves. In general, top priority is given to meetings in which politicians, trade unionists and the like participate, whereas civil servants, who do the slogging, preparatory work, tend to be in the unenviable position of having to manage on their own.

There are, of course, Danish delegates whose proficiency in English, French (often learnt after we became members of the Communities), or even German is well-nigh perfect and who ostensibly need no interpreting. And there are others who do without them, because they are members of working or standing committees where it has been agreed to use only, say, three languages. As far as I have been informed, this latter type is characterised by being of very long standing (i.e. they existed before the Common Market was expanded), or by working on topics (monetary and financial issues) which call for instantaneous action.

On the other extreme, there are a few Danes who are completely lost if they have no interpreting services to and from Danish.

Some of the Danish delegates are quite conscious of their linguistic handicap: 'I only say and understand what I can, not what I wish to', as it was aptly put by a frustrated delegate. And in those cases where the Dane happens to be a specialist, his predicament is, of course, not only a personal irritant, but also a loss to cooperation.

However, the main problem is that if they cannot speak and listen to Danish at a meeting, Danish delegates tend not to read the documents in their native language.

Thus the shortage of Danish interpreters links up with the work of the translation sections and means that many Danish documents have not been mulled over to the same extent as those of the other Community nations which may make for unsatisfactory Danish texts.

There are some people in Community circles who feel that the Danes are not wholehearted in their cooperation. It is true that, generally speaking, Danes are less idealistic and more mercenary about Community ideas than some others. Some of this feeling must, however, also be ascribed to the fact that Ireland, the United Kingdom, and Denmark, entered the Common Market at a time when the ideals were less obvious because they were obscured by the humdrum everyday work of forging the Europe of tomorrow. And some of it must be due to linguistic and cultural problems.

I myself feel that these problems are costly in financial terms: wasting work on the part of the translators; causing exasperation over late and perhaps even incorrect criticisms; and producing procedural complications. If the Communities take in new members (e.g. Greece, Spain), their participation will put additional strain on the vital linguistic services. For it is obvious that these new members must also have these services. The linguist's advice, however, would be *festina lente*. Translations of the treaties

and regulations should not be rushed so that you must elevate translation errors to norm. That is not conducive to respect for European cooperation among ordinary people. What, then, is the answer to the problem?

I have been presented with a few humorous, and some serious proposals, and it is inevitable that here there are political, practical and linguistic problems to be considered.

The idea of using only one Community language may be considered dead as mutton because even people without any understanding of linguistic problems immediately realise that delegates and politicians from that nation would have considerable edge over the others, and in the long-term view this language must gain some kind of supremacy in the Common Market.

The jocular suggestion about prohibiting the delegates from speaking their own language (so that, say, British delegates would have to speak French, and vice versa), although speciously Solomonic, is neither practicable, nor politically viable. The same, of course, goes for the idea of using some outside language, e.g. Esperanto. Both proposals would entail that those delegates who have a natural capacity for learning foreign languages would be better off than those who have not—and, to the best of my knowledge, nobody has established any link between the ability to learn languages and specialist knowledge in the technical field. In addition, very few people learn to speak a foreign tongue fluently, and there is, accordingly, no guarantee that errors of the type mentioned above among Danes could be avoided.

The idea of cutting down the number of working languages to three (English, French, German) is incompatible with the ideals of equality and will bias all negotiations heavily in favour of the bigger nations. As already mentioned, there are committees where this is practised, but neither the delegates, nor the topics discussed are quite typical of most meetings at the Communities. Such a solution will also disregard the link between interpreting and control of the translations by national authorities in the member states at an early stage in the proceedings, and hence, by implication, the target groups, i.e. the people in the small nations for whom such translations are ultimately relevant. It totally disregards the strain it will put on the small nations, if their highest paid civil servants are to learn foreign languages to the degree required; and even so, there would be no guarantee that this would bring an end to unsuspected and uncontrollable linguistic snags. It would, furthermore, run counter to the principle actually used in the employment of interpreters and translators at the Communities, viz., that people are best at expressing themselves in their mother tongue. My own view, as a linguist who has seen the workings at the Communities is that it will be necessary to use the new languages at the meetings as well: and, if possible, to have these services established at a faster rate than the Danish one; for although Danes' linguistic backgrounds may be better than most others, they are not too well off.

One may wince at the thought of so many working languages at the

Communities and hence in European cooperation. Nevertheless it seems to be the wisest and financially soundest one: it makes for fewer errors to have specialists interpret rather than try to teach highly paid civil servants other languages. And it is, of course, the only one which is truly compatible with a united Europe where all members have their say.

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[1] The present article is based mainly on the reports I was asked to make for the University of Copenhagen as a kind of payment for loaning me to the Communities. They covered the interpreting services, the translation sections, and the views of Danish delegates on the linguistic services. In addition, I have used information from Danish newspaper articles, and many discussions with employees and delegates at the Communities, Danish civil servants, and linguists. The assessments, however, are my own, and so are mistakes of fact, if any. Anyone who knows something about the Communities will be aware that I have disregarded many details. My excuses are that they might obscure the main points—and that it was a foreigner who made a Dane say that brevity is the soul of wit.

The March issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Soweto Riots and the Crisis of Survival* by Esther Roberts, *Papua New Guinea: the Morning After* by Keith D. Suter, *When is a Bribe Not a Bribe? Answer: When it is paid to an M.P.* by Graham Zellick and *Pompey and the Fatal Hour* by H. P. Collins.

PROBLEMS IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT: A CASE STUDY OF PAKISTAN

by Sharif M. Shuja

TO discuss the problem of 'Economic Growth' and 'underdeveloped countries', the need arises to understand the whole process of economic growth and its application to the developing economies.

The main point of this topic is the relationship between the economic development to the underdeveloped countries and about the proper scale and scope of this assistance.

The amount of capital needed for underdeveloped countries for a take-off into sustained growth; the determination of the most efficient allocation of the resources available for development; the need for capital as well as management, technical and labour skills, etc., are some points essential for the economic growth of any economy.

We have had some difficulty in interpreting the term 'underdeveloped countries'. We use it to mean countries in which *per capita* real income is less than a quarter of that in the United States, as less than $500 per year. Being underdeveloped in this technical sense means nothing in terms of the level of civilisation, culture, or spiritual values. It is with the abolition of poverty that economic development policy is concerned. A very high proportion of the population in this sector is usually 70 to 90 per cent.

Therefore, economic development is an instrument of helping underdeveloped countries towards development; the process of growth in total and *per capita* income of developing countries, accompanied by fundamental changes in the structures of their economies. These changes generally consist of the increasing importance of industrial as opposed to agricultural activity, migration of labour from rural to urban industrial areas, lessening dependence on imports for the more advanced procedure and consumer goods, and on agricultural or mineral products as main exports, and finally a diminishing reliance on other countries to provide funds for 'investment' and thus a capacity to generate growth themselves.

An economic policy designed to influence the amount and composition of investment can raise the rate of economic growth and increase national income. The appropriate goal of development should be the minimisation of *per capita* output, or average income, at some further point in time, rather than the minimisation of national income now. The priority should be given to those projects which minimise balance of payments deficits. Associated with this economic process will tend to be important social and political reform, such as continues in the system of land tenure, and a greater democratisation of political systems, although the latter is by no means inevitable. The main objective of economic development is to raise the living standard and general well-being of the people in the economy.

The analysis of economic growth has played an increasingly important part in economics in the last two or three decades. On the one hand, aware-

ness of the problems of developing countries and the inapplicability of conventional tools to deal with these problems has led to the development of a whole body of theoretical and descriptive economics concerned with them. The question as to what determines the rate at which the economy grows has no conclusive answer as yet, but the general emphasis is on the rate of growth of the 'labour force', the proportion of national income saved and invested and the rate of technological improvements. The everyday concern with economic growth arises out of the fact that the greater the rate of growth of the economy, the higher will be the level of welfare. Hence, comparisons show that the level of well-being is not increasing as rapidly as it might be in developing countries.

The main victims of this problem in the recent years have been the essentially agrarian societies and countries of the 'Third World'. The level of productivity and *per capita* output has been very low due to the above-stated reasons. The unstable political systems, lack of social and political reforms, the population increase and other similar causes have curtailed the target achievements or expectations of these countries.

The progress made in various factors of economy has not been balanced and reliance on foreign aid and funds has persisted.

We can further analyse the role of economic growth, its objectives and failures in a clearer perspective by looking into the economic affairs of Pakistan in particular.

1975 was a difficult year for many economies of the world, including Pakistan's. Several uncontrollable factors restricted our economic progress. The performance of the economy during the fiscal year 1974-75 was not according to expectations. The growth in GNP planned at 9.2% was, in fact, only 2.6% compared with 4.5% in 1973-74, during which year the population increased by 2.9%. The net result was a decline in *per capita* income. The unsatisfactory performance of the agricultural sector inhibited the growth of industrial production, while international recession and deteriorating terms of trade generated a trade deficit of Rs. 10 billions.

The agricultural sector continues to occupy a dominant position in the country's economy. About 34% of Pakistan GNP originates in this sector which also provides employment to 60% of the country's labour force. Although the relative size of this sector has declined since the early sixties, when agricultural output was 45% of national income, and employment in this sector accounted for 70% of total employment. Development in the agricultural sector has a direct impact on the rest of the economy. Fluctuations in the production of major crops affect the entire economy, especially the output of agro-based industries such as cotton textiles and sugar.

The growth in agricultural output which was expected to accelerate during 1975 was constrained due to flood damage and water shortages on account of the Tarbela mishap. In Punjab about 38% of the cultivable land was affected by floods, causing a drop in the acreage planted with important crops, such as wheat. There are also indications that the yield

per acre declined in the case of the cotton, rice and sugarcane.

Agricultural production declined during the year by 2%. The major crops, such as wheat production, declined from 7.5 million tons in 1973-74 to 7 million tons in 1974-75. The production of rice was down to 2.15 million tons in 1974-75 from 2.42 million tons in 1973-74; the production of sugar cane declined from 21 million tons in 1973-74 to 18.5 million tons in 1974-75, similarly the production of cotton also declined from 3.7 million bales in 1973-74 to 3.6 million bales in 1974-75. In the case of wheat, given the increased requirements of domestic consumption resulting from the country's rising population and income, it had become necessary to improve the domestic supply position through large imports. Wheat imports during the fiscal year 1974-75 are estimated at 1.6 million tons, representing over 20% of domestic production. Thus the government was obliged to spend nearly Rs. 2,300 million on importing wheat. The fall in rice output is mainly due to reduction in per acre yield which decreased by over 14% during the year, even though the total area under the crop increased by 3.5%. As rice was among our principal exports during 1974-75, the decline in production limited the surplus available for export.

At the same time, earnings from rice exports also declined due to a sharp drop in international prices. In spite of these setbacks, earnings from the export of 47,000 tons of rice amounted to over Rs. 2.3 billion, representing 22% of total export.

Cotton and sugar cane are among the major crops whose output declined despite an increase in the area under cultivation. The area under cotton in particular rose by 10% to over 5 million acres in 1974-75. Output, however, declined by almost 4% to about 3.6 million bales due to a sharp 13% decline in the per acre yield. The earnings from the export of cotton and cotton product fell to Rs. 1,985 million in 1974-75 from Rs. 3,293 million in 1973-74. The same factors had a detrimental effect on sugar-cane production, which, despite the increase in acreage and high support prices, declined during the year. The per acre yield fell by 15.6% and offset any gains from the increase in acreage.

The decline in agricultural production exercised a restraining influence on industrial production by limiting the supply of raw materials to agro-based industries as well as creating pressure on the balance of payments by necessitating the import of food grains. The rapid increase in the growth of production in the large-scale manufacturing sector realised during the years 1972-73 and 1973-74 could not be maintained in 1974-75. Production in the large-scale manufacturing sector increased by only 3% in contrast with 7% and 12% growth rates achieved during 1973-74 and 1972-73 respectively. Only the construction and services sectors experienced growth and made the largest contribution to an increase in the GNP. Construction activity increased by more than 15% in 1974-75.

The decline in the rate of growth of industrial production during the current fiscal year is largely accounted for by three factors. Firstly, international recession and the subsequent contraction in world trade exercised

a depressing influence on export-orientated industries, particularly cotton textiles. There was a 5% decline in export of both yarn and cloth during the year. The impact of world recession on textile production was reflected by the declining trend since March, 1974.

The second factor responsible for the slow-down in industrial production was the reduction in the supply of agricultural raw materials which constrained output in the agro-based industries; sugar production was particularly affected. Production of refined sugar declined by over 8% in 1974-75 due to insufficient rain, shortage of irrigation water and pests.

Thirdly, the contraction in production consequent to declining exports resulted in reduced incomes in these sectors, which because of reduced expenditure, exerted a contradictory influence in other sectors. During 1974-75, the most rapid growth in production was realised in the cement industry.

The performance of the foreign trade sector was becoming a cause for concern. According to the calendar year 1974, import of goods and services increased to Rs. 17,200 million while exports reached only Rs. 10,939 million, causing a deficit in the balance of trade of more than 6,000 million. During 1975, according to provisional figures, imports for the first 11 months amounted to Rs. 21,803 million, while exports amounted only to Rs. 10,210 million, thus resulting in a deficit trade balance of Rs. 10,873 million, which is more than the total amount of our exports.

The economic outlook for the developing countries is somewhat brighter this year. Economic recovery in the industrial countries with the subsequent expansion in world trade should permit an increase in their exports. Some improvement is expected in their terms of trade as inflation continues to decline in the West. In the case of Pakistan, the prospects for 1977 depend largely on increased agricultural production. The targets for the current year envisage an 8% growth in agricultural production in order to achieve the desired 9% growth in GNP.

Some improvement is envisaged in the overall investment climate. Investment in the public sector is growing at a rapid rate and private investment is also showing some sign of revival.

Pakistan, like other developing countries, relies excessively on agricultural produce both for domestic consumption and export. However, an ambitious programme of industrialisation was initiated during the period of the second and the third five year plans, with the result that Pakistan achieved high growth rates; but, on the other hand, the income distribution pattern became distorted in favour of the rich and the poor became poorer. There has been a reversal in the economic policies of the government during the last few years and emphasis is now on growth with social justice.

Pakistan, like other developing countries, is a victim of an international economic system that is very heavily biased against the raw material producing economies. The gains of international trade are not equally shared, with the result that the chances of getting out of the vicious circle of underdevelopment remain very uncertain.

A NEW PLOY IN PARTNERSHIP

by Brian Meredith

AN idea to conjure with these dreary days is that Canada and Britain may find themselves cultivating a new kind of partnership and that it could be hugely beneficial to all concerned. Neither country is in the best of repair at this moment, and both are looking for alternatives. They are re-apprasiing each other and the ghosts of old friendships and instinctive understandings are stirring. A renewed relationship would be commonsensical and stimulating for both.

Britain's Prime Minister James Callaghan spent ten days in Canada in September and astonished many Canadians by making it clear that he was coming to see them alone and was not there as a stopover to or from Washington. He said he was fulfilling a boyhood dream of travelling the length and breadth of Canada as he was then doing so that he could see for himself its beauty and diversity, its skill and strength.

I was at home in Canada at the time his visit was announced, and I noticed that it caused little reaction because Britain no longer occupies the place of high esteem and interest in the Canadian mind that she had for earlier generations, and because of our almost obsessive awareness of the influence and presence of our American neighbour. I had returned to Britain by the time he was in Canada, but from all reports he made a good impression. He is a man of manifest toughness and directness, not given to diplomatic embellishments and showing not a whit of that sense of patronage and bemusement that, often unfairly no doubt, Canadians have believed inherent in the manners of British VIPs. The *Ottawa Journal* is said to have cast him in the role of almost the saviour of Britain.

Mr. Callaghan in Canada was clearly taking the place most seriously, calling it a country of great and growing significance in world affairs, expected soon to be a member of the Security Council of the UN, now providing the chairman to the conference on international European cooperation, and contributing importantly to both UN peacekeeping and to the defences of NATO.

He said his visit was to 'strengthen the partnership between Canada and my own country' and he went on to stress that Britain might be old but that she was not lacking in great reserves of technological knowledge and experience; and he spoke with proper pride of Britain's achievements in nuclear engineering, medical and scientific instrumentation and offshore oil technology and agricultural machinery. North Sea oil, he forecast, would make Britain self-sufficient by 1980 and enjoying an improvement in her balance of payments of eleven billions of dollars each year. And all this would be a bonus because Britain was intending to regenerate her whole industrial system anyway, as her long term prosperity depended on it.

'We shall be working together', he told his listeners to a speech he gave in Toronto, 'in a world whose fortunes and economics are increasingly interdependent, particularly against inflation and unemployment'.

He went on to say that it was a matter of concern to Britain that the rate of growth of industrial activity in a number of other countries is slowing down. Both Canada and Britain must play an active part in international discussions to repair matters.

> I cannot accept the idea that large numbers of young people must leave school to go into unemployment. This is socially and morally corrupting and disastrous. We shall continue to look to you as a secure economic and industrial partner, a secure source of supplies of all kinds, not only the traditional food and raw materials but also your industrial products. At the same time we wish to sell you more than you buy from us at present. . . . We have much that we can offer you in capital and industrial goods as well as consumer goods; and I was happy to hear in some of the western provinces that they feel that British business is playing its full part in taking advantage of the growing economic development of those provinces.

And then, turning to nuclear matters,

> Our two governments share a deep commitment to containing the dangers of further proliferation of nuclear explosives. . . . We hope that eventually all countries will realise as you and we have done that the acceptance of international safeguards . . . is the best way to bulid up international confidence (and) . . . prevent proliferation.

And on the Social contract at home he observed:

> It may be that we are pioneering a new approach to overcome problems that are being experienced by all the western industrialised countries. . . . We are now at a watershed in Britain's history. I believe there are rational grounds for optimism . . . we are working towards a Britain that will be economically powerful and socially just. . . .

It is a comfort to sense a little of the old warmth returning to British/Canadian relations because they went off the boil some time ago and became chilled to the point that a meeting a few years back conducted in their interests was described by being marked by a prickly irritability on the Canadian side. Our Canadian political folk memories ranging back through many years of history tend to recall that Canadian interests in Britannic hands were usually highly expendable, and that we found ourselves involved in games others were playing for other reasons. Some of this must have lingered in the mind of a Canadian official who remarked to me that when he heard that Jim Callaghan was going for a week to Canada and keeping a low profile there, he wondered 'what the Brits were up to'.

The answer to our little affair with him was, in my view, that on either side the parties to the encounter wished to keep their options open. Britain, now irrevocably a member of the European community, wants to keep up her trans-Atlantic contacts, particularly those that may complement the ones she has already with the United States. And Canada, in the reverse, thinks similarly. She is cultivating Trudeau's 'Third Option', as a way of getting herself off the American hook.

Informed Canadian opinion is not carried away by the importance of the agreement that Canada has just signed with the EEC, and it is much aware of the potential inherent in the old Canadian/UK connection. As one expert put it to me, states don't really co-operate and do business with each other: companies do, and they do so only to the degree to which it is to their mutual advantage.

Canadian approaches to British industry have been coming from two co-ordinated quarters: the provincial and the federal. Several of our provinces, headed by Ontario and Quebec, with some of the western provinces, notably Alberta and Saskatchewan, not far behind, have been sending over missions to seek investments in their activities, to establish partnerships with British firms, and even, until a year or so ago, to recruit skilled manpower and suitable immigrants. The federal authorities have likewise been active commercially and have sent over missions widely representative regionally but usually concentrating on a single industry. Examples are one earlier this year representing the building industry and another a few weeks ago dealing with plastics.

What has been emerging from these exercises seems to be that collaboration on a partnership basis has its limitations. Each side is tacitly fearful that the other will set up shop on its side of the water and become a rival. But the drive for collaboration and enlargement remains, and a solution seems to be found in 'third country' projects, that is the cultivation of openings and markets in other 'neutral' areas where both, jointly, can profit.

Thus a British firm may find a Canadian, French-speaking firm, an ideal partner, is penetrating 'la francophonie', the French-speaking third world. And a Canadian firm might find a British partner helpful in breaking into the European field where the British firm may be already established but have difficulty with meeting demands and delivery dates. And two heads are better than one in discovering the various incentives and allowances and encouragements provided by national governments or regional groupings such as the EEC, OECD, or the Commonwealth.

My quotations of what Mr. Callaghan said in Canada are largely from the speech he gave in Toronto to The Empire Club which, as the name might suggest, is a grouping of conservatively minded businessmen and industrialists; and I am sure many of them had their reservations and illusions about him and about the Labour Party in power in Britain. There is the tendency to oversimplify matters in other places and to see in Britain a clear case of reds having got out from under the beds and making themselves very comfortable indeed in them.

Whatever the concepts and misconcepts, the reality must have been discerned by his audience that in Britain there was a relationship between government and unions that did not exist in Canada, and that if Canada could learn from it the profits for all concerned could be enormous. The basic fact is that Canada, with half the work force as in Britain, endures half as many again days of work lost through strikes. That is: the record in Canada is four times worse than it is in Britain. In view of the complaints in Britain over these problems, this is a fact to remember.

Canadian labour-management relations are, in European and British terms, somewhat backward and even primitive. They fall into the North American pattern of confrontation rather than collaboration. The unions feel, and are kept, on the defensive. They see that the businessman and industrialist has direct access to government, and that they have not, and

are not consulted. Thus a large, well organised sector of public opinion and of the electorate feels put upon and out of things, and it reacts often as if it were uninvolved in society.

In October there was a token day-long general strike from coast to coast over government wage and price controls. It was not wholly supported or dramatically effective; but it made clear to all political parties as much as to the government itself that the unions were seemingly against controls of any kind at any time as much as they opposed the measures currently in effect. The confusing thing to the outsider is that in Canada complaint over government restraints comes as much from the shop floor as from the business office, and the two adversaries in this make odd bedfellows.

A hopeful element in the counter proposals that have been put up by the Canadian Labour Council is that there should be long term economic planning begun forthwith in which the unions and government and employers should share. This could lead to the more rational pattern established in Britain which, for all its difficulties, represents a vast improvement over the shambles prevailing on the Canadian—indeed on the North American—labour-management front.

I cite expert Canadian opinion when I say that in Britain the need for consultation and collaboration and participation are so clearly seen and so widely accepted and established that, although fostered by a Labour Government, the new contacts will clearly be maintained by later governments. The mechanisms of consultation and regulation are so firmly set, it is argued, that they will endure, because the democratic system could not now work without them. So if there were Canadian union leaders in the 'Empire Club' audience in Toronto, it is likely that they warmed greatly to Mr. Callaghan, hoped that the business community might learn from him, and yearned for some of his realism to percolate to the shop floor as well.

Labour-management relations in Canada were discussed by the new young conservative leader Joe Clark, MP when he was in London as part of a round of European visits this autumn, and he felt that industrial unrest was one of the several off-putting factors facing prospective foreign investors in Canada. He also felt that Canadian policies discouraged research and development, and that general conditions, including strikes, were causing investment often to look elsewhere and not to give Canada priority.

He described Canada as an outward-looking trading nation seeking to penetrate markets and to compete with others in Europe and elsewhere, including in Japan, Canada's second largest trading partner. He explained the nation's 'third option', which led Canada to look to Europe and to Japan as trying to counter-balance US influence, but said 'we have reached a new maturity' which caused Canada to be less preoccupied with that relationship.

Joe Clark had met Jim Callaghan after the latter's return from Canada, described the talks with him as general and cordial, and said his party, if it came to power in Canada, would maintain a very active commitment to NATO because, as he put it, Canada is not neutral in the ideological conflicts that exist in Europe and wishes to maintain institutions based on a

respect for liberty. He said he was not worried by any decline in Britain 'which we look on as a vigorous partner' and said her decision to enter the Community had made good sense. The question now was to define that new relationship, adding 'it remains very much in Canada's interest to maintain an active economic relation with Great Britain'. Joe Clark is deemed a likely winner in the next election.

The latest facts of UK/Canadian economic life were given in early November in a speech in Birmingham by Canada's High Commissioner, the Hon. Paul Martin. They deserve to be cited. Britain is Canada's third largest market with exports running to about 1,800 millions in terms of Canadian dollars. British exports to Canada run to 1,200 millions. Britain ranks second among countries investing in Canada; and there is a great deal of Canadian investment in the UK. Indeed, over 500 million of direct Canadian investment has been made in the UK through some 150 corporate connections; and British investors have placed nearly 3,000 millions of investment in Canada, where over 200 British companies have subsidiaries. Even before Britain joined the EEC, Canada's share of the UK market had been declining. It dropped from 7.6% in 1964 to 4.6% in 1973. With Britain's entry, 47% of Canada's exports faced higher barriers, and the former preference on 40% of Canada's total exports will have gone by the end of the transitional period in 1977.

Since Mr. Callaghan's visit to Canada, and since I began to put my thoughts and afterthoughts on this trans-Atlantic partnership together, much has happened and much has gone awry on both sides of the Atlantic. It may now even seem fatuous to speculate at all hopefully and to plan ahead. And yet it would be equally foolish to do otherwise, for history is on the side of the British/Canadian relationship, and this is the very time to revivify it.

The two countries have in adversity been loyal partners before, and now that there is more adversity about there is ample opportunity to try again. The one in countless useful ways complements the other; both together can draw on each other, can strengthen each other, and can give a new joint leadership and direction in world affairs.

All this being said, I am in duty bound to add a postscript on the latest of these happenings that impinge on this ploy in partnership. On one side of the Atlantic there has been, of course, the disastrous slide in the value of sterling and the negotiations for vast IMF loans. This is so widely known that I move on to concentrate on the major change on the other side of the water: the voting into power of the Parti Quebecois, dedicated to separatism, in the province of Quebec.

The panic-stricken reactions to this were that it presaged the break-up of Canada, with the maritime provinces on the Atlantic separated from the others by an alien entity, much as East Pakistan was separated from West Pakistan, and that the rump would disintegrate and be drawn into the welcoming arms of the Americans. Quebec as a new state might not do too badly: they would have to pay heavier taxes, probably, to maintain a national government, but they would not be lacking in resources.

In Ottawa, Pierre Trudeau, Canada's prime minister and leader of the Liberal party federally, reacted promptly and, as headlines put it, 'tried to dispel fears'. He said: 'I am confident that the people of Quebec will continue to reject separatism because they still believe their destiny is linked with an indivisible Canada'. But were these crumbs of comfort of real consequence?

A week later he addressed the nation in a broadcast and produced more substantial fare. It was a stocktaking that welcomed the proof in the Parti Quebecois' victory that democracy was in good health in Quebec and he spoke admiringly of it. But, paradoxically, it proved that Quebec did not believe in separatism, and that when the next democratic opportunity came for the people to vote they would say so. He said the Party was defeated in the provincial elections of 1970 and 1973 when it was advocating separatism. 'But it won in 1976 when it repeated over and over again that the issue was not separation . . . but sound administration.' Thus, he concluded, the separatists themselves do not believe that separatism has the support of Quebeckers.

M. Trudeau made the point that neither he nor the new Quebec premier, Rene Levesque, had a mandate to bring in separatism and he, Pierre Trudeau, had of course no desire for it and that he and his federal government would continue to co-operate with the Quebec provincial government, as indeed they both constitutionally had to do, and as the federal government would likewise do with the other provinces, reimbursing all as usual with about half of their expenses.

In Canada what is known in the UK as devolution is called decentralisation, and pressures for it have appeared in federal/provincial negotiations. But decentralisation, any shifting of power outward to the provinces from the federal government in Ottawa, would not solve the nation's worries over Quebec, he said. The basic issue was 'Can francophones of Quebec consider Canada as their country, or must they feel at home only in Quebec?' Was Quebecker's growth in freedom and independence best assured in Canada, or in Quebec alone? Canadians generally had to face this question.

He felt that Canada had given the world a lesson in fraternity and that to abandon this great enterprise now would be a sin against humanity. He said he had known M. Levesque and his colleagues for twenty years and believed they shared many beliefs. But they differed in how they should be achieved. He, Trudeau, believed there was room in Canada for all Canadians. The other, Levesque, perhaps sadly, believed the opposite. M. Trudeau ended, addressing all Canadians, by speaking of 'a deeper brotherhood than that of the blood, of a fraternity of hope and charity' they all shared and said that the Canadian nation 'will only survive in mutual respect and in love for one another.'

If Trudeau's philosophy and hopes are reflected throughout the country and continue in the years ahead the nation should remain intact. But bigotry and stupidity and malignity could ruin everything, and it remains to be seen how people, and especially politicians, react.

A FURTHER LOOK AT THE GOLDEN AGE OF DUTCH ART

by Ernle Money

'ART in Seventeenth Century Holland', an exhibition of Dutch painting, silver, sculpture, furniture, ceramics and glass, was held at the National Gallery, London during the autumn of 1976.

This is the first exhibition of its kind since *The Orange and the Rose* at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1964. Dutch art of this era is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in European civilisation. How a people who had previously been so greatly overshadowed by the dazzling achievements of the Southern Netherlands and had only just emerged from a period of extreme political upheaval managed to produce so remarkable a culture is in itself a subject of endless interest. So equally are the individual manifestations of Dutch art. Those responsible for the present exhibition have described it as a major loan exhibition on the subject. Certainly the scope and importance of the works involved is considerable. Whether it is in fact a 'major' exhibition in the sense that the old Royal Academy winter exhibitions were, for example, is a matter to be considered.

As is now so often the case a praiseworthy attempt has been made to present the seventeenth century in Holland in the round. This does not go as far as *The Orange and the Rose* which embraced science, law, bibliography and various other forms of learning. It is certainly instructive, however, to be able to compare the work of the major silversmiths like the van Vianens and Joannes Nutma and of sculptors like Hendrick de Keyser and Pieter Xavery with their better-known contemporaries among the painters. The major single loan in the show is a magnificent embossed silver ewer and basin by Paulus van Vianen, from the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam and there are other fine pieces on view from various sources. The Rijksmuseum has also lent a bust of Vincent Jacobez Coster, said to be the most important of all de Keyser's surviving portrait busts. Although on this occasion there are no pictures from Amsterdam and nothing to rival *The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Tulp* which came from the Mauritshuis in the Hague in 1964, there are some other generous loans from Dutch museums. These include Bartholomeus van der Helst's portrait of *Abraham del Court and his wife* from the Boymans-van Beuningen Museum at Rotterdam, Jan Steen's *The Poultry Yard at Oud Teylingen* and Everdingen's *Diogenes searching for a man*, both from the Mauritshuis. In addition a number of pictures have been lent from British sources including two Rembrandts of great importance which have not been seen much outside Scotland for a good many years, the superlative *Man in Armour*, sometimes said to represent Alexander the Great, from the Glasgow Art Gallery, and the Duke of Buccleuh's deeply moving *An Old Woman reading*, dating from 1655.

Both the provincial galleries and private collections in this country are still, fortunately, rich in Dutch works of art and the exhibition gives some idea of the range and quality of what is available. The decision was made, however, to base the exhibition basically on the National Gallery's own collection, supplemented from other sources. Of the 130 pictures on view, over half are in fact regularly to be seen at Trafalgar Square, though in addition there are works from such obvious sources as the Royal Collection, the National Maritime Museum, Dulwich, Chatsworth, Woburn and the university museums.

Does this, in fact, constitute a major 'loan' exhibition? I am not, I hope, being ungrateful to Mr. Christopher Brown, the assistant keeper at the Gallery in charge of Dutch and Flemish pictures, either for his hard work in arranging the exhibition or on the catalogue, when I say that I do not think so. A great many people will find it both enjoyable and instructive, as I did, but the fact remains that, considering the extent of the resources available in Britain alone, the impression given is a somewhat one-sided one. Many of the works included are, as indicated, permanently on view, others are to be seen in different parts of London (Dulwich, Greenwich, the Victoria and Albert or Apsley House) and some others have been seen here recently, such as the Cuyps which were mostly available for Mr. Stephen Reiss's splendid exhibition of this artist at the National Gallery itself in 1973.

There are, of course, immense difficulties nowadays, even for an institution like the National Gallery, in trying to organise an exhibition on an elaborate scale. Potential lenders from public collections may be deterred by the activities of the unlawful, whether modest or greedy, private collectors by the impact of Socialist legislation. There are problems of security, conservation, insurance and the movement of works of art have all got to be considered. It must also be borne in mind that a show like this is free to the public and cannot call on any direct revenue to support it, unlike the Royal Academy exhibitions or those organised by the Arts Council at the Hayward Gallery. The fact remains, however, that what we are seeing here is an arrangement of pictures from the National Gallery's own resources with a number of guest turns from elsewhere. This may increasingly be the pattern of exhibitions in the future, but it has its limitations.

Rightly, the National Gallery takes a serious view of its functions as an educative institution. Although, unlike the V. and A., these are not of primary statutory importance those are obviously of considerable significance. In the last few years, particularly since the opening of the extensions in the North Wing, it has been able to do a very good deal in this field. Under Mr. Michael Levey's lively direction there have been some admirable ideas such as the *Painting in Focus* series and this year's *Portraits by Titian* exhibition. Is there a risk, however, that the whole business is growing a shade too didactic? One of the great joys of any large gallery is, after all, the pleasure of personal discovery rather than being told what we ought to like and why. One yearns a little nowadays for the chaste poverty

of the Dulwich College Gallery or the period of rather drier scholarship at the National Gallery under Sir Martin Davies.

On the subject of scholarship I must confess to feeling some disappointment in regard to the catalogue of the present exhibition. At £1.65 (compared with £4.50 only for the admirable illustrated general catalogue for the whole National Gallery collection) it lays claims to have been designed to be of permanent value as an introduction to Dutch art as well as a catalogue for the exhibition. It is certainly a nice looking document (so it should be at the price) and is easy to handle. But it is short on introductory matter (just over a page each on Dutch silver and furniture, for example), has a scrappy biography and is ludicrously light on references to other exhibitions (the Gallery's own recent *Cuyp in British Collections* might apparently never have taken place, for example, to judge from this document).

When one comes to the contents of the exhibition there is a lot of pleasure to be had. Rembrandt, inevitably, from his very nature, is the outstanding but not perhaps the preponderant figure. On this occasion there are twelve pictures by him included, five of these being from the National Gallery's own holding of twenty uncontested paintings by the master, seven from other sources. Among the visitors there is the outstanding Glasgow *Alexander*, and the old lady, already mentioned, Lord Cowdray's *Portrait of an elderly man*, once said to be Admiral van Tromp, a picture rejected by Bredius but accepted by Gerson and Hofstede de Groot, the splendid *Uzziah stricken by leprosy* from Chatsworth, the early and very powerful *Judas returning the thirty pieces of silver*, a pair of a man with a falcon and a woman with a fan (Bredins 224 and 363) and a portrait of *Catherina Hooghsaet* all from private collections. Also included is the National Gallery's recently (1976) acquired portrait of *Hendrickje Stoffels* (de Groot 715: Bredius 313). Although this has been the subject of some rather silly comment in the press with regard to its cleaning and restoration, I must say that I found it deeply moving and wholly comparable with the marvellous portraits of the same sitter in the Scottish National Gallery, the Gerwöldgalerie, Berlin-Dahlein and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. However different his relationship with Saskia and however difficult this must have been, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion from these paintings of Hendrickje that Rembrandt loved her very much. Of the National Gallery's longer-standing Rembrandts, some are in the exhibition and same are out. The 'ins' include *The Woman taken in Adultery* of 1644, the pair of *Jacob Trip* and *Margaretha de Geer* and the great equestrian portrait of *Broderick Ritel*, though why in the general circumstances and style of the exhibition it was decided not to include any of the National Gallery's self-portraits or the *Franciscan Monk*, which would have provided an interesting pendant to the controversial Cowdray picture, I am not certain.

In what is obviously intended to be a comprehensive exhibition there is a tendency for most painters to be represented by one picture or one

picture from each of the main fields in which they practised. The difficulty here arises where the painting concerned is one which is already comparatively familiar. To start at the beginning of the catalogue, for instance, the National Gallery has only got one work by Arent Aventsz, the Amsterdam painter who was a pupil of Hendrik Avercamp, a not very typical *Fishermen near Muiden Castle*. In these circumstances a more typical Arentsz *A winter scene on the ice at Amsterdam* was borrowed from a private collection. The National Gallery, however, happens to have two typical pictures by Avercamp, *A Winter Scene with skaters near a castle* and *A scene on the ice near a town*, both of which have been there since the 1890s. In the event the latter picture was included and that was Avercamp represented in the exhibition.

This may sound cynical and I do not intend it to be so. Obviously there are Avercamps in the Netherlands, such as the splendid *Winter Scene* in the Rijksmuseum with its multiplicity of incidents and figures on the *Skating Scene near Kampen* exhibited at the then Terry-Engel Gallery in 1973 which was so beautifully described by Sir Sacheverell Sitwell in *For Want of the Golden City* either of which would have been a more interesting addition to the exhibition than the National Gallery's own example, good as this is. At least this is a fine indication of the artist and therefore Avercamp, an important *petit maitre*, is represented at his best. It is when the problem comes to rather more complex masters that the decision in connection with selection becomes more important.

Take for example Hobbema. Although he is an artist who is possibly less regarded today than he was during the last century—for example his influence on Crome, de Wint and Patrick Nasmyth—he is still a painter of considerable importance when one comes to consider Dutch art of the period—see for example Fromentin's *The Masters of Past Time*. The National Gallery has nine attested Hobbemas in its collection, including the *Avenue Middelharnis* which is one of the most famous pictures in the world. The choice of one picture by this master, the *Woody Landscape with a cottage* (which has been in the Gallery since 1876) seems to me to satisfy no particular criterion. If Hobbema is being represented at his best, this is not the best that the National Gallery itself has got to offer. If he were to be represented by a painting less familiar to the British public then there are thrilling pictures like the *Watermill* in the Rijksmuseum which might have been borrowed.

Lest it be thought that I am being unfair let us take a further example, that of Jacob Ruisdael. This is one of the great Dutch artists of the period, a quintessential figure of the whole epoch. The National Gallery has got fourteen attested Ruisdaels. His work is not only widely represented in Dutch collections but in English collections as well. In the present exhibition there are two pictures by him, the very familiar *Landscape with a ruined church and a castle* which has been there since the Wynn Ellis Bequest in 1876 and a curious and rather ugly *Bentheim Castle* from a private collection which must be one of the most untypical Jacob Ruisdaels in existence.

If the idea was to show no works by this master which were little known in this country then why not the marvellous *View of Haarlem* in the Hague or the overwhelming *Jewish Cemetery* from the Detroit Institute of Arts? If the intention is to find an archetypal picture to show this painter at his best then where are the splendid (Scandinavian) *Waterfall* and *A Landscape with a waterfall and a castle on a hill*, the *Ruined Castle Gateway* and the *Bleaching Ground*, all from the National Gallery's own collection? To take one more example, that of Pieter Saenredam. Here is an artist who is now regarded as one of the most important of all the Dutch painters of the period. There are two Saenredams in the National Gallery, neither particularly fine. The *Grotekerk at Haarlem* is included in the exhibition as the only example of this painter's art. One has only got to go as far as Rotterdam to find one of the most impressive instances of Saenredam's work, the *Moniaplaats with the Moniakerk, Utrecht*. If it is right to regard Pieter Saenredam as a more important artist than Everdingen then, if this is to be an exhibition indicative of Dutch art as a whole then surely this should have been the type of picture that was going to be included?

It is at this point that one starts to make a list of the major Dutch painters of the seventeenth century whose work has not been included at all. It is a fairly startling and selective tally: Berckheyde (three pictures in the National Gallery), none at all; Adrian Brouwer (one picture in the National Gallery, many in other English collections), none at all; Judith Leyster (one picture in the National Gallery), none at all; Solomon Ruisdael (six pictures in the National Gallery, including the superlative *View of Deventer*), none at all; Paulus Potter (two pictures in the National Gallery), none at all. If I may add a personal view, the representation of Wontermans, Aert van der Neer, and Nicholas Maes is also wholly inadequate considering the resources available.

Is it then a question that Mr. Brown likes and has decided to concentrate on certain pictures? To be fair, I do not think so. The exhibition is intended to be a general selection of Dutch art in the seventeenth century. For reasons which I have pointed out I take the view that there are a number of serious lacunae. I do not always think that even allowing for what might have been available the best or most representative choice has been made. Having said that and allowing for the rather arbitrary restrictions which have been placed on the make up of the exhibition as a whole let me list some of the pictures contained in it (other than those regularly on show in the National Gallery which do not need listing) which should have made it compulsive viewing for anyone concerned with Dutch art.

Abraham van Beyeren: *Still life with lobster and turkey*, a splendid banquet-piece from the Ward Collection at the Ashmolean Museum.

Gerard Ter Boch: *An Interior with a Dancing Couple*, an outstanding example of the scene of manners, from Polesden Lacey.

Jan de Bray: *The Banquet of Cleopatra*, a major 'portrait historie' from the collection of Her Majesty the Queen.

Hendrick Ter Buggten: *The Concert* (Benedict Nicolson A.187), a most beautiful example of the influence of Caravaggio and the Utrecht *Tenbristi* school in Dutch art.

Aelbert Cuyp: *The Baptism of the Eunuch by St. Philip,* one of the most beautiful of this master's works in this country: not in fact seen in 1973, from the Fairhaven Collection in Anglesey Abbey.

Goraert Flinck: *Portrait of a Boy,* an outstanding example of child painting, in an era which rejoiced in this particular type of picture, by a lesser known but certainly very much underestimated master (Bamber Institute of Fine Arts, Birmingham).

Frans Hals: *Portrait of a seated woman* (The Senior Common Room, Christ Church, Oxford). How right but how surprising that this particular picture should come from whence it does.

Jan van der Heyden: *Veere with the Grote Kerk* (H.M. the Queen), one of the most beautiful examples of this small master's work.

William Kalf (1619-1693): *Still life with the drinking horn of the S. Sebastian Archers' Guild, Amsterdam,* the apotheosis of the baroque lobster, one of the most robust still lives of this period that I have ever seen.

Jan Lievens: *The Raising of Lazarus,* a highly emotive and moving work by Rembrandt's early contemporary: one of the outstanding works painted by Lievens in his Leyden period.

Adriaen van Ostade: *The Alchemist,* an excellent example of this particular artist's work, obviously recently and beautifully cleaned, from the Queen's Collection.

Jan Steen: *The Burgher of Delft and his daughter* (private collection), a beautiful mature work by an artist who is coming increasingly to be appreciated.

I have listed twelve pictures so far: any one of these, quite apart from any earlier strictures on this particular exhibition, made the best of reasons for going to the National Gallery.

THE DEVOLUTION DEBATE

by Rupert Lescher

THE Devolution Debate has been dominated by the Scottish National Party and characterised by a general confusion over aims and objectives. It was the Scottish National Party which directed the political spotlight onto the subject of Devolution by its electoral successes which started in the late sixties, and which has therefore called the tune in the debate, causing politicians to see the issue mainly in terms of buying off the Scottish Nationalists.

As a result, the Debate has been diverted from the very real problems of over-government, over-centralisation and bureaucratisation which have frustrated so many people, not only in Scotland and Wales, but in all regions of England. The discussion has been side-tracked by the rise of Scottish Nationalism into the consideration of what 'concessions' will prevent the growth of separatist aspirations in Scotland, and thus enable as much of the existing political status quo to be preserved as possible.

The Devolution Bill is the natural result of this blinkered thinking. It proposes certain 'concessions' to the Scots and the Welsh but when these are examined in detail it will be seen that they will lead to extra expense and more complicated government. The Bill provides for £7.8 million to be spent on the adaptation of the Royal High School, Edinburgh and the Exchange in Cardiff, for £3 million to be spent on initial election and removal expenses to Scotland and Wales, and for £24.5 million to be spent annually on salaries for Scottish and Welsh Assembly members and staff and on extra civil servants. These are estimates, but who ever heard of an estimate of government expenditure which turned out to be an underestimate! The Bill will create a constitutional system which will be tailor-made for the Scottish National Party and Plaid Cymru to exploit to their own advantage.

Many of the advocates of Devolution accept that the Devolution Bill will do nothing to improve the government of either Scotland or Wales or, for that matter, any other part of the United Kingdom. They justify their support for the Bill by saying that it is necessary to have devolution to prevent the break-up of the United Kingdom. The fallacy of this argument was demonstrated by the results of the recent elections in Quebec where, despite the federal constitution of Canada and the substantial concessions which were made to French sentiment in Quebec, the separatist party gained control of the government of the province. The fact is that a badly thought out attempt to appease the Scottish National Party, and to a smaller extent Plaid Cymru, will not be enough to defuse separatist sentiment which springs from a complex mixture of economic social and emotional sources.

It is arguable that the Devolution Bill is likely, in the long run, to drive both the Scots and the Welsh to demand total independence. When confronted by a choice of bad government or national independence, the latter option is bound to become attractive. Indeed, there is no reason whatever for supposing that either Scotland or Wales would be any less viable or successful as independent countries than the vast majority of countries which have achieved independence from Britain since the Second World War.

The true objective of unionist policy should not be to pay *danegeld* to the Scottish National Party and Plaid Cymru. It should be to improve the quality of government and to introduce only such constitutional changes as will reduce the widespread sense of alienation from politics and political institutions, and solve the fundamental economic problems which have troubled the United Kingdom since before the Second World War.

There are numerous aspects of the Devolution Bill which clearly show that it is simply the Labour Party's panic reaction to the rise of Scottish and Welsh separatism and an attempt to buy off the Scottish and Welsh separatist voters, as much to preserve Labour's parliamentary seats in Scotland and Wales as to preserve the Union.

It is proposed that the Scottish and Welsh Assemblies are to be elected by the relative majority system (first past the post). Clearly the Government hopes to retain an overall Labour majority in the Assemblies by this means. The danger is, as was clearly shown in the recent Quebec election, that this will make it possible for the Scottish National Party and Plaid Cymru to gain control of the Assemblies with minority support. A mandate for independence might then be claimed and a first class constitutional crisis would result.

One characteristic of the relative majority system is that third parties, other than those with strong regional power bases, tend to be squeezed out. This would be destabilising in the Scottish and Welsh Assemblies because Conservative and Liberal voters might well find themselves habitually voting nationalist for tactical reasons. Many of these tactical voters might eventually conclude that national independence and a nationalist government would be better than union with England, especially if an effective pre-condition for this union was the permanent domination of the Scottish and Welsh Assemblies by Labour majorities.

If the Scottish and Welsh Assemblies are to be financed by block grant negotiated with the central government, what a splendid opportunity the separatists will have for blaming all their failures on the meanness of the central government! On the other hand more government money is spent per annum per head of the population in Scotland and Wales than in England, and if the new block grant system results in an even greater bias in favour of Scotland and Wales this will certainly cause resentment in the English regions. This point is shown by the following figures taken from Hansard, 1st December 1975, Col. 478:

IDENTIFIABLE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE PER HEAD OF POPULATION

	England	Wales	Scotland
	£	£	£
1970-1971	276	316	364
1971-1972	308	359	403
1972-1973	349	401	460
1973-1974	431	452	517
1974-1975	582	601	691

The partisan nature of the Devolution Bill is clearly shown by the fact that, on the one hand, the Scots will be able to legislate for themselves on the devolved matters without English and Welsh interference, while on the other hand, they will send their Members of Parliament to Westminster to vote on these very same matters as they affect the English and Welsh. This is a formula which is calculated to create a sense of injustice and frustration in England and Wales and an unfair political advantage for the Labour Party. In the past the over-representation of the Scots was justified on the grounds that it was part of the political settlement effected by the Act of Union. However, such a justification fails to carry conviction at a time when a new constitutional system is being proposed.

An extra tier of government in Edinburgh and Cardiff will have to be paid for and serviced and must therefore lead to more bureaucracy and higher taxation. However, when this new mechanism has been set up there is no reason to suppose that the Assemblies will be any more capable of solving the real economic problems that beset the United Kingdom than the Westminster Parliament has been. Indeed, the lengthened decision making process and the endless possibilities for constitutional conflict to which the proposals in the Devolution Bill will give rise will probably make a devolved form of government even less efficient than the present form of government.

If these arguments are correct then the Devolution Bill, if passed, will only worsen the quality of government. It will leave fundamental problems unsolved. When the people of Scotland and Wales become aware of this their reaction is likely to be sharp and bitter. It is difficult to conceive of anything more likely than this to cause the Scots and the Welsh to turn to national independence as the only solution to their problems.

If the Devolution Bill is not the solution to the problems of Scotland and Wales, then what is? The following policies, if implemented, might contribute to reducing hostility to Parliament and politicians in the United Kingdom generally and to lessening separatism in Scotland and Wales.

Undoubtedly there has come about since the Second World War, a vast extension of the powers and activities of the State. At the same time there has also grown up a sense of alienation from the State. Increasingly, people are frustrated by central government taking decisions in many fields such as housing and education where it is felt that local government would be

better equipped to respond to local needs. If the power and independence of local authorities in England, Wales and Scotland were extended and strengthened some of this sense of alienation might disappear. In fact, the policy of the present government is the exact opposite of this as is shown by the pressure which is put on local councils to adopt comprehensive education.

England and Wales are probably not ready for another local government re-organisation. However, it is arguable that re-organisation could be effected in Scotland with a minimum of disruption and a maximum strengthening of local democracy. If the regional councils were abolished and their powers redistributed between a Scottish Council in Edinburgh and the district councils the effect could be to strengthen the district councils (by giving them more powers) and to replace the unpopular regional councils with a more rational form of second tier local government authority which would look after the local government interests of the whole of Scotland.

The great advantage of a Scottish Council over a Scottish Assembly would be that since it would be concerned with local government matters, it would not be easy for the Scottish National Party to use it as a vehicle for engineering constitutional clashes with the central government.

It is arguable that one thing which has caused people to turn with disgust from the present constitutional system is its manifestly unfair and arbitrary nature. It is possible for governments to gain overall majorities when most people have voted against them. There are no effective checks and balances preventing such governments from ruthlessly pushing through highly contentious legislation. There is nothing to prevent this legislation being repealed at a later date, by a government which is no more representative of popular feeling than the previous one. Frequent damaging changes in political direction are caused by the fact that the relative majority electoral system magnifies the differences between parties. It is widely accepted that such 'political games' are unedifying and may be one cause of our persistent failure to achieve the same successes as many nations with which we must compete. It may be, therefore, that to adopt a system of proportional representation in place of our antiquated relative majority system would help to recreate a sense of loyalty to the political institutions of the United Kingdom, and thus to the Union itself.

A reformed House of Lords, more able for a limited period to hold an unrepresentative majority in the House of Commons in check, might also help to stop the spreading alienation from political institutions, and the Union. Indeed, if appropriately constituted such a reformed House of Lords might provide a natural forum for the expression of regional view points.

Separatism will not disappear as a result of constitutional tampering. What is needed is true leadership which can solve the fundamental economic problems which are the root cause of so much discontent with United Kingdom institutions. Perhaps the most pernicious aspect of the Devolution Debate is that it has distracted people's attention from trying to solve

these problems.

It has been argued that Parliament must reject the Devolution Bill because it will make the break-up of the United Kingdom more likely. What will happen if the Bill is rejected?

It is certain that the majority of Welsh people do not want independence and probable that most of the Scots feel the same. What is uncertain is how much longer this consensus will continue to exist? It seems likely that if Britain's malaise continues and no answers are found to our fundamental economic problems the majority of Scots may well opt for independence and trust to their own native talent and North Sea Oil to see them through. The Welsh, having no oil, may well hold back.

The point which must be grasped is that the choice before us is not between either accepting the Devolution Bill or the break-up of the United Kingdom. The true choice is between either solving our economic and social problems as one nation or trying to solve them as several different countries. The arguments in favour of the Union are well known; that unity is strength; that the people of Scotland and Wales and England are bound together by ties of sentiment and tradition; that the Welsh and Scottish economies are dominated by declining heavy industry, and that English money will almost certainly be needed to effect the structural economic changes which are necessary; that Wales and Scotland would probably be poorer on their own; and that not only are reserves of North Sea Oil limited to, say, 20 years, but that it is a high price product which, if a fall in the price of oil were to take place, might soon be more of a liability than an asset. There is no need to elaborate on these arguments for their strength is apparent. However, what is also apparent, is that unless the United Kingdom government starts solving the fundamental problems facing the United Kingdom, the separatists' argument may one day become unanswerable.

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

OPERA

BIZET. *Carmen.* London Philharmonic Orchestra/Solti (3 records). Decca D11D 3. £9.95.

CHARPENTIER. *Louise.* New Philharmonia Orchestra/Pretre (3 records). CBS Masterworks. 79302. £8.99.

HAYDN. *La Fedelta Premiata.* Lausanne Chamber Orchestra/Dorati (4 records). Philips 6707 028. £9.90.

ORCHESTRAL

ELGAR. Cello Concerto/Enigma Variations. Du Pré/Philadelphia Orchestra/LPO/Barenboim. CBS 76529. £3.49.

ELGAR. Violin Concerto. Zukerman/London Philharmonic Orchestra/Barenboim. CBS 76528. £3.49.

ELGAR. Symphony No. 2. London Philharmonic Orchestra/Boult. HMV ASD 3266. £3.50.

MAHLER. *Das Lied Von Der Erde.* Baker/King/Concertgebouw/Haitink. Philips 6500 831. £3.50.

INSTRUMENTAL

MACDOWELL. *Sonata Eroica/Woodland Sketches.* Lythgoe (piano). Philips 9500 095. £3.50.

GRIFFES. *Sonata.* / IVES. *'Three Page Sonata'.* / DETT. *'In the Bottoms'.* Lythgoe (piano). Philips 9500 096. £3.50.

IT is probably fair to say that no other opera is as universally popular as *Carmen*—less fair, and over simplistic, however, to describe it, as did the conductor André Previn in a television programme recently, as 'the greatest musical of all time'. For it is precisely because, quite aside from the abundant melody and local colour, Carmen is a real person involved in real situations, in other words one of the earliest examples of 'verismo' opera, that makes the work such a great one in operatic terms. A truly satisfying performance is elusive—conductor and singers have to capture not only the colour, the melody, the sheer dash of the work, but at the same time must convey all the subtleties of characterisation and intricacies of relationship that are involved. Sir Georg Solti in his recent recording seems to have achieved precisely that. This performance of *Carmen* is quite simply one of the most exciting and satisfying to which I have listened—fuller of drama and atmosphere than many a stage performance I have attended, including, it must be admitted, those conducted by Solti himself at Covent Garden in 1973.

As at Covent Garden, Solti has, happily, opted for the spoken dialogue version rather than the sung Guiraud recitatives, but at the same time, spurred on primarily by the eminent musicologist, Winton Dean, he has now adapted the Oeser edition, based on Bizet's early manuscript score, that he used at Covent Garden, and combined this with the Choudens version used at *Carmen's* first performance at the Opéra Comique in 1875. Sir Georg explains his changes in a persuasive, cogently argued note which accompanies the libretto, and I find that each of the eighteen specific decisions he has made seems justified. Furthermore, he and Janine Reiss,

his language coach, have succeeded in obtaining remarkably genuine sounding French from the entire cast—Kiri Te Kanawa's Micaela and Placido Domingo's Don José sound far more at home here than they did on stage. They have too the advantage of such singers as José Van Dam as Escamillo, Jane Berbié (Mercedes), Michel Roux (Dancaïre) and Michel Senéchal (Remendado) who are natural French speakers. This leaves Tatiana Troyanos' Carmen which is not only given in impeccable French, but with the utmost artistry and depth of characterisation. I was frankly amazed at the quality and sensitivity of her performance here on record, recalling how two-dimensional she had seemed when I saw her sing the role on stage not long ago. All that is forgotten now: from her earliest appearance and the Habanera in Act 1, through the rest of that act, the powerful confrontation with Don José—a superb Flower Song from Domingo—in Act 2, to the magnificent Card Scene in Act 3 and the shatteringly emotional finale, one's attention and involvement in her performance never waver. This, allied to truly top-class vocal quality, makes her the Carmen of one's dreams.

The singing is strong throughout: José Van Dam is surely the ideal Escamillo of our day, Kiri Te Kanawa is a touching, beautifully sung Micaela and Domingo is in especially fine voice. Amongst the supporting roles, Jane Berbié's Mercedes and Thomas Allen's Morales are outstanding. The orchestra is the London Philharmonic who play Bizet's music with considerable style and love, the John Alldis Choir are in robust form, as are the boys of Haberdasher's Askes School, and Decca's producer, Christopher Raeburn, using the new Henry Wood Hall, has given the opera an immensely vivid, well-balanced recording, which nevertheless does not distract by its 'effects.' This is an ideal *Carmen* and should be snapped up by every opera lover.

In 1900, 25 years after the first performance of *Carmen*, another Frenchman, Gustave Charpentier, had the premiere of his opera, *Louise*, at the Opéra Comique. *Louise* has never attained *Carmen's* popularity, yet this new recording by CBS rather makes one wonder why not. True that aside from *Depuis le jour* there are relatively few hummable tunes in the opera, but the music is a constant pleasure, easy on the ear and sympathetic to the voice, much in the manner of Charpentier's teacher, Massenet. Furthermore, the composer's own libretto is another formidable example of operatic verismo. Dealing with the love of a little Parisian seamstress for her 'Bohemian' poet boy-friend, and the battle she fights with her working-class parents who cannot accept a relationship founded only on romance, this opera presents a far less romanticised, more meaningful and absorbing picture of *La vie de bohème* in Paris at the turn of the century than did Puccini's highly coloured assay in the genre. One senses the persuasiveness of Paris and the determination of young love in Charpentier's score, and the scenes in Louise's home and the sewing workshop have great immediacy. Then again Charpentier's evocation of the city in the Noctambulist scenes is impressionism of the highest order. *Louise* has been given a first-class recording conducted with conviction and finesse by Georges Prêtre. The New Philharmonia play splendidly and the Ambrosian Chorus not only

take that role but also innumerable solos of local 'characters' to enormous effect. The five principals have three in common with Carmen: Jane Berbie's nagging, but agonised, mother, Michel Senéchal's fine Noctambulist, and Placido Domingo, a less than ideally sensitive but strongly sung lover, Julien. To these one adds Gabriel Bacquier's magnificently sung and finely drawn Father, and Ileana Cotrubas as a touching, vulnerable but ultimately determined Louise, whose vocal strength matches that of her characterisation.

Philips perform a public service with their operatic repertoire. First came the 'Early Verdi' series, and now Haydn's operas are being recorded. He wrote 15 in all, and no less a Haydn scholar than H. C. Robbins Landon considers them to contain jewels as brilliant as those in the symphonies. Three operas have so far been recorded: *La Fedeltá Premiata, La Vera Costanza* and *Orlando Paladino,* and there are firm plans to record two more this year. *La Fedeltá Premiata,* first to be released, is a *dramma pastorale giocoso,* first performed in 1781, a month after Mozart's *Idomeneo,* and fully reveals the musical jewels as well as demonstrating the fact that the dramatic limitations of the rather hum-drum libretto—nymphs and shepherds, plots, sacrifices and disguises—make more for hearing on the gramophone than in the opera house. But one would not wish to be without this recording, nor the impending series. Fortunately Philips have secured that great Haydn exponent, Antal Dorati, to conduct the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra in a performance of veracity and style. They also engaged a strong cast to sing the opera amongst whom Ileana Cotrubas, Luigi Alva, Alan Titus and, above all, Frederica von Stade, enchanting as Amaranta, 'a vain and arrogant lady,' are outstanding.

Happily for lovers of Elgar's music there have recently appeared some remarkably fine recordings of his orchestral works. Pride of place must go to a live recording of the cello concerto taken from a performance in Philadelphia in November 1970, when the cellist was Jacqueline du Pré and the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra her husband, Daniel Barenboim. Sentiment, and the knowledge that some of the proceeds of the record are destined for the Multiple Sclerosis Society, will probably ensure one buys it anyway, but one does so in the certain knowledge that this is as passionate, positive and powerful account of the concerto from this most gifted cellist as one is likely to hear, and that it is superbly accompanied by conductor and orchestra. It may be her, and our tragedy that Jacqueline du Pré can no longer play for us, but at least one has this consummate example of her mastery to cherish. The other side contains a thoughtful, positive account of the Enigma Variations, with Barenboim conducting the London Philharmonic, the orchestra he conducts when accompanying Pinchas Zukerman's marvellously assured, yet profound, account of the Violin Concerto. Performances of these two concerto played with such commitment and involvement make nonsense of the suggestion that Elgar was a second-rate, parochial composer. One must also be grateful for the fifth recording by Sir Adrian Boult of Elgar's 2nd Symphony. Again the London Philharmonic provide a warm, rich sound, yet are capable of the utmost delicacy and refinement, and Boult's reading is of a warmth

and roundness that matches the playing. In 1975 the same orchestra produced a magnificently exhilarating account of this symphony under Solti. Here with Boult we have a more subtle, slightly more refined approach, possibly less brilliant, but ultimately more satisfying.

Elgar's 2nd Symphony had its first performance in London in May 1911, less than a week after the death of Gustav Mahler in Vienna. Six months later in Munich, Bruno Walter conducted the first, posthumous, performance of what many regard as Mahler's greatest work, *Das Lied Von Der Erde*, his symphony for alto, tenor and orchestra, based on Hans Bethge's adaptations of Chinese poems. This work has now been recorded by that fine Mahlerian, Bernard Haitink, with his Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. The soloists are James King and Janet Baker, this being the first time she has recorded the work. The result is immensely satisfying, for a start because Philips have obtained the warmest and most vivid sound I have yet encountered on record. But the real quality test is in the performance. Haitink's may lack the sheer emotional intensity of Solti's, or the rugged, uncompromising grandeur of Klemperer's reading, but it has a feeling of sincerity, truthfulness and integrity that I find wholly satisfying. Janet Baker sings gloriously throughout and with great feeling in the final *Abschied*, and James King is expressive even though he, like most tenors, is often taxed by the music. The orchestra respond with great warmth and I find this an intensely moving and satisfying record.

Clive Lythgoe is a remarkable British pianist. Not only has he based his career in the United States and lived in New York City since 1973, but, since the early 1960s, he has been a leading exponent of American piano music. A year ago, he gave a special bicentennial marathon recital, lasting 5 hours, in New York, and amongst the works he played then are the five that he has now recorded on two most valuable records from Philips. One had MacDowell's 'Sonata Eroica' Op.50 and 'Woodland Sketches' Op.51. The sonata, as is well demonstrated by Lythgoe in the sleevenote—he has produced extremely helpful commentaries on all the works he plays—is based on the Arthurian legend and has considerable nobility and grandeur in high romantic style, expressively played. The Woodland Sketches are less compelling, but attractive listening, rather in the manner of Grieg, who was a great admirer of MacDowell's music. The other record comprises a most interesting selection: Charles Ives's Three Page Sonata, written in 1905, and, said the composer, 'made mainly as a joke to knock the molly-coddles out of their boxes and kick out the Softy Ears!'. Robert Nathaniel Dett's Suite 'In the Bottoms' is a charming collection of five pieces evocative of negro life in the Deep South by a negro composer who was in fact born in Quebec in 1882, whither his family had fled from southern slavery. Finally there is the very powerful Sonata written by Charles Griffes in 1919, a year before his death at the age of 36. This work has great emotional impact as well as strength of utterance. It is an anguished, despairing work saying a great deal in its short span of twenty minutes. Lythgoe plays all five works with total commitment and considerable bravura, and both records are most useful additions to the repertory of piano music on record.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PLACE OF THE VIRGIN MARY

Alone Of All Her Sex. The Myth and the Cult of the Virgin Mary. Marina Warner. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.50.

Mary And The Christian Gospel. John de Satgé. SPCK. £3.25.

Anyone interested in the Virgin Mary from almost any point of view should try to read both these books. Marina Warner's is written with a verbal brilliance to which Mr. de Satgé makes no claim. But he, a former Canon of Sheffield Cathedral, is not surprisingly more deeply versed in the analytical aspects of the subject. I should mention that it is a matter of delight to me that Marina Warner should be my godchild and of some admitted uneasiness that, for the time being, she appears to have lost her faith not only in Catholicism, but in Christianity. There are, however, many signs that this trouble might not last for ever. Meanwhile everything she writes, whatever her conclusions, is a joy to read.

'The Virgin Mary', writes Marina Warner, 'has inspired some of the loftiest architecture, some of the most moving poetry, some of the most beautiful paintings in the world; she has filled men and women with deep joy and fervent trust; she has been an image of the ideal that has entranced and stirred men and women to the noblest emotions of love and pity and awe. But the reality her myth describes is over; the moral code she affirms has been exhausted.' She leaves us with the impression that for all its artistic inspiration the cult of the Virgin Mary has done more harm than good and has, in any case, shot its bolt in an age of sexual liberation. It is indeed her conviction that the cult results in an overall disparagement of sex that seems to impart a special vehemence to her writing. Yet a friend of mine and of hers confessed to me that he had become for the first time a Mariolater after reading her book. So it seems that its ultimate impact must remain uncertain.

Of *Mary and the Christian Gospel,* Dr. Eric Mascall, most perceptive of Anglican theologians, writes: 'It represents a very thorough rethinking of the whole topic of Mariology from a definitely evangelical standpoint that gives the argument and the conclusions special significance.' These conclusions indeed should be acceptable to most present-day Catholics, yet no one could be more loyal to all that is best in the spirit of the Reformation.

Mr. de Satgé has naturally a firmer grasp of how Christian truth comes to be arrived at than Marina Warner, who has come to theology quite recently, after a powerful Catholic upbringing. But he is well aware of the particular difficulties that the Virgin birth presents to 'the modern mind'. He knows all about the analogies from ancient paganism, not to mention the contemporary disbelief in miracles. But he deals with these and other objections firmly, including what he calls 'the late hour at which the doctrine appears'. 'It is only', he says, 'when the person of Christ, human and divine, has become clear and has been made the subject of reflection that the person of his mother comes to the fore.' His book should be completely convincing to most Christians. Agnostics may feel less impressed since to prove that the cult of Mary is based on the Gospels is to them by no means the end of the story. One can refer them perhaps to some such book as the 'Virginal Conception and Bodily Resurrection of Jesus' (1973)

by Dr. Raymond Brown, a thoroughly up-to-date and sophisticated Catholic authority.

Dr. Brown is not unready to join in the modern scepticism about the historicity of the infant stories in Matthew and Luke. But his faith remains unshaken, assisted by an underlying conviction of the influence of the Holy Spirit on the teachings of the Church. It may well be that modern agnostics or 'don't knows' can only reach a belief in the Virginal conception *after* they have attained a belief in the teaching of the church generally. The value to modern society of a belief in the Virgin Mary as the Mother of God will remain a matter of vehement argument where our theological convictions, or lack of them, are likely to influence our judgment decisively. For myself I continue to share the view of Dr. Brown. 'The Virginal Conception has given a woman a central role in Christianity and today we should appreciate more than ever before what a service that was.' Was and is.

FRANK LONGFORD

HABSBURGS AS PATRONS

Princes and Artists. Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper. Thames and Hudson. £6.50

Professor Trevor-Roper is not only one of the most distinguished of modern historians but he is also one of the few present-day writers on history who also writes well about the arts. His present book, which deals with the subject of patronage and aesthetic ideas at four Habsburg courts, those of Charles V, Philip II, Rudolf II at Prague and the archdukes Albert and Isabella in the Southern Netherlands, is the text of the Yaseen lectures given at the State University of New York in October 1974. It says much for the elegance with which they are written that this does not read like a series of lectures in the least.

The purpose of this study is, according to Professor Trevor-Roper, to illustrate a crisis of society and a chapter in the history of ideas in terms of consideration of the relationship between major artists of the period (1517-1633) and the rulers who patronised them. As he summarises the result:

> It was not propaganda for a single, or even a consistent cause. Various themes run through it: the dream of universal empire, the glory of a particular dynasty, successive ideas of society, of religion, of nature, the crusade for religious unity, military triumph against the infidel, the preservation of European peace. But at least it was consistent in one respect: it mobilised the art and artists of the age, gave them their stimulus and opportunity, and while supplying them with its own themes, left them sufficiently free to realise their own genius. Without that patronage, how different the art of that century would have been.

Since the artists whom the Habsburgs in question encouraged or employed numbered among them some of the great figures of all time—Dürer, Titian, the Leonis, El Greco and Rubens—the question is an important one for the study of European civilisation as a whole.

Imperial patronage, particularly in the form in which it came from the four sources concerned, was clearly of great significance at a time when the arts were bursting out from their traditional seedbed of local clerical or aristocratic patronage. In their respective lifetimes both Titian and Rubens were, for example, true men of all the world; and it was their contacts with their Habsburg patrons in particular that enabled them to become so. The Holy Office in Venice would never have dared to square up to Titian in the way that they tried to do so to Veronese, who remained essentially a localised painter, whilst Rubens moved freely and as a respected figure among the great ones of his time.

The decision of the Emperor Rudolph II in 1595 that painting should thenceforth be considered not as a trade but as an art, setting it free from the guild rules in the Eastern Habsburg dominions, was a symptom of what was happening through Europe at this time.

Is Professor Trevor-Roper necessarily right, then, when he claims that without Habsburg patronage as such the art of the century would have been totally different? The Gonzagas in Mantua, who were clients of the Habsburgs and very small beer compared with them, might, for instance, be cited as having done as much, if not more, directly for the arts, both in their earlier employment of Mantegna and Giulio Romano and in the dazzling court of Duke Vincenzo which employed simultaneously, during the early years of the seventeenth century, both Rubens and Monteverdi. Rudolph II was a great and dedicated patron of the arts. He rebuilt Prague into one of the major centres of the civilised world in his time, but the list of those who worked for him is nearly matched by that of those whom he failed to lure there. Philip II, after commissioning the *Adoration of the Name of Jesus* for the Escorial, did not know what to make of El Greco and allowed him to return peacefully to Toledo to work mainly for local ecclesiastical patronage. Caravaggio, whom Professor Trevor-Roper rightly describes as a stormy petrel, skimming the tempestuous waters of Italian art, who shattered all the conventions of his time, owed little directly to Habsburg patronage.

Nevertheless, the achievements of the Habsburg patrons were immense and far reaching during all the period in question. This applies not only to their employment of living artists but to the enormous collections that Philip II and Rudolph II in particular built up of works by artists of an earlier date. As Mr. Cecil Gould's recently published *Titian as Portraitist* shows, Titian would have developed into a fundamental force in European painting even if he had never been given the opportunity of this imperial patronage, but the work which he did for Charles V in many ways set the seal on his career. Where this book is particularly valuable is that it demonstrates not only the powerful contribution of the Habsburgs as patrons but also their limitations. Above all they were personally and vividly involved in this field. Herrera might have been enabled to develop, through his connection with the Escorial, into the greatest of all Spanish architects, who imposed a new style, called by his name, on all Spain but Philip II himself remained in charge of the work there. Rudolph II's choice of his court artists fully reflected his other interests as a bibliophile, in alchemy, in astrology, in Pythagorean numerology. This patronage of Arcimboldo, Adriaan de Vries, Spranger and Hoefrogel was perfectly matched by his employment of Tycho Brahé and Johannes Kepler and his links with other more esoteric scholars such as the great Prague rabbi, Judah Loen. The court which gathered round him at the Hradschin in Prague was in many ways a mirror of the man himself and led as surely to the debacle of 1611 as did the character of one of his successors, Joseph II, to the collapse of his regime of benevolent despotism in the 1780s.

Professor Trevor-Roper is particularly illuminating on certain aspects of the individual taste of the Habsburg rulers which may now seem puzzling to us. Why, for instance, did the ultra-conservative Philip II produce a passion for the bizarre work of the possibly heretical Flemish master Hieronymous Bosch, so that Madrid today still has the finest collection anywhere of this painter's work?

What was it that Philip so loved in the paintings of Bosch? Why did he wish

to contemplate in his private rooms, those bizarre canvases filled with strange symbolism of monstrous figures emerging from broken eggshells, incomplete, fantastic forms, weird half-animal machinery and mechanised animals, and gleeful devils toasting naked bodies in lurid, fuliginous flames? It is not quite what we expect from one who was otherwise so insistent on Roman austerity, geometrical symmetry, *gravedad* and *decoro*. Was it that he found them spiritually elevating? Did they perhaps minister to his obsessive passion for detail? Or was there a deep psychological reason: did his love of order and formality spring really from an inward turbulence which that order was needed to repress, but which these consecrated fantasies served to purge?' He does not try to answer these questions with a contrived solution. Instead he quotes from the evidence of the Jeronymite monk José de Sigüenza, a member of the Emperor's most favoured order and his librarian at the Escorial:

> There are some people, says Sigüenza, who are so foolish as to think that Bosch was a heretic; which is absurd; for if that were so, the King would never have had his pictures near him. No; Bosch is a devout and orthodox satirist of our sins and follies: what distinguishes him from other painters is that while they seek to paint men as they outwardly appear, he has the courage to paint men as they really are.

In Rudolph's case there was a similar passion for another Flemish satirist, Pieter Breughel the elder, whose work he collected with a comparable fervour, of which Vienna today is the principal beneficiary, and many of whose disciples received commissions for Prague.

> If Philip II loved the bizarre theological detail of Hieronymus Bosch, Rudolf preferred the more earthy detail of Pieter Breughel; there were at least ten of his works in his collection, including the famous Dulle Griet, the Witch Scene and the Land of Cockayne.

Equally interesting was his enthusiasm for the Italian fantasist, Giuseppe Arcimboldo, who became his court painter and is now best known for his portraits made up out of vegetables, flowers and cooked meats, many of which were later looted by the Swedes during the Thirty Years War and are now in the Nationalmuseum in Stockholm. He also showed an enthusiasm for mannerist art and for the work, besides Spranger, of such figures as Giovanni Bologna, the jeweller Ottavio Miseroni, who came to Prague from Florence, and Paulus van Vianen who went there from the Northern Netherlands as a goldsmith and became a landscape painter in his employ. Adrian de Vries's bronze relief *Rudolph II Bringing the Arts and Sciences into Bohemia* (now in the Royal Collection at Windsor) epitomises how the Emperor undoubtedly wanted himself to be seen. As Karel van Mander wrote:

> Nowadays, whoever so desires has only to go, if he can, to Prague, to the greatest art-patron of the modern world, the Roman Emperor Rudolf II. There, at the Imperial Residence, as elsewhere in the collections of other great art lovers, he can see an extraordinary number of outstandingly rich, curious, strange and priceless works.

It is typical perhaps of Professor Trevor-Roper's eclectic and elegant style that he adds the comment to this quotation: Not everyone could go to Prague and fewer still could obtain access to that jealously guarded picture gallery.

The patronage which evolved around Albert and Isabella and the cardinal-infante Don Fernando at Brussels was of a quite different nature and is, of course, now mainly remembered for the brilliant school which surrounded Rubens after his return to Antwerp in 1609. Like most of those who have to write about the character of this remarkable man, Professor Trevor-Roper

seems to be bowled over by Rubens' qualities, which is no surprise. Of all the remarkable human beings who were also great artists, Rubens must have been among the most impressive and attractive. In Dame Veronica Wedgwood's *The Political Career of Peter Paul Rubens,* recently reviewed in these pages, there is an excellent account of the diplomatic activity of this extraordinary man. The book now under review gives an equally good summary of his relationship with his very attractive patrons from the original agreement to take service with their Serene Highnesses on 23rd September in the year of his return to his native city, with express permission to remain there rather than to have to move to Brussels, through the period of his close personal friendship with the Archdukes, as shown in the painting by Hendrik Saben, the years of diplomatic activity, the *Introitus Ferdinandi* of 1635 until his eventual death in 1639. There have, I suppose, been equally felicitous examples of the relationship between a great painter and his patrons, but I find it hard to think of any which were more honourable and more artistically productive than the one in question.

This is an excellent book, concise, well produced, original and well written. Above all, it gives the lie to the increasingly dreary Marxist art history of Mr. John Berger and other of his followers. In that sententious volume *Ways of Seeing,* Mr. Berger writes: 'A people or a class which is cut off from its own past is far less free to choose and act as a people or class from one that has been able to situate itself in history. This is why—and this is the only reason why—the entire art of the past has now become a political issue.' So far, so comparatively good. But Mr. Berger also says: 'The art of the past no longer exists as it once did. Its authority is lost. In its place is a language of images. What matters now is who uses that language for what purpose.' Professor Trevor-Roper's account of a remarkable period of patronage is an admirable example of the advantages of informed scholarship over didactic, dialectic aesthetics. As he himself says: 'It is doubtful whether the Socialist realists patronised by Stalin will ever be mentioned in the same breath as Titian or Rubens, or even as the mannerists of Prague.' It is equally doubtful whether Mr. Berger and his allies will be mentioned in the same breath as Professor Trevor-Roper.

ERNLE MONEY

EILEEN AND SEAN O'CASEY

Eileen. Eileen O'Casey. Macmillan. £4.50.

Eileen O'Casey wrote an excellent and moving biography of Sean O'Casey as she knew him, and has written a second, complementary volume which says more about her own life. Strangely, perhaps, this second work of reflection strengthens rather than dispels the impression given by *Sean* that, in spite of their devotion to each other, their shared commitment to the family nexus, and to the life and ideas of the theatre, they were not superlatively connected intellectually. Although, it need hardly be said, Eileen O'Casey shows a great understanding of the plays, and admiration for them, she was always a little in awe of her husband, and he was revered and undisturbed when he was writing. He was considerably older than she was, and may not have been totally aware of her feelings of rebellion against a quiet domestic life. Her early colourful days in the theatre, excelling in *Rose Marie,* after a wretched, grey childhood, in bedsitters, orphanage and convent, are most interesting in their own right. No wonder that, as a child, she began to be 'obsessed with a passion for nice things', and revelled in the attention which she aroused on the stage, nor that she

enjoyed building up family homes. When she tried to keep up her career after she married, she found that 'this pulling against my marriage and struggling with my ambition had begun to wear me down. It seemed futile.' Her mother appears throughout all their vicissitudes—even at the age of nearly ninety, progressively awkward; she kept her ancient ritual of changing her address nearly every fortnight.

Eileen O'Casey still had to endure the death of her son, Niall, and the death of Sean himself, forcing herself to realise that he could not go on for ever and that she was again to be left alone—with 'the boots by the fireplace, the coats, the waiting typewriter' and with yet other homes to set up, and leave, until she saw clearly that, 'Hating idleness, I must work myself. One possibility was a book about Sean.'

MOLLY TIBBS

A DETAILED STUDY OF COWARD

The Life of Noel Coward. Cole Lesley. Jonathan Cape. £7.50.

No one who was not devoted to Noel Coward could have undertaken the work involved in writing this book. The hours spent rummaging through 'Mum's Suitcase', where Mrs. Coward kept all her son's letters, usually undated, must have amounted to days, possibly weeks. Cole Lesley shared Noel Coward's household for forty years, first as a general factotum, then as secretary and friend. Drawing on his memory and the mass of private papers and journals, he has assembled the most comprehensive biography on Coward yet. It gives a very full picture of a complex and lovable man, who knew from an early age that there was no room for him anywhere but at the top.

The son of a mother who felt let down by her inadequate husband, Noel found all hopes and attention focused on him. He had the brilliance and brains to fulfil them and he did so without rejecting his family. Very rarely, too, was a friendship broken.

Naturally enough, Noel Coward's homosexuality must be mentioned at a time when people clamour for the whole truth, especially about sex. But it is dealt with reticently, and briefly. Mr. Lesley writes, 'There is nothing sensational to report.'

His tempestuous relations with his mother are reported at some length. Mrs. Coward must have been an extraordinarily difficult woman, and Noel, with his equally quick temper, was forced at times into exhausting battles. Mrs. Coward resented Noel's friends and at the same time could not get on with her family. Years later, re-reading her letters, Noel commented fondly, 'Mum really was a wicked old devil, wasn't she.'

Interesting though much of this book is, one regrets that Mr. Lesley did not apply the blue pencil a little more rigorously. Every paper he comes across is grist to the mill, and it is a pity he was not more selective in quoting the many letter poems that Noel and his friends sent each other—they may have been fun to receive, but they are really not much to read, and are often painfully coy. The book is a lengthy chronicle of nearly 500 pages, with lashings of anecdotes, many of which could have been omitted. The writing, particularly when descriptive, lacks style. But at the same time, the author was so involved in the important events of Noel's life that his reporting of them can have an exciting immediacy, as in his account of the first night of 'Cavalcade'.

CLARE COLVIN

INSIDE THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC

Weimar Eyewitness. Egon Larsen. Bachman & Turner. £4.25.

After four years of war ending in defeat the Weimar Republic of the 1920s should have been a period of peace and reconstruction for Germany. Instead, it was one of political conflict and financial collapse that paved the way for the rise of the Nazis. Larsen saw it all from the inside, first as a youth in Munich, then as Berlin correspondent of a Munich newspaper. In clear, functional prose he writes not only footnotes to history but shows history in the making, helped by contemporary photos and drawings.

It was a time of hope yet disillusionment for the people, peril for their party leaders. One would have thought there had been enough blood-letting for a generation, yet more had to flow in factional strife. Kurt Eisner, Bavarian provisional government premier who wanted to proclaim Germany's war guilt, was shot dead by a fanatical Bavarian count. Erhard Auer, Minister of the Interior, was shot at by a maniac. Erzberger, Minister of Finance, who, as Secretary of State had signed the Armistice agreement, was shot in the shoulder by a young, aristocratic ex-ensign and later shot dead by two former officers of the Erhardt brigade. Leading industrialist and Foreign Minister Walther Rathenau was machine-gunned and blasted with hand-grenade by two members of the extreme anti-Jewish right.

Capping this grim postscript to 'peace' came the French occupation of the Ruhr to back up reparations, galloping inflation that lifted the dollar-rate for the mark to thousands, millions, even milliards. On pay days truckloads of paper money—no longer counted but measured by ruler—arrived at the factories from the banks; workers collected their pay, often in boxes; their wives grabbed it and rushed to the nearest shops to buy food before prices rose again. 'You went into a café and ordered a cup of coffee at the price shown on the blackboard over the service hatch; an hour later, when you asked for the bill, it had gone up by half or even doubled.' Mr. Larsen's firsthand account of the chaos persuades us that our own inflation is child's play by contrast.

In the ensuing breakup of normal social constraints Berlin's Westend erupted with nude shows, prostitutes' and homosexuals' bars, 'tarts and queers paraded *en masse* past the pavement tables, winking at anyone who looked like a tourist with foreign currency.' Yet the decade was also notable for its upsurge of culture in books, drama, films, linked with names like Remarque, Werfel, Feuchtwanger, the Mann and Zweig brothers and Reinhardt. It ended with the rise of the Nazis, the S.S. and S.A. stormtroopers, aided by Thyssen and Hugenberg money, Chancellor Stresemann's death at 51, the 1929 Wall Street crash that shrank trade and doubled the unemployed. If Mr. Larsen's testimony is authentic—and it reads convincingly—his interpretation of events should have historical value for a long time.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

A New Selection from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (Aris & Phillips, £5.50. International Scholarly Book Services Inc., Forest Grove, Oregon, U.S.A.). The distinguished Persian scholar and translator, Mr. John C. E. Bowen, has rendered into English verse a selection of sixty quatrains, including twenty-one which are included in Edward Fitzgerald's classic of 1859.

In his Introduction, Mr. Bowen argues that none of the 1,200 quatrains now attributable to Omar Khayyam can be proved to be his own work. On the other hand, forty-one years after his death four verses in Arabic were published as his, and fit in with his philosophical outlook. Mr. Bowen uses these as one touchstone to judge other quatrains as genuine Omar Khayyam, including the sixty translated in this volume. These are also selected as representative of Omar Khayyam's pessimistic and satirical view of life and existence. On the other hand, Fitzgerald's objective 'was not a literal translation . . . but the composition of a stanzaic English poem, using for its embellishment the exquisitely beautiful metaphors that adorn the Persian text.' In doing this he composed 'a continuous epicurean dialogue in a pastoral setting' which was 'not necessarily the most typical or important aspect of Khayyam's poetry.' In this book, Mr. Bowen endeavours to present a more representative and textually accurate translation in verse of his poetry. His translations are delightful to read. He has the advantage of Professor A. J. Arberry's prose translation printed alongside his own compositions. Where Fitzgerald also used the Persian quatrain, his verse is also printed for comparison. It is an extremely interesting volume which must interest all who delight in Omar Khyyam, astronomer, mathematician and poet.

Military Elites (Robert Hale. £5.50). Roger A. Beaumont undertakes a study of some eighty military units, which he designates as elites—corps elites—formed during the 20th Century. Nearly one-fifth of the book is devoted to listing the references and bibliography which the author consulted, a tribute to his industry, and an indication of the breadth and complexity of the subject. The brief histories of the units selected, which range in size from Popski's Private Army—a small intelligence and deception unit which operated in North Africa during World War II—to the U.S. Air Force's Strategic Air Command, with a world-wide sphere of operations, are of interest; notably the whys and wherefores of their formation and successes or failures. However, world-wide military elitism over three-quarters of a century, during which men died in battle on a scale never previously exceeded, is far too vast a subject to be covered adequately in 193 pages of text and illustrations.

Inside the KGB (The Foreign Affairs Publishing Co. £3.00). The author of this 'exposé', Aleksei Myagkov was a Captain in the Special Department of the Soviet Committee of State Security, the Russian KGB, in East Berlin when he fled to the West. At that time he was on duty preventing would-be escapees from East Germany. As an officer in the KGB's Third Chief Directorate in East Germany, he is in a position to deal with the nature of the Soviet counter-espionage operations, and how they operate. It is valuable in reminding the public of the scale of the Russian efforts and of the continuous struggle between the West and East barely below the surface.

Development Land Tax (Sweet & Maxwell. £5). Mr. David Goy has written a very timely book on the recently introduced Development Land Tax, under the statute of that name, designed to tax the development value of land when realised upon disposal. It is a complicated measure and this volume should prove useful to the specialist in this field. Accountancy examples are provided by Mr. Nick Kelsey, F.C.A., F.T.I.I.

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Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

March 1977 Vol. 230 No. 1334

PAPUA NEW GUINEA: THE MORNING AFTER

by Keith D. Suter

PAPUA New Guinea, one of the last 'primitive' societies still under colonial rule, became independent from Australia on September 16 1975. PNG has been independent for over a year and so it is possible to get a clearer idea of how one of the world's newest States is handling the delicate task of running its own affairs now that the heady days of Independence celebrations are over.

Besides the mainland of PNG itself, the State also controls about 600 islands. Its minute population of 2.5 million people live in over 1,000 tribes and speak one-third (about 700) of the world's known languages (not just dialects). Its population bridges the ages of history, from the quasi-Stone Age tribes in the mountains (about whom we still know little) to the modern urban population in the capital, Port Moresby.

As early as 1512, Portuguese sailors spotted the island of Guinea (the second largest in the world after Greenland) and it began appearing on maps some years later. But it was only in the 19th century that Europeans took a definite interest in colonising it. The Dutch claimed the western half of it and held onto it until May 1963 when it was handed over, via the United Nations, to Indonesia, which has since kept it isolated from the rest of the world.

Australia's interest in the eastern half of Guinea was different from most other colonising motives elsewhere at that time. It was not interested in wealth and it had no fiery missionary zeal to turn the natives into Christians. It simply wanted to keep others out of this land mass only 100 miles north of Australia. As the Germans claimed control over the north-east corner of Guinea (New Guinea), so Australia claimed the south-east corner (Papua). Within days of World War I beginning, Australia captured New Guinea and, under the League of Nations, administered it as a Mandate.

The distinction between Australian colony (Papua) and Mandate (New Guinea) in effect meant little: both were subject to the prevailing dogma that a coloniser did not put money into its colonies, it got it out of them. However, neither territory showed much promise of immediate financial gain, also they were difficult to administer because of the terrain (they have some of the world's most rugged geography) and tribal structure. The two

civilian administrations were suspended in World War II when Japan invaded the island. If nothing else, the earlier incentive to claim east Guinea was justified because Australia fought the Japanese there, rather than on the Australian mainland. The battles have gone down in Australian history, as has the aid the Australian troops received from the natives.

After World War II, the two territories were amalgamated into the Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TPNG) and ruled jointly by Australia, under the aegis of the UN Trusteeship Council. Australia was confronted with a number of problems and scholars continue to discuss its responses to them, as well as their future impact on the independent PNG.

The winds of change were beginning to sweep through the old empires. Indonesia's war of independence against the Dutch had commenced during World War II and continued until 1949. It was clear that Australia could not expect to continue to run TPNG as its own colony as it had before World War II. However, Australia was unsure as to what should be done about TPNG. Australia was without civil servants experienced in running colonies, unlike the UK which could transfer someone like Hugh Foot (Lord Caradon) from one colony to another. Moreover, in 1949, the Liberal-Country Party returned to power in Australia and its ideology ran contrary to large civil services, and preferred to minimise the role of government, so that it had little appetite for a large TPNG bureaucracy. Meanwhile, the War had totally disrupted TPNG and Australia was unsure of what were the prevailing conditions in TPNG.

Also, there was—and still is—a lack of agreement among experts on what 'development' is. Is it a matter of increasing the GNP? Should the rulers rush headlong into giving power to the local people and then leave? Should they try a more gradual approach? It is a sign of changing scholarly views that in the 1960s (with the emphasis on technology and economic growth) TPNG European civil servants were often seen in a bad light as standing in the way of material progress; now (with increasing doubt about the value of technology and growth), they are seen as defending the people from the harsh aspects of rapid growth.

While Australia dithered over development, the UN became impatient and in 1962 it sent a Visiting Mission, headed by Sir Hugh Foot, to investigate the conditions in New Guinea (as distinct from the colony of Papua) as part of the Trusteeship Council's review machinery of all UN Trust Territories. Foot and his colleagues took with them preconceptions acquired from their various experiences of other Trust Territories or colonies. These had apparently been thirsting for independence and so the Mission thought that New Guinea must also want independence. They proposed plans for increased attention to education, economic development and political representation and proposed the deadline of December 31, 1963 for their implementation. Their report was purely advisory and the stunned Australian Government was not obliged to accept it. However, even if the Government ignored the report's underlying haste contained in the proposals, it accepted that some reforms had to be introduced, although it preferred not

to associate its reforms with any UN pressure but simply as its own ideas. Given the post-independence turbulence of many new States, the Government's gradualism may now in retrospect appear more sensible than the report's comparative haste.

Overhanging all the Government's thinking about TPNG was its concern to use TPNG as its first line of defence. The threat of a Japanese invasion was no longer so obvious, the threat of China was unlikely, but there was the more tangible threat from Indonesia, which shares a common (if topographically unrecognisable) border with TPNG. However, with the winds of change increasing, the defence aspect shifted slightly: instead of being Australia's first line of defence, TPNG could become a quagmire for Australian troops trying to put down independence movements. In other words, Australia could no longer count on holding TPNG indefinitely.

During the 1960s, the Government introduced various reforms. Within Australia, TPNG was never an issue of partisan political debate. The Australian Labor Party (then in Opposition) was content to allow the Government to handle this delicate question but quibbled over the slow pace of reforms (rather than their substance). The Government also benefitted from the lack of international attention generally to TPNG (even the Foot report had sugared its recommendations by praising the Government's overall approach to TPNG). Finally, despite some fears in Australia, there was no definite armed force within TPNG fighting for 'national liberation'. This is not to imply that all the parties involved agreed on a timetable for independence, because both within Australia and TPNG there were divisions over the speed of the measures. But, unlike many other colonies, there was no determined effort within TPNG to resort to military force to secure independence.

The ALP came to power in December 1972. Both to relieve itself of this question and to improve its image in the Third World, it set down a timetable for independence: self-government on December 1, 1973 and full independence on September 16, 1975. It is perhaps notable that the main opponents of the timetable's speed were not within Australia but some conservative people in TPNG who still liked to have Australia around. This is a sign of how highly some natives regarded Australia's brief period as a coloniser.

Before looking at Papua New Guinea's salient problems, it is worth emphasising how important it is not to look at PNG from a perspective acquired from studying other developed or developing countries. To do so leads to all sort of alarmist speculations. PNG challenges the notion of a 'State' since it is composed of about 700 'States', which mean that running PNG is almost an effort in international relations than national politics. Indeed, with the growth in western countries of the 'small is beautiful' idea, PNG is a trail-blazer. Also, within those countries there is now an interest in participatory democracy. In PNG, disputes are settled after hours of debate—the 'Melanesian consensus'—which are resolved by the creation of a 'general will'. The small societies, each tightly knit, require skilled

diplomats in settling territorial disputes and the like (a valley may contain a number of independent 'States') and so PNG affairs are highly sophisticated, with less resort to violence than has characterised European history.

The extent of PNG's tribal diversity is shown in its languages. Within each tribe, this is not a problem. The problem arises when people of different tribes meet, such as at the PNG Parliament. The most common language is New Guinea Pidgin ('neo-Melanesian'). This presents three problems. One is that Pidgin is derived from the missionary days and reflects the prevailing relationships of that time, for example a white man is 'masta' and a black man is 'boi'. Second, while useful in itself for communication, it has been outdated by technological developments and the like, for which there are no equivalents in this language should the discussion ever focus on such matters, as in laws and educational materials. Finally, there is a spiral: the only way to develop some satisfactory lingua franca is for some PNG people to write one, but before they can do this they first need to learn other languages to study philology, and this will take time.

PNG's difficulties over tribal loyalties and languages are aggravated by the basis they provide for lurid stories in the foreign mass media. The only interest they show in PNG is their attempt to compare it with armed conflicts in the Congo, Nigeria/Biafra and Angola. PNG is portrayed as a land of primitive head-hunters, an anthropological zoo, where inter-tribal riots will soon flare up and engulf the whole country, thereby resulting in the murder of the Europeans (and rape of European women—always a good headline). In the weeks preceding independence, Port Moresby was awash with safari-suited journalists eager for such alarmist stories. Local colour was provided by stories of semi-naked or even totally naked natives and tales of cannibalism. The eccentric articles tell us more about the gullibility of the writers, than PNG itself. Unfortunately, with only a handful of foreign journalists still based in PNG and with that number unlikely to increase until the PNG does become another 'Congo', the visions which readers obtained of PNG in 1975 are likely to remain.

This does not mean that PNG is without its problems. Merely that whatever happens in Africa need not necessarily happen in PNG. Instead, while PNG, like all developing countries, has general problems, PNG has its own variations of them.

National unity (or lack of it) was the main problem that so mesmerised the foreign journalists in 1975. In fact, it is a series of not necessarily linked problems: tribal, Papua and New Guinea, Bougainville. About 40 people die each year from inter-tribal warfare; this is minute compared with Sydney's murder rate but a source of adverse international reporting of PNG's affairs. The PNG Government has enacted legislation to curb it but this is difficult (and dangerous for the police) to implement among people for whom it is a way of life. Just how many people are deliberately killed is impossible to ascertain; their deaths may just be due to overenthusiastic attempts to scare or wound opponents. Certainly if the violence were as extreme as some journalists would have us believe, then a far higher kill

ratio could be expected. The inter-tribal violence is due purely to local matters; it has nothing to do with political issues as recognised by western countries (such as communism). Moreover, no tribe dominates any area so that, unlike in Africa, there is no fear of a massive uprising or secession (as with Biafra); the tribes are too divided for this. The violence in the mountains is therefore a local matter, tough on the victims but of little direct concern to the people in the more materially developed parts of PNG.

The split between Papua and New Guinea goes back to the separate origins and development of each territory. The Germans tried to develop New Guinea's economy, while Australians were simply content to control Papua. After World War II, Australians were more concerned to develop areas (mostly in New Guinea) where the returns would be fastest. Papuans fear a New Guinea takeover because of the financial power of New Guinea; this is exacerbated by the presence of unemployed New Guineans in Port Moresby (in Papua) because of the threats to Papuan jobs, and law and order. This dispute is between the coastal and more modern tribes of Papua and New Guinea. There have been riots in Port Moresby and some people have been killed, but the capital city still remains safer than most Australian cities. The eventual development of PNG's economy may help to defuse this tension.

A more immediate problem is that of Bougainville, a mineral-rich (especially copper) group of islands, which provide PNG with about 55% of its export revenue (foreign journalists were not slow to point out that the Congo's breakaway province, Katanga, was also copper-rich). The PNG Government is caught between two pressures. On the one hand, some people on the main island of Bougainville itself have argued over the last few years for full independence of both Australia and PNG. The 90,000 native people regard themselves as ethnically separate from PNG and more akin to the geographically closer Solomon Islands. Long neglected by Australia, the main island of Bougainville was rediscovered by the British-owned firm Conzinc Riotinto Australia in the mid-1960s because of its immense mineral wealth. On September 1, 1975—15 days before PNG's independence—the islands declared their independence of everyone and renamed themselves the 'Republic of North Solomons' and demanded the repayment of A$2.7 million in royalties. No government recognised the 'Republic'—secession movements generally are rarely recognised because so many States have their own to worry about without dabbling in other States's affairs. It remains a PNG affair. PNG lacks the military force to invade the islands, but they could be surrounded to prevent the export of the minerals. There is a stalemate. There has not been any serious violence and both sides have been willing to negotiate a settlement based on greater autonomy within PNG. PNG is a victim of the colonial fetish for drawing lines on maps which look neat cartographically, but which have lumped together or divided peoples. The islands should perhaps have been included within the Solomon Islands. But they were not and PNG cannot now afford to lose the islands—it needs their revenue and it uses them as proof of its concern to keep the State together.

On the other hand, the PNG Government is under pressure from mainland political parties to acquire greater control over CRA's Bougainville Copper Limited, which has a high profit in good years. As part of the mineral boom of the 1960s, Australia entered into a number of agreements with companies which are now known to have reaped Australia less revenue than it could have got; this is a particularly bad example. The PNG Government has so far resisted pressure to nationalise BCL and has opted instead to negotiate a greater slice of the profits. Unlike multinational corporations in other countries (developing and developed), BCL has a fairly stable relationship with the PNG Government.

On March 2, 1973, the PNG Government announced proposals for future economic development; the eight basic aims of the Improvement Plan are: rapid increase of PNG control over the economy; more equal distribution of economic benefits among the people; decentralisation of economic activity and planning, especially to village level; emphasis on traditional PNG small-scale business activity; national economic self-reliance; less reliance on foreign aid; increased participation of women in the country's economic and social activity; governmental control over the economy where necessary. These (briefly outlined) aims are fine words but PNG has a long way to go to realise them.

About 30% of the total PNG revenue comes from Bougainville alone. The other main source of revenue is Australian aid; about half of Australia's total aid allocation goes to PNG, where it represents about half of the PNG revenue. The remaining approximately 20% comes from all the other PNG's economic activity combined. Financial planning is difficult because of the vagaries of the international prices of PNG's commodity exports, especially copper. Moreover, the 1970s, with the current international economic depression, are hardly a propitious time in which to launch a new State. However, PNG begins life with a higher per capita GNP than many other developing countries in Asia, such as India, Pakistan, Bangladesh and most parts of Indonesia. Indeed, in Port Moresby the average income is three times higher than that of Singapore.

The future promises to be a bright one economically. PNG, by starting out comparatively late, can learn from the mistakes of other developing countries. The gradual path towards independence (with even some people reluctant to have it at all) has meant that the coastal dwellers have a more realistic idea of what independence means; they do not expect miracles overnight simply because PNG is independent. The world is moving into an era of increasing shortages of raw materials and PNG is very rich in this regard. During 1976 a number of multinational corporations expressed interest in mining additional parts of PNG. Meanwhile, PNG could also develop a tourist industry (providing it can remove its 'cannibalism' image), particularly for Australians and New Zealanders. It could also exploit—if it really needed the money—Australia's fear of foreign influence in PNG by approaching other countries for financial aid. In September 1975, PNG signed a deal with China to supply it with about A$3 million worth of copper and cocoa. It could also approach the Soviet Union—which is

anxious to increase its influence in this region—to get money from it. Finally, there may well be oil and gas off its coast, especially its southern coast.

This coast is PNG's main immediate international problem, in that it is having to fix its border vis-à-vis Australia and in the process is dealing with Queensland, Australia's most racist, least co-operative state. The 100 miles wide Torres Strait between PNG and Queensland contains a series of small islands which, by a declaration of the Queensland colonial government in 1879, come within Australia's boundaries and apparently the approximately 10,000 black people wish to remain Australian citizens. Queensland's intention in claiming a border which went within yards of the Papua coast was defensive: an invading force could almost hop down the chain of islands to Queensland's deserted Cape York Peninsula. The present issue is economic: whoever controls the islands controls the riches of the seabed (worth up to A$800 million according to some estimates). Also, from PNG's point of view, it is an issue of nationalism since the border comes almost up to the coast so that fishermen set sail into Australian territory as soon as they put to sea. The Australian Government has been sympathetic to PNG. This is partly because of its general goodwill to PNG and also because international lawyers are advising it that PNG has a good case if ever the matter were referred to the International Court of Justice. If PNG could eventually exploit the seabed, this would be a major source of revenue and so would ease Australia's aid burden. The question looks like being settled amicably in PNG's favour, even though Queensland will be annoyed with the result.

Looking towards the wider aspects of PNG's foreign policy, it seems that PNG will follow a fairly independent line in international relations. It is fortunate in being launched at a time when it has few immediate foreign policy problems and so it has the opportunity to become used to its international responsibilities and the techniques of international diplomacy. Its main focus for diplomacy, other than the UN and Commonwealth, will be within the South Pacific and there is no dispute there on which it has to take a stand.

PNG's most immediate source of problems is Indonesia, in particular, West Guinea (or Irian Jaya). Indonesia has cut this province off from the outside world because it is apparently having difficulty in subduing the long-running rebellion and so, apart from refugees (who usually flee into PNG over the mountains) it is impossible to ascertain the strength of the rebellion. Indonesia, with a population of over 130 million, is a turbulent giant that PNG has to be wary of, not only because of the threat of 'hot pursuit' raids by Indonesian forces chasing West Guinea rebels into PNG, but also because a full scale rebellion could deter multinational corporations from investing in PNG. The Australian Government also prefers to avoid antagonising Indonesia and so encourages the PNG Government to remain quiet about the trickle of refugees and their tales of horror. In particular, neither Government wants PNG to become a haven for guerrillas to embark upon raids into Indonesia.

PNG, like so many other developing countries, is presented with a military dilemma. On the one hand, even though there is no immediate threat to it, conventional wisdom dictates that it should have an armed force. On the other hand, there is the risk that such a force could try to take over the country and is certainly a financial burden on it. PNG has 3,500 men under arms, with a defence budget of A$34 million, about a third of which is financed by Australia.

Does PNG need this force? Throughout this article it has been argued that although PNG faces many of the problems also being experienced by other developing countries, it has a number of variations on them and this is one such example. The only country likely to invade PNG is Indonesia. PNG is outnumbered by about 50 to one in terms of population and so would stand little chance of withstanding the Indonesians, who also have sophisticated military equipment. Given the increasing foreign (especially Australian) investment in PNG, it could rely on the governments concerned to intervene merely to protect their financial interests. Armies have often been involved in military aid to the civilian community, notably helping in natural disasters. For countries like Britain, which face a threat of invasion, these operations are an opportunity to use already existing facilities. However, PNG cannot afford to keep its force in being solely for this purpose; it should rely on organisations like the Red Cross.

Meanwhile, although there is the constant tribal and other unrest, the present force would not necessarily be the best to handle it. There is a need to rely on usual police methods; the military tend to be a bit too heavy-handed. Indeed, if the fighting were to increase, it would be a guerrilla conflict and Vietnam has shown how inadequate conventional troops are for that type of warfare. Experience in other developing countries has shown that the army, often the most unified and organised section of the community, has a tendency to overrate its skill in running the country—but only after there has been a military coup and disrupted the civilian political system. It would be better to remove that temptation entirely. Besides, to use the army for major disputes is to use a short-term method, which not only obscures the need to deal with the underlying causes of the unrest but can become the accepted way of handling such unrest, thereby postponing if not preventing the final settlement of this unrest. With about a third of the military expenditure coming from Australia, this undermines PNG's sense of independence and provides Australia with a powerful weapon for influencing the PNG Government. Finally, PNG has a tradition—thankfully preserved because the European civil servants could not reach all the tribes—of settling disputes by prolonged discussion. This would seem a better way of dealing with major unrest, rather than relying on the more violent and not necessarily any more successful European methods.

History hangs heavily over PNG. Not its own, but Africa's. Journalistic analogies flow off the typewriter: Congo, Nigeria/Biafra, Angola (and soon perhaps Rhodesia). But PNG has been groomed for independence. The Independence celebrations are over, now is the time for the real work by the PNG people themselves. Despite foreign reports, PNG may well turn out to be a success story of decolonisation.

THE SOWETO RIOTS AND THE CRISIS OF SURVIVAL

by Esther Roberts

'SOUTH Africa is involved in a race against time to avoid war from outside and revolution from within because of the Government's disastrous race policies', declared leading Opposition M.P. Japie Basson. At last prominent leaders are beginning to recognise the real cause of the riots which started on June 16th in Soweto and spread throughout the Transvaal and the Cape. The overall cause was the rejection of apartheid by most South African Blacks, Indians and Coloureds, including those who did not take part in the violence. Very little rioting took place in the Province of the Orange Free State; and in Natal there was hardly any, but that is not because the people there are happy and satisfied.

The policy of apartheid was doomed from its inception because it made no provision for the urban Blacks who include many of the best-educated and most intelligent. Apartheid has failed. Some of Mr. Vorster's most ardent supporters are now telling him so. Last week seven Stellenbosch University professors said, 'There must be a major rethink of the principles of the Government's race policies'. The Editor of *Die Burger*, the Cape's foremost Afrikaans newspaper, wrote, 'We must recognise the inherent right of Coloured people to full citizenship of South African soil', while the editors of the other leading Afrikaans newspapers are stressing the urgent need for change. Just how great is the change in South Africa was seen by the reaction to a letter of mine to the local newspaper in which I wrote that about 80% of the Whites in South Africa had some coloured blood. A few years ago I would not have dared to say this although, in my opinion, the fact that people who have a percentage of coloured blood should dare to discriminate against others on the grounds of colour is the most indefensible aspect of apartheid.

The only way that peaceful change can come about is if enough prominent Afrikaans Nationalists can force Mr. Vorster to listen to common-sense. The demand for change is widespread; we hear it from business and professional men and women, from Commerce and Industry, and even from such Afrikaans societies as the Broederbond which, more than anything else, helped the Nationalists to power and to establish their hold on the country. They now describe the situation as 'a Crisis of Survival.'

Dr. Jan Marais, the president of the South Africa Foundation and a leading Afrikaner banker, has just returned from a visit to Europe, the United States and the Far East and he stresses the very urgent need for change and 'a drastic, dramatic blueprint of destiny to save South Africa from chaos.'

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper magnate, said, after an interview with Mr. Vorster, that the bell is tolling for South Africa.

He was horrified to find the Prime Minister utterly unconcerned about the weight of world opinion. He said, 'Mr. Vorster is very intransigent. He made it quite clear that Blacks would never be given a vote outside their own homelands.'

So far no new leader has emerged and there is no clear plan. One man, one vote and Black majority rule would lead to chaos. The Government point out that this would mean a Parliament with one Indian, three Coloureds and four Whites. 'The rest will be Blacks but it won't be homogeneous and we will have to ask Chief Gatsha Buthelezi to accept a Cabinet post under Chief Matanzima. You'll have the White man in a minority position with the whole of the economy and the infrastructure in his hands and you will find sabotage on a scale that you have never seen.'

Within a few days a steering committee of an organised Opposition force, drawn from the Opposition Parties in the House of Assembly, and other prominent South Africans, will meet to plan actions to save South Africa. Mr. John Robinson, Chairman of *The Natal Mercury*, predicts that it will attract the active support of 'at least 20% of the country's Nationalist voters, as well as moderate Coloured, Indian and African opinion'. I am afraid Mr. Vorster will not budge an inch. It is a pity because we thought he would become a great leader but he cannot apply his policy of detente at home. The vast store of goodwill that still exists between Blacks and Whites must be mobilised before it is too late.

The threat of revolution from within is widely recognised but, what is even more dangerous, is the Communist plot to gain control of South Africa. If it succeeds it means the destruction of America and the West. South Africa has been Russia's main target in Africa and she has worked through the UN, the O.A.U. and various anti-South African movements, to gain her ends. SWAPO was formed in Cape Town in 1958 by four Communists and has remained a Marxist-backed society ever since; but it is regarded by the UN, including Britain and the United States, as the real government of South West Africa. Peaceful change through the Turnhalle Conference has no international support. It is hard to see how Rhodesia can fail to fall to the Communist bloc when three of the Front Line Presidents are Communists and the Patriotic Front of Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe rely on Communist support.

Since America and the West threw away the initiative in Angola and Cuba defied America, the whole position in Africa has changed and Russia has gone from strength to strength. We have never been told the whole truth about Angola because Mr. Vorster is afraid of embarrassing the United States, but it is generally believed here that Savimbi came to Pretoria to beg for aid and was refused. But South Africa was finally induced to help at the request of the Presidents of Zambia, Zaire and the Ivory Coast and, possibly, three other Presidents whose names have not been divulged. The whole move had the very strong backing of the United States. Savimbi, with the help of South African troops, was on the point of capturing Luanda and thus winning the war, when the United States made a volte face and

withdrew her support. American prestige was irreparably damaged and the top Russian expert on Africa was sent as Ambassador to Lusaka where he was warmly welcomed by President Kaunda.

I think it is merely a matter of time before Russia gains control of all Southern Africa. President Jimmy Carter calls for Black Majority rule in South Africa and this would mean the Communist ANC/PAC would come to power with 'hard-core Communist Nelson Mandela as President' and the liquidation of the Whites, as the O.A.U. and UN desire. Here is an extract from an O.A.U. Plan of Action: 'We cannot compromise with any White government, extreme or liberal, or agree to multiracial nonsense. We are determined to destroy all vestiges of White civilisation. The rivers of the South are to turn red with the blood of the White tyrants and their children.'

Dr. Klaus von der Ropp, the West German authority on Africa, says that if South Africa got Black Majority rule, as is demanded by the O.A.U. and the UN, and the ANC/PAC took over, the three minorities, Indian, Coloured and White, would be thrown into the sea and share the fate of the Mozambiquan and Angolan refugees and nobody would raise a finger to save them.

Faced by a takeover by the ANC, there would be two courses open to South Africa. The Whites could fight to the death, in which case, as Allen Drury saw it, South Africa would destroy her Black Sister States. 'Because they should make no mistake about it, Pelindaba (the atomic research station) and an ever-growing military force do not exist for nothing. If they drive her from the world stage, she will take them with her.' Russia does not want South Africa to pursue a scorched earth policy and leave her strategic ports in ruins. She wants her raw materials and essential minerals, above all her uranium and her gold. Kruschev planned to destroy the United States with nuclear weapons but the Communist bloc had not enough uranium. South Africa could provide the quantity Russia needs. South Africa could probably strike a bargain with Russia because there are not enough trained Blacks to run a highly industrialised country like South Africa and she would need the White South Africans to carry on. Lenin said that the road to Paris lay through Africa.

Mr. Arnaud de Borchgrave wrote in *Newsweek* that a senior member of the Bureau of State Security had predicted that, eventually, South Africa would come to terms with Russia. South Africans hotly repudiated this but most of them do not know how strong Communism is here.

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the riots and unrest were planned and were part of the plot to take over South Africa by the banned ANC (not to be confused with the ANC in Rhodesia) and two new militant groups, the Azanian Liberation Army and the Black Destiny Force. Azania is the name terrorists give to South Africa. In a recent interview in the S.A. *Sunday Times*, the Minister of Police, Mr. Jimmy Kruger, said that both organisations were militant but the Azanian Liberation Army was responsible for the student riots. It was a Marxist group which had been organised by the ANC. Tsietsi Mashinini, self-styled leader of the students, fled to England,

where he was welcomed with open arms. This Enid Blyton fan, who hopes to study Marxism if he passes his matric, has been called 'the young Mandela' and is to be groomed to become a future ruler of South Africa. The ANC was banned in 1960 and went underground. After the Rivonia Treason Trial of 1963, it became very quiet. According to a witness in the Terrorism Trial, which is still in progress, the ANC was revived after the 'Liberation of Mozambique', and another witness, who had been recruited for terrorist training, said he had been told six months ago that there would be trouble in June. The British Communists David and Susan Rabkin, whose arrest produced near hysteria in Britain, were supporters of the ANC; no doubt, if they had been free they would have participated in the unrest. Mr. Kruger said that the ANC did not cause the riots but was responsible for the form of organisation during the unrest and had prepared the more sophisticated incendiaries, such as petrol bombs. Mr. Kruger said, 'Not all Black Power is Marxist-based but when it comes to action, the Marxist tells you how to act while Black Consciousness gives you the spiritual incentive.' He had been expecting the unrest to break out for some time. He was sure that the psychological arsenal that was being built up with Black Consciousness would eventually lead to Black Power.

Mr. Kruger said that many of the Black parents had very little control over their children who often despised them. 'The very violence of the philosophy of these kids has intimidated them. However, they did not obey the stay at home calls because they were not prepared to have a smaller purse. And this was the failure of the whole thing, because the intention was to get a strike and urban arson and urban terrorism going. That failed totally and they were left with staying away from school. It did not work up to the revolution that the Wits students talked about; it never got off the ground.'

It is interesting to compare what Mr. Kruger has to say now with the statement he made in Parliament just after the riots began. He asked why the students had begun to march with their fists in the air which is the sign of the Communists. 'I do not want to accuse them of being Communists but where does this walking with upraised fists come from? Why do they walk through the streets shouting the word "power"?' He asked how these students had learnt the skill of setting fire to tractors and buildings because these are difficult things to do. He went on to blame the University Christian Movement for the development of Black Power Consciousness and initiating a polarisation between Black and White. I have known several believers in Black Consciousness and I have always found them bitterly anti-Christian and with a special hatred of the missionaries and the role they played in Africa. But there is no doubt that certain priests did foment trouble and in one case the students burnt down their school just after they left. Mr. Kruger went on to ask questions to which many people would like to hear the answers. What did Dr. Beyers Naude, the Director of the Christian Institute, mean when he said to the students of the Witwatersrand before the demonstrations, 'More and more of these children are prepared to pay

the price and to make the sacrifice because they believe in the future of our country"? Mr. Kruger asked what was the sacrifice that Dr. Naude spoke about. 'What was Dr. Naude asking these young people? Is it fair to South Africa to ask questions of this kind?' He went on to attack the students of the Witwatersrand University. Many people remember when it had a flourishing Communist Society and that several of its graduates were accused at the Rivonia Treason Trial. The students had had their placards, bearing such slogans as 'Don't start the revolution without us' ready, and started to march to Soweto, as soon as the riots began in earnest. On that day Dr. Melville Edelstein was murdered; he was the much beloved Chief Welfare Officer of the West Rand Bantu Administration Board. A number of White social workers, newsmen and TV cameramen barely escaped with their lives. The 'children' were out to kill any White they met. Some people felt that the Wits students should have been allowed to go to Soweto, even if it had meant that they too would share in the 'sacrifice' referred to by Dr. Beyers Naude.

The supporters of revolution wanted blood. A member of the Security Police told me that the organisers of the Viva Frelimo Rally in Durban, after the fall of Mozambique, had tried their hardest to get the police to open fire and kill and wound the demonstrators so that they could cry 'another Sharpeville'. But, to their disappointment, the police controlled the demonstrators with dogs. I had contacted the Security Police last year when I received, not one, but three copies of the Vukani Manifesto inviting me to join the Suttner Conspiracy. I had no idea where they came from and the conspiracy was so ill-organised that I thought it was the work of irresponsible teenagers. Looking back, I can see that it was a preparation for the outbreaks this year. It exhorted every 'Democrat' to play his part and said that the Oppressor had forced the Blacks to resort to violence. It said that we must be ready 'to assist the cadres of Umkhonto we Sizwe (The Spear of the Nation) heroic armed militants of the ANC.' It claimed that Mandela was the peoples' leader who urged his followers to destroy the economic and political set-up of South Africa and proclaim a National Democratic Revolution. It contained a eulogy of Bram Fischer, a well-known Communist, and told the people to follow him and also to listen to Freedom Radio, the voice of the ANC in South Africa, which broadcast daily from Lusaka. It ended with the exhortation, 'Long live ANC and the United Liberation Front'.

In July the journal *Afrique-Asian* published in Paris, printed an interview with Oliver Tambo, the Secretary-General of the ANC in exile. Mr. Tambo said that nothing that happened in South Africa happened by chance, because it was their goal to achieve power. The ANC had not yet started armed action in South Africa but planned to do so in the near future. His statements confirmed that the ANC was busy with agitation and that it was Communist dominated. 'It was not only a matter of Black interests but also the interests of the Communist Party'. This was corroborated by references to the Communist Party in the Vukani Manifesto. Tambo admitted that the

Rivonia Treason Trial of 1963 had been a setback for the ANC which came soon after the ANC had gone Communist and had embarked on an armed struggle, with the approval of Chief Albert Luthuli, the Nobel Peace Prize Winner. According to Tambo, the main short term objective of the ANC was to prevent the granting of independence to Transkei and renewed violence broke out to coincide with the Independence celebrations. But the ANC and the Communists achieved their object with the backing of the West. They refused to acknowledge Transkei, although they had welcomed the minority Marxist government of Agostino Neto. I am delighted that poverty-stricken Lesotho will get aid from the EEC; it will make up for the shabby treatment she received from Britain who cast her adrift when her economy was completely unviable. However, the EEC has been conned because the main outlet for Lesotho is through South Africa and not through Transkei.

When the riots broke out, I think nobody recognised them as an attack on apartheid in all its aspects. Even a research institution like the S.A. Institute of Race Relations thought they were 'due largely to inept handling of the language medium issue in one limited Soweto area'. When a judicial commission of inquiry was set up in June, under Judge Cillie, it seemed that the situation was under control and the Commission would issue its report in a few weeks. But the unrest in the Transvaal coincided with the complete disillusionment of the Coloured people in the Cape. They had once had the vote and had been disfranchised by the Nationalist Government. They believed that after the publication of the Theron Commission they would be integrated with the White community, which many people, including Nationalists, hoped would happen. Unlike the Indians and the Africans, they had no separate culture of their own but share White Western civilisation. The refusal of the Government to implement the recommendations of the Theron Commission caused them to despair and to join the Blacks in their violence and revolt.

Chief Mangope of Bophuthatswana says that he sees the struggle as one between two groups; each group is supported by both Whites and Blacks. The one stands for evolutionary change, co-operation and harmony and the other for war and revolution.

[Esther Roberts was born in Durban of Scottish-Irish parentage and has been connected with race relations for nearly 50 years. She was the first student to gain the degree of M.A. African Studies of the University of South Africa. She is a foundation member of the S.A. Institute of Race Relations and of the Progressive-Reform Party and a member of the South Africa Foundation. In 1944 she wrote an article, *A Crisis in South Africa* which Edward Hulton featured in the *World Review*, one of the first articles to predict a confrontation between the races in South Africa.]

WHEN IS A BRIBE NOT A BRIBE? ANSWER: WHEN IT IS PAID TO AN M.P.

by Graham Zellick

BECAUSE of Mr. Callaghan's overnight change of mind to set up, not a select committee to inquire generally into the legal position of Members of Parliament with regard to the offences of bribery and corruption, but merely one to investigate specific allegations against particular members, the confusion which now exists on this subject seems unlikely to be dispelled.

It has been said repeatedly that MPs possess some kind of immunity or privilege because of the Bill of Rights of 1688, but the truth is that MPs cannot be prosecuted for accepting bribes quite simply because they commit no criminal offence by doing so. And the simple explanation for this is that Parliament never saw fit to include MPs in the legislation which creates the relevant offences, the Prevention of Corruption Act 1906 and the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act 1889. Had these Acts done so, MPs would have faced prosecution in the ordinary way, and the so-called immunity derived from the Bill of Rights would not have prevented it.

It is true that Article 9 of the Bill of Rights affords immunity to MPs for actions which otherwise would amount to a crime if they are regarded as a 'proceeding in Parliament', but there remains considerable doubt as to when MPs' conduct is withdrawn from the normal course of criminal justice on this account. That doubt would not, however, arise were the Corruption Acts expressly to include MPs in connection with their parliamentary activities, for then the explicit provisions of the statute would take priority over both the Bill of Rights and the ordinary law of parliamentary privilege.

So why has this never been done? It is clear that the policy expressed in Article 9 of the Bill of Rights, that Parliament alone should be the exclusive judge of these matters, has commended itself to successive generations of parliamentarians, anxious to preserve intact the Commons' jurisdiction to regulate its own affairs in all ways. The current demand that Parliament should submit to adjudication by the courts in such matters is consonant with the belief that MPs should not receive privileged treatment. It is also a recognition that Parliament's only real sanction against a miscreant member is expulsion, whereas the ordinary citizen convicted of bribery faces fine and imprisonment in addition to the loss of livelihood. A substantial revision of the law and procedure of parliamentary privilege would, however, be necessary if the Commons were now to exercise its unused power to imprison or reclaim its abandoned power to fine.

The distinguished constitutional scholar, Dr. Geoffrey Marshall, has recently argued not only that MPs are covered by the statute and common law on bribery (although untested in the English courts) but also that Article 9 of the Bill of Rights is no impediment to a prosecution, since

the taking of a bribe outside Parliament does not involve a proceeding in Parliament. Although this is debatable, Dr. Marshall is surely right to comment that it is 'bizarre . . . that the Bill of Rights, designed to secure MPs from improper outside pressures, should be used to confer immunity on outside interests seeking to make the Member a paid servant rather than an impartial representative'.

Parliament itself already does take cognizance of bribery and corruption involving its members; and those who have recently called for reform of the law enabling the Commons itself, rather than the courts, to determine these cases have overlooked the rules already in existence.

In 1677, Mr. Ashburnham was expelled for receiving £500 from French merchants for business performed in the Commons; and seventeen years later, Mr. Guy, Secretary to the Treasury, was imprisoned in the Tower for accepting a bribe of 200 guineas, Speaker Trevor was expelled, and declared guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour, for having accepted a gift of a thousand guineas from the City of London after passing the Orphans Bill, and Mr. Hungerford suffered a similar fate for accepting just twenty guineas in connection with the same measure. The ruling is a broad one. As Erskine May puts it:

> The acceptance by any Member of . . . a bribe to influence him in his conduct as such member or of any fee, compensation or reward in connection with the promotion of, or opposition to, any bill, resolution, matter or thing submitted or intended to be submitted to the House or any committee thereof is a breach of privilege.

It is likewise a breach of privilege to offer a member a bribe for such a purpose, the Commons having resolved in 1695 'That the offer of money, or other advantage, to any member of Parliament for the promoting of any matter whatsoever, depending or to be transacted in Parliament is a high crime and misdemeanour and tends to the subversion of the English constitution'.

Yet members continue to receive salaries or fees from bodies outside Parliament, which for the most part they would not otherwise be offered, without infringing these rules. This has come about because it has never been laid down that such income is always impermissible. The line between income which is acceptable and that which is not is difficult to draw. Trade union sponsorship is widespread; other members are so-called parliamentary consultants or advisers to professional bodies, pressure groups, trade and employers' associations and the like; while many are directors or employees of commercial concerns, and some are connected with public relations firms which have clients drawn from every source, including even foreign governments.

So which of these payments fall foul of parliamentary privilege? If the person or body making the payment attempts to interfere with the member's freedom of speech or action in Parliament, as by dictating a particular course of action or even threatening to cancel the arrangement on account, say, of the member's voting record, then that would amount to a breach of privilege. In the famous case of W. J. Brown in 1947, the Commons

resolved that it was inconsistent with the maintenance of the privilege of freedom of speech for a member to enter into a contractual agreement with an outside body fettering his freedom of action or stipulating that he was to act as that body's parliamentary representative. It is certainly a contempt if a member speaks on any topic in which he has a personal interest without disclosing that interest; and this provision is now fortified by the recently-introduced register of members' interests.

This distinction between the permissible and the impermissible was further articulated by the Select Committee on Members' Interests in 1969. Inducements held out to or accepted by members for the promotion of *specific* matters in Parliament were unacceptable, whereas *regular* financial assistance from outside organisations was proper.

It is here that the unique position of the MP becomes apparent. Where others who may be bribed, civil servants and officials of local authorities or public corporations, commit the offence whenever they accept any money in addition to their salaries for doing something in connection with their official duties, the MP may quite legitimately accept such payments, only some of which are regarded as improper.

When the Royal Commission on Standards of Conduct in Public Life earlier this year urged Parliament to 'consider bringing corruption, bribery and attempted bribery of a Member of Parliament acting in his Parliamentary capacity within the ambit of the criminal law', they omitted to give any attention to the intractable problem that what would plainly be a bribe for anyone else may not be so for an MP. The difficulty of framing the appropriate offence in legislation is obvious. As the Committee of Privileges observed in the *Brown* case:

> . . . the relationship between a Member and an outside body with which he is in contractual relationship and from which he receives financial payments is . . . one of great difficulty and delicacy, in which there must often be a danger that the rules of privilege may be infringed.

Is the distinction to be between regular and isolated payments? Or between advocating a particular course of action and general, continuing espousal of a subject? Or between commercial and non-commercial situations? Or is it to be based on the need merely to disclose all pecuniary interests? Or should payments by individuals as opposed to organisations be banned? Or is the test to be whether the member's freedom of action or speech was in fact impaired? Or whether he would not have acted or spoken as he did had it not been for the payment? Short of forbidding all outside earnings, which is of course done in the case of civil servants, these are the difficulties which must be faced and resolved if penal legislation is to be introduced. It is certainly not simply a question of removing some ancient privilege or immunity, thereby exposing members to the full rigour of the ordinary criminal law.

It may be more convenient to allow Parliament to continue its role in supervising the conduct of its members, but ensuring that its rules are vigorously enforced. Any attempt to invoke the criminal law would need to be preceded by a full and careful investigation of the problems involved,

since the criminal law should be clear and certain in its operation, One possible compromise between, on the one hand, complete surrender to the courts and, on the other, preservation of the exclusive jurisdiction of Parliament, is to allow Parliament to deal with the matter, but with the option to instruct the Attorney-General to prosecute if it saw fit. This is already the case whenever a breach of privilege also amounts to a criminal offence and the Commons feels, for example, that its penalties would be inadequate or prosecution is for some other reason desirable. But even this middle course would require fresh legislation fixing the circumstances when acceptance of money by a member became a bribe. So far, no one has essayed a workable answer, and demands for equal treatment with the ordinary citizen fail to recognise the peculiarity of the MP's position.

[Graham Zellick is Lecturer in Laws at Queen Mary College, University of London.]

The April issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *A New World Order* by André van Dam, *Mass Unemployment: The Ultra Left's Lost Opportunity* by A. D. Harvey, *The Swiss Way to Economic Stability* by Gene Gregory and *Sir James Fraser* (1854-1941) *and the Golden Bough* by M. Angus Butterworth.

POMPEY AND THE FATAL HOUR

by H. P. Collins

STRENGTH, dignity and the power of self-vindication even by suicide, were the qualities the ancient world admired. They are not our virtues. The Romans reinforced them by another: that of reliability. It was the weakening of this quality which marked the last century of the Republic: the noble Roman could no longer be depended on. It was part cause, part effect of the breakdown of the old ways.

The noble Roman is a remote figure to our age of the common man, like a Whig grandee of the 18th century, in whom Deism and rationalism had fostered a temper equally remote from Christian humility. Whig and noble Roman alike were superior beings in their own right: something today finds intolerable. The very idea that it is

> brave to be a King
> And ride in triumph through Persepolis

is suspect. We must be wary in estimating men of the first century BC in whom ancient Roman *gravitas* had weakened, yet who had no provision of Christian humility or spontaneity.

It is just over 2,000 years since Pompey the Great was murdered by Egyptians at Pelusium after his decisive defeat by Caesar at Pharsalus. As Pompey was the last very powerful champion of the doomed Republic—Cicero and Cato lacked his authority—it seems fitting to enquire if his qualities were such as to hasten or delay the end? Outclassed by Caesar, memorable in Shakespeare as a name only, he has roused less curiosity than other glamorous figures of that age. The decline of the Senate, and so of central authority, had left the making of history in the hands of the 'big shot'.

There is no good biography of Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus, Plutarch's being still the most attractive attempt. The Caesareans (notably Mommson) have be-devilled him and zealots of the Republic have gone to the other extreme. A very good soldier and a singularly inept politician who deteriorated—that is as far as agreement goes.

He rose to eminence as Sulla's man; and owed nothing to his father, Strabo, except the ill-gotten estates he inherited. Strabo, notorious for avarice and cruelty, was a Knight who became a general in the Social War and was—in all probability—murdered by his own men in 87 BC. The son's early manhood was spent in the tented field, though he had earlier sat at the feet of Poseidonius of Rhodes, and acquired a smattering of Stoic culture. A mild-mannered, good-looking, kindly stripling, he had a popular touch, could pay a compliment—or a debt—with a good grace. He had nothing in common with the democratic party of Marius, who made several attempts to prosecute him; and when Sulla landed in triumph from his eastern victories over Mithridates in 83 BC he found a useful supporter in the young landowner who recruited three legions and became *Imperator* at twenty-three.

Though loyal to the ancient forms of government, Pompey took little interest in politics and just supported Sulla. But the Hellenized sceptic was not really to his taste; and though he was persuaded into marrying Aemilia, the Dictator's step-daughter, he defiantly supported the democratic Lepidus for the consulship. Within two years he was repairing his lack of judgment by defeating the armies the same Lepidus raised against the Senate.

The great Sulla regarded his youngest general with cynical amusement. To his sophisticated mind Pompey was very naïve. A man who could make himself master of Rome, re-write the constitution and restore an oligarchy, and then put power aside and spend his last days in bored luxury, was the antithesis of simple Pompey.

To the son-in-law his *Manes* were to owe the most magnificent funeral in history—yet Pompey became the chief amender of the Sullan laws. Sulla's makeshift constitution, inflating the rather decadent Optimates, could not last, for a people will not long forgo the privileges it has won. But mere complaisance made Pompey the executioner. His craving for consequence would have brought him into politics even had the Roman system not bound up civil and military leadership in the same men. Pompey in fact outraged all precedent, though not actual law, in having command of great armies and fleets without having served as Questor or Praetor or even been in the Senate.

He was first greeted with the intoxicating title of Magnus in 81 BC when he had cleared the Democrats out of Sicily and Africa and restored Hiempsal to the throne of Numidia. Sulla rode out of the city to meet him and, dismounting, also greeted him as Magnus. Deaf to irony, Pompey demanded a Triumph, but was told an Ovation was all that could be given to one not a Magistrate. The Dictator cupped his ear and Pompey, always slow of utterance, had to repeat himself. 'Let him triumph', said Sulla with a shrug. Pompey, having brought a number of elephants in his train from Africa, would have them draw his car into the city, but the gates proved too small and he had to make do with horses.

Pompey's great organising skill, his good-fortune and spectacular successes in the field combined with his agreeable personal reputation to raise his prestigle to dizzy heights. He had the military virtues that made Romans great, and patience even if he lacked speed and dash.

He was conspicuously humane and quite free of the debauchery, corruption and cynicism of his chief rivals. But though he repudiated the new Hellenism and retained the old gravitas, his character betrayed subtle weaknesses. He was self-conscious and the greatness achieved—and thrust upon him—so early soon became a condition of his very being. Even in the home he loved he rarely forgot himself. There was place at that hour for a Cincinnatus, but Pompey's ambition grew by what it fed on, and he yearned for social triumphs. That lively man-about-town, Caelius, once remarked shrewdly 'Pompey often says one thing and thinks another and is not clever enough to hide it'.

His guerilla campaign in Spain against the ex-Praetor Sertorius occupied

nearly four of his best years. In mountain warfare he met more than his match in the renegade Marian general.

It was not till Sertorius was murdered that the rebellious province was finally crushed. Many crypto-Democrats at home must have sighed with relief at hearing that Pompey had destroyed Sertorius' correspondence unread—a weapon a smaller man would have exploited. Marching back to Rome in 72 BC, just as Crassus had defeated Spartacus and his gladiators, Pompey fell in with the remnants of the slave-force and scattered them finally. He declared that Crassus had won a battle but Pompey had torn-up rebellion by the roots!

The patrician Optimates regarded Pompey rather coldly. He had little tact to propitiate either the few or the many. But in the corrupt and disordered state of the capital real authority was urgently needed and Pompey with his fame and reputed detachment was inevitably called on. In uneasy association with Crassus, the glib money-spinner, he was elected Consul for 70 BC. Pompey, if intellectually a mediocrity, was already a legend.

The ill-yoked pair bore with each other only out of self-interest and the need to reform the Sullan constitution to avert revolution. In 75 BC the reforming patrician Cotta had carried the *Lex Cornelia* to restore some of the privileges of the Tribunes of the Plebs and remove their automatic disqualification for further office. *Lex Aurelia* took the law courts out of absolute control of the Optimates, empanelling juries of whom one third were Optimates, one third Knights, and the rest *Tribuni Aerarii*, a new class of smaller capitalists. This was the last constitutional move associated with Pompey.

Historians take a dubious view of Pompey's reforms. Sulla had really doomed the Republic when he failed to give it new life by genuinely incorporating the provinces in the constitution and left the provincials with only an unreal voice in State affairs. Pompey lacked the wit and will to become an effective civil agent of the patricians, and neither he nor they saw that some day they would need him to lead their armies. Nor did Pompey at Rome capture the popular imagination. Plutarch says he thought 'true dignity was degraded by the touch of the vulgar'; and he preferred his quiet villa.

Tireless Mithridates was a constant menace to Rome, and by 67 BC Lucullus was plainly failing to subdue him. Among those who profited by this strain on Rome were the Mediterranean pirates. They infested the whole inland sea and there was even some fear of famine. The worried Senate decreed by the *Lex Gabinici* that Pompey should be given absolute command of all regions within 50 miles of the coast. Most of the trade of the colonies was within these littoral stretches.

Liberally equipped by the anxious Senate, Pompey swept the marauders from the Mediterranean in 40 days; and in another 49 he had reduced all their strongholds in the East. It was his one unequivocal success; and it ranks as a classic in the history of War. What astonished his contemporaries as much as his whirlwind achievement was his clemency—especially to non-Romans. Pirates were usually crucified, but Pompey formed them

into colonies and they surprisingly justified him by turning into more or less respectable members of society.

Pompey proceeded to Athens, where he was arrested by the inscription 'As thou ownest thyself a mortal thou art truly a god'. He made rather a parade of helping to restore the violet-crowned city, ravaged by Sulla's legionaries. Going on to Cilicia, he there heard that by *Lex Manilia* he had been appointed to take over command against Mithridates. Neither the unctuous language in which he disclaimed any ambition for this honour nor his jealous behaviour towards Mithridates is to his credit.

The long and wide-flung Asiatic campaign enabled Pompey to boast that he had subdued three continents, and in merely geographical terms he was henceforth to be ranked among the world's conquerors. His victories owed more to organisation than to speed or diplomacy, and he re-organised peace with equal ability. He had left Rome rent in factions behind him, and Cicero's Harmony of the Orders had proved a dream. The *Lex Manilia* was re-presented by the Democrats and opposed, despite Cicero, by the more precise of the patricians. Pompey was courted on his return by the shrewder men of all parties. But he had the weakness of the self-conscious in becoming demoralised directly he fancied his own importance threatened.

His speech to the Senate after his third Triumph (61 BC) caused universal dissatisfaction. He divorced Mucia, the mother of his sons, asserting infidelity with Caesar; and married Caesar's daughter Julia. Pompey showed his diplomatic ineptitude strongly in his relations with the urbane Caesar, whom he encouraged and then antagonised. The Rabbis liked to trace his ill fortunes to his violation of the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem in 64 BC but really his deterioration had begun to tell. He was apparently blind both to the moribund state of the Republic and to Caesar's rapidly maturing determination to become the alternative government. While Cato was living in the past and Caesar in the future, Pompey, honest opportunist, was bounded by the present. Obsessed by the desire to be first citizen, he was as scrupulous not to misuse his troops as he was unscrupulous about using his associates. Unfortunately he could not read character or intentions. Asked what he should do if Caesar appeared at the head of his legions seeking the consulship, he exclaimed 'What if my own son should lay his stick across my back'.

What he really aspired to was a unique imperium within the republican system. His alliance with Crassus and Caesar was inspired partly by the condition of Rome, where the aristocratic demagogue Clodius was flourishing as a gangster, and partly by his desire for the support of all the important factions.

The coalition was powerful but unpopular. Caesar was intent on the consulship, which he obtained for 59 BC with the subsequent command in Gaul. Crassus was enabled to further his tortuous financial aims, and Pompey, having achieved an agrarian law to help his veterans to retire to small holdings, could withdraw to his villa and his young wife. He had virtually broken with the aristocrats, and the Senate had lost all real power. There was peace abroad except where Caesar was subduing Gaul, but gangs

infested the streets of Rome. Pompey's military inaction was bad for him. His vast fame hung uneasily about him, and he grew less and less fit to support it. His taste for organising found an outlet when he was made corn controller. He gave Rome her first solidly-built theatre, but provoked riots by staging fights between gladiators and elephants.

The conference at Lucca, in northern Etruria, in 56 BC proved that Caesar was now the commanding character in the state. Pompey and Crassus could not collaborate. Cicero and Cato were invoking the spirit of republicanism against the 'Triumvirs'. The Lucca meeting aroused extraordinary interest: about 200 senators made their way to the little town.

Caesar's first object was to secure an extension of his proconsulship in Gaul and he quickly perceived that Crassus and Pompey both desired important and prolonged commands overseas, so he offered to both his full support if they should stand for the consular office for the year 55 BC. Thus he could unite them, exclude the patricians from the chief office, and look to the day when they would both be far from Rome and he could return at the head of any army of veterans long devoted to him, and with his reputation increased by his feats in Gaul. His calculations were extremely shrewd.

After much violence and intrigue, Crassus and Pompey became consuls. By *Lex Trebonia* (strongly opposed by Cato) Pompey was allotted the command in both Spains for five years—which he simply deputed. Caesar's period in Gaul was prolonged by five years, Pompey turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of Cicero and Cato to the effect that he was raising Caesar to a level from which he would never climb down. The consuls promoted little other real legislation; though the pecuniary qualification of jurors was raised and *Lex Licinia de sodaliciis* was passed, to curb the political clubs. The next year Julia died in childbirth, severing a vital link, and Crassus set out a self-directed campaign against the Parthians, meeting a sordid death in 53 BC while his army was routed by the Asiatic cavalry at Carrhae. Clodius was murdered and the upheaval at Rome was so violent that it was impossible to hold elections. Caesar, immersed in a desperate campaign in Gaul, was off the map, so Pompey was made sole consul to restore order.

The Pompeian laws of 52 BC were overdue and did little to strengthen government or provide a counterpoise to Caesar. Heavy punishments for corrupt practices were imposed and it was sought to limit political interference at trials by tightening-up the procedure. To prevent exploitation of the provinces, it was made compulsory for candidates for office to appear in Rome, which they could not do while in command of troops; and an interval of five years was imposed between a consul's or praetor's leaving office and his assuming his provincial command. Pompey was not strong enough to oppose Caesar in these crippling conditions, and passed a special decree to exempt him. As at the same time he had his own spectral command in the Spains extended for five years, and had appeared in the courts to plead for Milo, he perhaps provoked Tacitus' famous comment that he was *suarum legum auctor idem ac subversor.*

It was soon clear to alert minds at Rome that Caesar, whose avowed ambition was to be consul for 48 BC, would not scruple to use his legions to gain his end. The unhappy patricians had no alternative to putting the general they disliked in command of the army at home. His was the only military reputation comparable with Caesar's, and in many parts of Asia and Africa he was still the one Roman whose clemency and magnanimity had gained friends. Caesar observed that he had been fighting armies without a general and was now fighting a general without an army.

Caesar was extremely popular, and he had created an enormous impression by surrendering one of his legions for service against the Parthians. His position, before and after crossing the Rubicon, was that Pompey was quite as unconstitutional as himself, and that if his rival would give up his armies, he would do the same. This plausible offer was far too dangerous a one for the anxious Senate to consider seriously; for all Italy south of the Po appeared to be loyal.

The sands of the Republic were now running out. Perhaps, if wiser resistance had induced Caesar to accept constitutional methods, much bloodshed might have been avoided, and an earlier and greater Augustus have founded a constitutional dynasty which would have escaped the absolute corruption of absolute power. That consummate master of statecraft might have out-Sulla'd Sulla and brought in the provincials. This great-nephew came too late, and was probably too limited, for such an achievement. In the hands of Pompey and the Romans who shared his traditionally urban outlook, Rome was not fit to preside over a rapidly developing world —the defeat of Caesar in the field could only have meant another crisis without another Caesar, soon. The Roman ethos was so corrupt that Caesar himself could not escape the contagion and became corrupted, to his own downfall. As Rome was not in our sense a democracy, it is irrelevant that the corruption started at the top and that virtue and even religion of a rather uninspired order still flourished among the lower-middle classes.

Though Pompey could not be a saviour of the Republic, it does not follow that he was ignominiously blameworthy for the disaster of Pharsalus. The best troops in the world were ranged against him. Even allowing for Plutarch's excessive goodwill, it seems true that Pompey made strenuous and successful attempts to recover his own fighting fitness and hearten his motley forces. When things began to go against him in Italy he withdrew from Brundisium to Epirus, taking the long view, and mobilised his Asiatic allies and his dominating naval resources. He struck one fairly sharp blow at Caesar when the triumphant adventurer tried to block him at Dyrrachium, but his camp was filled with chattering impatient Romans and carousing Orientals. When Caesar marched off towards Thessalonica, Pompey might well have re-occupied Italy, but he yielded to the noisy demands of his officers and followed his enemy to the plains of Pharsalus.

Details of the flight are unreliable, but it was the cavalry which broke before Caesar's professionals. When Pompey was really faced with defeat, and the ascendancy so long second nature to him was rudely overthrown, his great courage snapped. The lurking moral weakness, self-esteem, took

control. He galloped away, almost unattended, and made his way through the Vale of Tempe to the sea, where he shipped to Mitylene, apparently with some disordered thoughts of seeking refuge in Parthia. At Mitylene he rejoined the grief-stricken Cornelia, and seems to have recovered something of his old nerve, for he began to work out how he could marshal his remaining resources.

Unhappily he recalled that his power had placed Ptolemy Auletes on the throne of Egypt, and he decided to make his headquarters at the court of Alexandria, where his late protegé's boy-son was nominally ruling the uneasy kingdom, surrounded by degenerate eunuchs, renegade Romans and unscrupulous mercenaries. The most powerful and sinister of the last, Achillas, decided that it would possibly be dangerous to reject Pompey, but certainly more dangerous to affront the victorious Caesar by receiving him. Yet, his logic ran, a dead man is harmless. A boat, carrying Achillas and partly staffed by Romans, put out to bring Pompey ashore, and as he was about to land he was stabbed to death, still in view of his wife and friends. His head was hacked off and his body thrown into the sea, and it was only by the brave persistence of two humble Romans that the trunk was recovered and cremated.

Creasy was right in ranking Pharsalus as one of the world's decisive battles; and we are surely right, too, in feeling a pang of regret for the defeat of republican Rome and Great Pompey's miserable end. But the world would hardly have gained had the victory gone the other way. If Caesar had not deteriorated and had escaped the Ides of March, history would probably have taken a happier course than could have resulted from the prolongation of the *ancien régime* at Rome. Pompey in any case was hardly the man for the hour. But, if we weigh him by the scale of his own remote age and not of ours, we shall not withhold our tribute. Self-esteem, arrogance, the love of pomp, 'superiority' were almost admired virtues. Compared with Sulla, Cinna, Caesar, Mark Antony, he seems curiously humane. Somehow the bleak primitive Pagan hardness had died out in him.

TARNISHING THE U.N.'s IMAGE

by James Avery Joyce

THE United Nations is suffering attack primarily because 'We, the Peoples' (put first in its Charter) do not have adequate or sustained information about what it is doing. An article entitled *An Alternative United Nations Information Model*, published by the Dag Hammarskjold Foundation in Uppsala, where Hammarskjold is buried, points out that for thirty years the United Nations has endeavoured to provide the general public with an understanding of the work and purposes of the Organisation through its limited information activities. These efforts have not, however, destroyed the common impression of the U.N., which is one of inefficiency and poor achievement.

The public information policy laid down by the General Assembly in 1946 stated that: 'The United Nations cannot achieve the purpose for which it has been created, unless the peoples of the world are fully informed of its aims and activities'. And the General Assembly's mandate continued:

> To this end the Department of Public Information should primarily assist and rely upon the co-operation of the established governmental and non-governmental agencies of information to provide the public with information on the United Nations. . . . It should on its own engage in positive informational activities that will *supplement* the services of the existing agencies of information to the extent that these are insufficient to realize the purpose set forth above.

There are five major agencies on which the U.N. system must rely for putting what is really happening within its many programmes to the world public. They are UPI, AP, Reuters, AFP and Tass. But it was soon clear that national news agencies, particularly those of the economically poor countries, could ill afford to maintain correspondents at New York headquarters. Hence the establishment in fifty-six countries of the U.N. Information Centres (UNICs), whose task is to feed the local media with news about the Organization.

But reliance on the big news agencies has not led to the creation of a positive image of the U.N. transmitted through the editorial and national media. A report made by the Secretariat to the last (thirtieth) session of the General Assembly, stated as follows:

> There is inadequate coverage of United Nations activities in the world's mass media. There is a need to make greater use of modern techniques of mass information to secure greater exposure for the United Nations in the media. The promotion of broad and complex themes, such as the International Development Strategy for the Second United Nations Development Decade, poses special problems. There is a need to counter biased reporting in some areas.

A paradox is underlined by the aforementioned writer in the same Hammarskjold journal, when he examines the staff and budgetary resources behind the U.N.'s own information services:

> The biggest contributor being the USA (in spite of its decision to reduce its contribution from 33 to 25 per cent, the USA remains the biggest contributor in absolute terms), the greatest efforts have to be concentrated in that country. . . . The information staff of the system's organizations are essentially English-

> speaking and thinking. . . . But in spite of this special concentration of information activity, the biggest disillusionment about the U.N. is to be found in U.S. public opinion, which has gladly accepted its government's cut in contributions to the system. In other words, the maximum failure of the information has occurred precisely where the biggest effort has been made.

The limited financial means that the system has to make known its daily actions in a thousand fields of human interest and purpose to some 4,000 million people on this globe, can therefore be summarized under these few heads: (a) Information Centres spread over 150 countries, for reaching the public through the normal national media and other means of communication; (b) U.N. information organs, e.g. magazines, booklets, book series, films, broadcasting series, and press releases, thus ensuring by this direct approach that the message would not be distorted by the professional media; (c) A wide range of seminars, round-table discussions and public meetings, promoted by non-governmental organisations in consultative status with ECOSOC and by voluntary national U.N. Associations, especially among student, religious and cultural bodies. But the official links between the O.P.I. (Office of Public Information) and the national mass media are too grossly inadequate to create a positive image in world opinion.

The situation is made infinitely worse by the selective and lop-sided view of U.N. activities that reaches the general public through the national press. Take just two items that illustrated this chronic bias during the course of the UNESCO annual meetings in Nairobi in November, 1976.

The first was a proposal to curtail traditional Western dominance of international news flow and create a new *global* information order, on proposals introduced by Tunisia to encourage a more 'balanced flow of information between developed and developing countries.' The proposals were endorsed by a wide range of countries *in principle*, including the United States. They seek to strengthen news agencies and journalists' groups in Third World countries and end discrepancies in tariffs for transmitting news. They also listed dangers to poor countries resulting from dependence on 'transnational corporations, including Western news agencies, for information'.

So far, so good. But among the many representatives of the 'poor' countries, Professor Nurul Hasan, the Indian Minister of Education, told the Conference that the mass media had given a distorted picture of the achievements of the developing countries. The imbalance in matters of communications must be rectified. 'There is now', Professor Hasan said, 'an increasing recognition of the need for collaboration and cooperation among the developing countries in the field of mass media.' The idea of a press agencies pool of non-aligned nations, adopted at the Colombo conference of non-aligned countries in July last year, was a concrete step towards self-sufficiency in news dissemination. But UNESCO should provide technical and financial assistance to reinforce these efforts.

It will not go unnoticed that UNESCO has been subjected to a vigorous outflanking attack this last year for sponsoring, both at Colombo and in the Caribbean, the 'pooling' of press agency facilities. The Western press has concentrated its main onslaught, not on the *needs* of the developing world, but on what has been described as a 'Soviet bloc' threat to 'press freedom',

because one article of the UNESCO resolution (Article 10) urges states to be given the right to 'correct' news deemed to be 'erroneous', and article 12 calls for each state to be made *responsible* for the international activities of its own news media. It does *not* call for government control.

It is interesting, therefore, to hear at least one lone Western voice in Stephen R. Rosenfeld's recent article 'Behind the UNESCO Press Flap' (*Washington Post*, 12 November) pointing out that the behind-the-scenes struggle at UNESCO over news 'goes deeper than most of us have realized'. It represents a gathering revolt against not only the principles, but the operations of Western media. 'It is not simply' Mr. Rosenfeld says, 'that Third World states wish international sanction to impose Communist-type political controls over information and culture, though some states no doubt want just that. . . . The deeper problem lies here: Third World intellectuals are promoting a viewpoint that identifies Western principles of press freedom, and Western distribution of news, as elements of Third World weakness and backwardness. To them, this is a pervasive reality. It follows that the theory and practice of Western news production and distribution must be rejected in the name of development'.

Similarly, Juan Somavia, a Chilean intellectual, writing in the Hammarskjold Foundation journal, identifies a 'transnational communications system' ranging from the big four news agencies (UPI, AP, Reuter, AFP) to comic books, whose mission is to transmit to the Third World 'the values and life styles which stimulate the type of consumption and the type of society necessary to the transnational system as a whole'. He believes that the patterns thus stimulated promote social inequality and stifle Third World development. The American-led 'system' that gained international sanction in the 1940s for its own version of the 'free flow' of information, has exploited this principle to avoid 'international social accountability of any kind'. Like UNESCO, he does not want to eliminate 'free flow', but to establish some sort of 'framework of legal and social accountability' for the big news agencies.

How do they respond to UNESCO's widely supported appeal? Olof Wahlgren, of Sweden, the president of the International Press Institute, has said that, while the Institute is not opposed to the idea of the Third World establishing its own news agencies, 'they should not be state-controlled and should be a *complement to existing agencies* to increase the flow of information from the developing countries'. (*Times*, 14.12.76). His own definition of 'press freedom' was that 'the editor's or publisher's right to determine the political profile of a newspaper must in no circumstances be placed in doubt'. The Institute, with a membership of 2,000 Western newspapers and news media chief editors and publishers, 'firmly believed that the newspaper management must set its own political profile or policy'.

In other words, the control of press-media on a world-wide level should continue to remain subordinate to, as a sort of spin-off of, the Western world's commercial enterprises of the Nineteenth Century model—an entirely different concept of 'press freedom' than that which UNESCO has laboured to advance for three decades!

The other chronic bias in the day-to-day reporting of the Nairobi proceedings has long since become so sick an obsession that few people have been able to measure the frictions and dangers that it has brought into international life. For twenty years it has run like a cancer through the whole U.N. system; editors, journalists, politicians and publicists have been swept along helplessly under its impact. No-one, reading the main headlines or editorials of UNESCO's thirtieth anniversary conference in Nairobi —attended by 3,000 distinguished delegates, observers, and officials of the world's leading educational, scientific and cultural institutions—would have imagined that 77 concrete items crowded its agenda and covered the most vital elements in the world's life today, touching on human interests and achievements in every major field of activity. The average reader or viewer must have assumed that, apart from the unholy alliance of the Soviet bloc and the Third World seeking to stop the 'free flow of news', the only thing that *really* mattered at Nairobi was Israel and its manoeuvres to join the European group. (Which it did.)

How appropriate then was the carefully-phrased appeal of UNESCO's Director-General, whose tact and skill and moderation had secured Israel's eventual inclusion in one of the voting groups as a European nation (which, of course, it is not)? Amadou Mahkir M'Bow addressed a hundred of the world's journalists at the Press Club of Kenya on 16 November in the following terms:

> The anarchical development of the mass media undermined the aspiration of many countries for their own cultural identity. The industrialized countries, with their massive technological and financial resources, have achieved a quasi monopoly in international communication. Many are those who feel that such a situation cannot continue much longer without seriously endangering international understanding and consequently the maintenance of peace and harmony among nations.

Turning to UNESCO's search for a new international order, Mr. Amadou Mahkir M'Bow declared: 'Only a multiplicity and variety of sources can guarantee communication based on the democratic principle of the equality and dignity of all peoples and all nations . . . but, because of their lack of independence in the field of communication, Third World countries are often the victims of a distortion of their image as it is presented by certain media of the developed countries'.

With the same adroitness he turned to the festering problem posed by the continuing archaeological excavations in Jerusalem. 'It has been asked', he said 'whether UNESCO was within its rights in adopting any resolution whatsoever regarding Jerusalem. I have always replied that it is not for the Director-General to judge the right or wrong of a sovereign decision of the Member States. If Jerusalem is Israeli territory and recognised as such, it seems to me that UNESCO cannot intervene in the problem of excavations carried out there. But if, on the other hand, the status of Jerusalem has not changed with the Israeli occupation of 1967, as both the United Nations General Assembly and the Security Council have decided, then it seems to me that no one can challenge the possibility of a UNESCO intervention to protect cultural property'. Mr. M'Bow also

recalled the recommendation adopted by UNESCO in 1956 which specified that 'in case of armed conflict, any Member State which occupies the territory of another State should refrain from undertaking archaeological excavations in the occupied territory'. (In 1956, no-one had thought of 'politization'!).

Fortunately this continued defiance of the basic responsibilities of UNESCO is nowadays nearing the only political solution that matters, namely a revived Geneva Conference to assist Israel to get back behind its 1967 borders, with prospects at last of an agreed *legal* peace and an internationally guaranteed security which will *never* be attained by military measures or cold-war strategy. UNESCO and the other functional branches of the U.N. system can then get on with their own non-politized programmes.

[Dr. Joyce was a special correspondent of the *Times Educational Supplement* in Geneva before the War. Over some thirty years since then he has been an accredited correspondent in Geneva and New York, in between official United Nations assignments, and a member of the respective U.N. Correspondents' Associations.]

THE FALL OF ASQUITH: A MATTER OF OPINION

by Denis Price

H. H. ASQUITH'S strange and witty second wife, Margot, once described her husband as 'modest to the point of deformity'. Certainly it is a rare thing to find a Prime Minister who spent so little time publicising his own achievements and his own personality. Even after more than half a century has elapsed, Asquith's view of the circumstances of his fall from power in 1916 gets little notice, whereas the version of his great rival, David Lloyd George, is accepted as substantially true.

There could scarcely have been a greater contrast between the two men. Margot Asquith called Lloyd George 'the Gnat', a soubriquet which aptly described the unpredictable and vexing alterations of course adopted by that statesman. Lloyd George's Welsh temperament and hasty ill-considered judgements made him many enemies; his warm-heartedness and great personal charm won him as many friends. Lloyd George—he hated for people to call him simply by his surname, as the Asquith family made a point of doing—was a politician of impulse, of imagination and of quick decision. Even in his own day he was notorious for his carelessness about the truth, and he fell from power when he did because of his complete lack of credibility. Nevertheless the existence of these fatal traits in his make-up is quite overlooked when the events of December 1916 are considered; all that is remembered is the immense following he won in the war because of his single-minded devotion to the cause of victory over Germany. Like Palmerston, George was detested by the ruling classes, distrusted by Parliament, but adored by the public at large.

Asquith, on the other hand, was a politicians' politician. To him, loyalty was the supreme virtue. 'In public politics as in private life', he wrote, 'character is better than brains, and loyalty more valuable than either'. He also remarked that in the cabinet 'Dictatorships generally end in disaster'. His method was to trust his colleagues absolutely, to support them in public without question and to defer to their advice in their specialist fields. In cabinet he refused, even under the stress of war, to assume the role of dictator. He would sit in silence and hear the points under dispute until, as he put it, 'a favourable curve developed' in the discussion. This he would seize on; his summary of the situation and his mastery of language in expressing it were such that he contrived to leave every minister with the impression that the obvious solution had been reached. Through every crisis, Asquith was outwardly as phlegmatic as Lloyd George was mercurial. He maintained an air of unruffled benignity and calm in the midst of the most appalling disasters, public and private. But this intellectual approach, and the cool deliberation of his thinking, were misrepresented again and again as indolence and indecisiveness.

His close friends advised Asquith to answer these misrepresentations. But there was behind his reticence something of arrogance. People could believe

what they chose; he had neither the time nor the inclination for the business of sweetening the Press (towards which he was invariably completely unhelpful) or for 'advertising his own activities'. But Bonar Law pointed out that 'In war it is necessary not only to be active but to seem active'. Lloyd George understood this well enough, and acted on it. From the moment that he became Minister of Munitions in June 1915, he gave maximum publicity to the efforts of his ministry to put right the 'shell scandal', the story that the War Office (under Kitchener) had incompetently sent insufficient shells and shells of the wrong kind to Sir John French and had thereby ruined the Commander-in-Chief's campaigns of 1915. Asquith typically made no attempt to defend himself from the implication of callous inactivity in this matter; he merely shielded both Kitchener and French from criticism. Not until 1919, and then in defence of Kitchener's memory, did Asquith produce the evidence of a letter from French himself, stating that supplies of shells were 'now quite sufficient' for the forthcoming campaign. No such reticence troubled Lloyd George. He saw it, rightly, as a matter of morale that a 'vigorous prosecution of the war' should be publicised as much as possible. And if in so publicising it, his own name should be linked with 'vigour' and 'decisiveness', then that was no more than just. . . .

Meanwhile, Asquith's name was linked with deliberation, inactivity, even sloth: his favourite maxim was held by the popular press to be 'Wait and see'. This was the phrase with which he had answered the anxious enquiries of the opposition during the constitutional crisis of 1910—a phrase which in its context is loaded with menace and ruthless decision, but in the context of 1915 and 1916 could be, and was, represented as the adage of a hesitant, indecisive, ageing man. Asquith almost encouraged these attacks by his loyal defence of his subordinates in the House of Commons, shielding ministers and generals alike from blame and, as his biographers wrote, 'accepting blame where no intelligent man could have held him blameworthy. It left him exposed without defence to concerted attacks which . . . undoubtedly weakened his position in the public eye'.

But to what extent was Lloyd George behind these concerted attacks? It seems that at the very least he was in collusion with them. There is ample evidence, not least from the memoirs of the press barons themselves, that George was in constant communication with the newspapers which attacked his Chief most vehemently. There is further evidence that George frequently and openly complained of the Prime Minister's inefficiency and delay, such reports appearing in many diaries of the period, including the recently-published diary of Lady Lloyd-George, who was then George's secretary. Such rumour and opinion cannot of course be held to be conclusive; yet the whole question turns on the power of rumour and opinion. It is at least significant that, as early as July 1915, Lady Cynthia Asquith records that 'according to rumour, he is trying to snatch at the premiership', and in another entry that 'George would feed Northcliffe cabinet information, telling him the next item of the government programme, so that he was able to start a press agitation, and thus gain the reputation of pushing the Gov-

ernment into their independently determined course of action'. Margot Asquith wrote in her diary on the day that George became War Minister: 'We are out, it is only a question of time when we shall have to leave Downing Street'. Another of Lady Cynthia's entries, for 15 November 1916, records that 'They (Lloyd George and Carson) have "got at" Bonar Law, and their boast is that they will be in office in a month'. The method and the timing were both accurately reported; they *had* 'got at' Law, and George was Prime Minister by December 7th.

The issue on which George made his challenge was the size and composition of the War Cabinet. Shortly after a cabinet discussion on the management of the war, George wrote to Asquith presenting his own plan—in essence to form a War Committee of three of which the Prime Minister was not to be one. Asquith replied at once saying that while 'he could not agree to being relegated to the position of . . . a referee to the Cabinet' he was in agreement that 'our methods of procedure call for reconsideration and revision'. The following day (December 2nd) Asquith went off to Kent for the weekend, leaving the discussion in mid-air.

He was recalled to No. 10 by his secretaries in the knowledge that a major political crisis was on his hands. If he did *not* know it, he could have read about it in *Reynold's News*, where an article appeared directly inspired by Lloyd George. It said that George was prepared to resign if his terms were not granted, and that he would appeal to the public against the government about the mismanagement of the war. The newspaper went on to emphasise George's close links with the leaders of the Unionists, Bonar Law and Edward Carson.

The Unionist members of the coalition government met at Law's house on the Sunday morning (December 3rd). They drew up a memorandum, the burden of which was that Asquith should tender the resignation of the government and that 'the publicity given to the intentions of Mr. Lloyd George make reconstruction from within no longer possible.' The memorandum urged Asquith, in effect, to call George's bluff, to force him, if he could, to form a ministry despite the hostility of the Unionists. But Bonar Law, who was charged with conveying the Unionist thoughts to Asquith, never actually showed the memorandum to him, and Asquith was left without the clear indication of Unionist backing that was intended.

Lloyd George met Asquith on the Sunday afternoon and they agreed on a new formula for the War Committee. Asquith was able to think again in terms of reconstruction rather than resignation. But at 7 o'clock that evening, Lord Northcliffe went to the War Office to see George. The following morning's *Times* related the details of the previous day's negotiations, even so far as to recount the details of the bargain sketched out by George and Asquith in the afternoon. The leading article was couched in disparaging language towards Asquith.

> Of this Council (i.e. George's proposed War Council) Mr. Asquith himself is not to be a member—the assumption being that the Prime Minister has sufficient

> cares of a more general character without devoting himself wholly to the daily task of organising victory.

It ended with another eulogy of Lloyd George:

> From the very beginning he has stood apart from the rest in his unmistakable enthusiasm for vigorous war. . . . It was only a question of time before he found it impossible to work with his old digressive colleagues under the old unwieldy system.

The implications were plain both to Asquith's Unionist colleagues and to the public at large: he had abjectly surrendered his authority to George in return for the retention of the nominal premiership. As George wrote in his memoirs: 'If Asquith would accept the titular role, well and good; if not, he must go.'

Asquith responded with rare anger.

> Unless the impression is at once corrected that I am being relegated to the position of an irresponsible spectator of the war, I cannot possibly go on.

George replied at once, agreeing with Asquith's summary of their agreement over the War Council, but adding disingenuously that he had not seen *The Times* article and that he was quite unable to 'restrain Northcliffe'. At this, Asquith tendered the resignation of all his government, and was charged by the King with forming a new one. Asquith consulted his Liberal colleagues and informed George that he now considered the provisional arrangements unworkable.

George now sent in his own resignation to Asquith.

> There has been delay, hesitation, lack of forethought and vision . . . I am convinced that it is my duty . . . to give the people an opportunity before it is too late to save their native land from a disaster which is inevitable if the present methods are longer persisted in. . . . Vigour and vision are the supreme need of the hour.

Asquith replied brusquely contradicting George's version of events and spiking his rival's guns by forbidding publication of the correspondence, thus making George's rather oratorical efforts valuable only to posterity.

But the damage was already done. A Unionist deputation came to Asquith on the Tuesday afternoon (December 5th) to tell him that they considered the position completely changed by his 'surrender' to Lloyd George. Would they support him, asked Asquith, if either George or Bonar Law would not join his new ministry? No, they would not.

It was all up. Asquith offered his own resignation to King George. Asquith saw that his colleagues had come to believe all that was being said about him; that 'vigour and vision were the supreme need of the hour', and that he did not have them. What people believe to be so, becomes so. George was convinced that he was a Chatham and that he alone could save his country; he had now convinced the Unionist ministers that this was so. It was the most remarkable political reversal, as it was less than three weeks since the same Unionist ministers had been emphatic in their belief that Asquith was the only possible man to keep things together. After an attempt by the King to reconcile George and Asquith had failed, George was asked

to form a government, and Asquith went into opposition.

It is fascinating to consider whether the crisis prolonged, shortened or had no effect on the duration of the war. Certainly there was no evidence, despite the incessant trumpetings of the new government, of the new direction that was to be given to the war; some new ministries were set up, without conspicuous success; and in 1917 the country endured its most terrible year of the war in all respects, and came closest to defeat. 'Vigour and vision' had perhaps replaced patience and wisdom at the top, but the idea of Lloyd George as the organiser of victory seems to have had as little validity as any of the other self-promoted publicity campaigns of that statesman. As for the War Council of Three, no more was heard of it. Instead, George established an 'Inner War Cabinet'. Ironically, this had seven members, and was chaired by the Prime Minister—exactly Asquith's system under a new name.

Perhaps Asquith was right to leave things to his rival, however. He had come to realise that what people are told is as important as what actually happens. In war, reason, justice and civilisation are misplaced virtues. Now, Asquith had the time to reflect on the cruelties of that war, which had already robbed him of his brilliant eldest son, killed in action in September 1916, and which had exposed two other sons to repeated wounds.

His second son, Beb, returned from the front after five months continually in the line. During his leave, his father did not address one word of enquiry to him about his experiences. 'My father', Beb reflected wryly, 'has at times an excessive belief in the powers of the unspoken word'.

SOUTHEY, COLERIDGE AND COMPANY

by Maurice Schofield

WHILE the literary world was commemorating the birth 200 years ago of Robert Southey as poet, scientists and chemists in particular will continue to scrutinise any comments on Southey's association with Coleridge at Bristol. The two lectured at Bristol, tried journalism for a time, but then in the seventeen-nineties became absorbed in the strange Pneumatic Institution of Thomas Beddoes at nearby Clifton. With the eccentric Beddoes involved in studying the use of gases for medical purposes the West Country scene had become peculiar enough without the active Coleridge leading Southey as dilettantes in chemistry. The Bristol scene in contrast had one star in the firmament, with the youthful Humphry Davy making his début as chemist at the Beddoes establishment. But the two poets became absorbed mainly in the lighter effects of nitrous oxide or 'laughing gas', this when Davy prepared it and noted its mild anaesthetic effect after a tiring journey. Southey described the effects of moderate doses of Davy's gas; yet neither he nor Coleridge made any positive contributions to chemistry nor any progress such as Keats made in science.

On this bicentenary the professional chemist will have noted with interest any references to Southey and Coleridge as dilettantes in their experiments and writings on science. The analytical chemist (in every sense of the word) will remember the case of Shelley, that would-be chemist ever brewing his strange fiery liquors, ever experimenting with phials and crucibles on the floor of his study. It had begun when Shelley was at Eton, with 'hands, clothes, books and furniture stained and covered with mineral acids,' with 'more than one hole in the carpet made to elucidate the phenomena of combustion.' No wonder his tutor returned to Medwin *père* the chemistry book 'as it is a forbidden thing at Eton.' From that opening venture 'Mad Shelley' made a full-scale assault rather than 'assay' on chemistry at Oxford, ever seeking to 'analyse the mystery of creation,' ever dabbling with his galvanic troughs, with glass retorts and air pumps. A brilliant poet yet no chemist, despite claims by biographers. 'What the hills were to Wordsworth, a chemical laboratory was to Shelley' ran one tribute outbid by: 'If Shelley had been born a hundred years later, the twentieth century would have seen a Newton among chemists.' To all such eulogies the chemist of today searches for one positive contribution made by the immortal poet to the science, one more practical theme than Shelley's scheme for rendering the deserts fertile by copious supplies of synthetic water manufactured by the ton. Worth noting in this context is his proposal for banishing drought from deserts by combining hydrogen and oxygen to form water!

While Southey and Coleridge caused none of the explosions as did Shelley, the Bristol *ménage* (or menagerie as it seemed at times) proved an appropriate setting for poets seeking to become amateur chemists. Southey

as early as 1792 referred to Bishop Watson's Chemical Essays as 'my present duties, and I hope to practice a little chemistry at Oxford when I get there.' It would have been an appropriate start, for that tome of Watson had substance in its treatment. But Southey seemed to benefit little from the text, taking up law, then abandoning this for journalism. When he became involved in activities at the Pneumatic Institution at Clifton, this proved an extraordinary experience for any young poet claiming 'to know enough chemistry to comprehend the discoveries and to glimpse their consequences' of Dr. Beddoes' work. Beddoes had studied the work of Joseph Priestley who had discovered oxygen in 1774 and had described the gas carbon dioxide, with hints that this gas dissolved in water would form effervescent mineral waters rivalling 'artificial Piermont.' In the Clifton practice near Bristol, Beddoes experimented on oxygen, carbon dioxide and even hydrogen, seeking to use the gases to treat asthma patients or others suffering respiratory troubles. One of his eccentric treatments was to keep patients for a whole winter in a cowshed where the impure carbon dioxide from respiration and the ammoniacal vapours from the animals were believed beneficial. The local residents were ever protesting regarding an environment in which noxious gases might escape from the premises of the new doctor.

It was certainly a peculiar environment for such dilettantes in chemistry as Southey and Coleridge, although the début of Humphry Davy at Clifton should have proved a more beneficial influence had the two poets persisted further. Southey was too involved in supporting Beddoes, in approving his 'experimentation in cases where the ordinary remedies are notoriously and fatally ineffective' as he put it. Beddoes had two aides in his Bristol 'researches' as counter to his more eccentric motifs. His wife, née Anne Edgeworth, entertained as visitors men of science much as did the wife of the French chemist Berthollet at the Société D'Arceuil meetings of eminent scientists: then the second aide which should have influenced Beddoes together with Southey and Coleridge to more authetic science, this when Davy became assistant to Beddoes. It was Davy who first sniffed nitrous oxide gas with a serious purpose, finding it in small doses useful to relieve tension after a fatiguing journey. Davy had forecast the use of the gas as anaesthetic well before two American dentists were acclaimed as the discoverers.

It was the work of Davy and the exuberant and exhausting efforts of Coleridge in seeking to acquire chemical expertise that profoundly influenced Southey in that period at Bristol. Coleridge was ever resolving to become 'a formidable chemist,' ever engaged in 'attacking chemistry like a shark' as he wrote. 'I have read the chemist's pocket book twice over . . . I am deep in all out-of-the-way books.' 'I am a so-and-so chemist'—a point agreed upon by laconic chemists of today! As distinguished visitors to the Beddoes centre included Erasmus Darwin and the Wedgwoods to add to Davy's presence, the setting for beginners in chemistry was certainly appropriate. But the début or discovery of 'laughing gas' together with the less authetic contributions of Beddoes banished any serious studies by Southey and Coleridge.

WEST GERMANY'S WITCH-HUNT FOR RADICALS

by Wolfgang J. Koschnick

TO an ever increasing extent political observers from all over the world are voicing alarm over the growing repression of intellectual life in West Germany. The authors of a Belgian television programme even went so far as to liken the political situation in West Germany to that in Chile, Spain and Iran. Other West European critics bluntly talk of a gradual return to Nazi methods and, in general, of a revival of fascist tendencies in Germany. Much of this harsh criticism may seem to be grossly exaggerated. But even such prudent observers as the German correspondent of *The Times* of London, conjured up 'The danger in Germany's drift to the right', and other relatively conservative observers have been concerned that the German machinery of investigation and surveillance might be taking on a life of its own, creating an atmosphere of distrust and intellectual conformity, especially among young people and students who have already become reluctant to take part in political activity. Clearly, the erosion of a formerly liberal and open atmosphere in Germany and the tightening of the screws in this country's domestic policies worry foreign observers.

Indeed, the Federal Republic of Germany is at the present time experiencing an inner development that has stunning parallels with America's McCarthy period of the early 1950s: the same persistence in tracking down the *bête rouge*, the same atmosphere of hysteria and witchhunt for 'pinks' and 'leftists', and a corresponding chill on the country's intellectual and political life.

Internationally renowned writers like Nobel prize winner Heinrich Böll and Günter Grass are raising their voices to denounce what they bluntly term the growing repression of political opposition and of deviatory thought in West Germany. Heinrich Böll roundly satirised the situation in his latest book, *Report on the State of the Nation's Loyalty*. When Mr. Böll was awarded a human rights prize, the German theologian Helmut Gollwitzer said:

> A new fascism, should it come, would have other colours and ideologies than the earlier one. But there are analogies, even at the early stage: increasing harassment of uncomfortable gadflies then as now and increasing attempts to drive people into a corner where they can be labelled criminals.

In a much-touted speech, the Franco-German political scientist Alfred Grosser, who seems about to become Germany's living democratic conscience, hinted at the irony of a situation in which someone who had written the official commentary on the ignominious Nuremberg Race Laws had been able to become Bonn's highest bureaucrat, namely the State Secretary in the office of the Federal Chancellor in the 1950s, whilst today it is strictly *verboten* for a card-carrying communist to become a postman, a train driver or a teacher. Grosser further said:

> More and more, there is talk about the defence of the fundamental order *through* the state, less and less about the defence of the fundamental civil liber-

> ties *against* the state. Does not many a citizen of the Federal Republic make obeisance to the state rather than to the rule of law, and doesn't many a citizen rather view the free and democratic order as a mere modification of the kind of order that used to ensure his father's or his own daily peace in the Wilhelmine Reich or even in the totalitarian state. But there is absolutely no need to encroach upon civil rights in order to protect rights, to restrict liberties in order to protect liberty.

The origins of this fateful development go back to the students' rebellion of the late 1960s. Two different orientations of political action emerged from the unrest. A handful of anarchist groupings like the Baader-Meinhof gang tried to ignite the flames of revolution through bombings and acts of terrorism and, in doing so, rather reached the opposite of what they had hoped. Several years of urban anarchy prompted demands for a return to law and order and helped produce a clearly anti-liberal backlash.

However, the overwhelming majority of the rebellion's offspring embarked on 'the long march through the institutions of the bourgeois state', markedly its political parties. Many of these young Marxists joined the ranks of the German Communist Party (*Deutsche Kommunistische Partei*—DKP). Largely thanks to this influx, the DKP now has more than 40,000 members on its rosters although, in all, its political weight is as minimal as that of the Communist Party of Great Britain. The dull and stodgy Communist Party has so much trouble getting even one per cent of the vote in elections that repeatedly it did not take part in them on both the national and the Länder levels.

But most of the onetime New Left supporters joined the Social Democratic Party of Germany (SPD). Their organizational stronghold became the party's youth organization, the Young Socialists (*die Jusos*), which now has some 250,000 members and is the biggest political youth organization of Western Erope. In a party of round about 1 million members, these Marxist-oriented young socialists were able to muster up considerable sway, thus endowing the venerable SPD with a veritable left wing of some clout!

After the political tide had turned, however, with growing unemployment and inflation running high, a rampant sense of insecurity with the broader strata of the population and with leftist ideas discriminated through acts of political terrorism, this ability of the SPD to integrate the forces of the political fringe became the party's undoing. Political opponents increasingly denounced the Social Democrats as dominated by radicals themselves—a ludicrous accusation with a party as moderate to the point of being even conservative as the SPD. By these standards, incidentally, the British Labour Party would, in some probability, pass for a crypto-communist organization. But well aware of the conservative groundswell in this country and obviously intimidated by the success of this smear propaganda, the SPD eagerly strove to jump on the conservative band waggon by showing that it was even more fiercely anti-'radical' than the conservative Christian Democrats.

This goes far to explain why the Social Democrats were the ones who dealt the first of a series of blows to the spirit of liberal democracy in the Federal Republic of Germany, thus triggering the kind of intellectual

repression and witchhunt hysteria the country is witnessing at the present time.

On November 23, 1971 the Social Democratic state government of Hamburg passed the 'leading decision' that any civil-service applicant's appointment as an established civil servant is inadmissible in the case of his political activities in extremist groups of the right or of the left. This is all the more applicable to the field of education and, at any rate, in cases where the applicant is particularly active in the mentioned groups'.

Within a few weeks, the other state governments followed suit, and at a crucial joint conference of January 28, 1972 the state governors (*Ministerpräsidenten*) adopted what they termed 'principles concerning anti-constitutional forces in the civil service' (*Grundsätze zur Frage der verfassungsfeindlichen Kräfte im öffentlichen Dienst*). The Federal Chancellor who, at the time, was Willy Brandt expressly extended the purview of these principles to the federal civil service.

The crucial parts of the controversial 'minister-presidents' resolution' read:

> According to the Federal and the State Civil Service Acts only those applicants who ensure warranty that they will at all times stand up for the fundamental constitutional order based on the principles of liberty and of democracy in accordance with the Basic Law may be appointed for the civil service. . . . An applicant who develops activities hostile to the constitution will not be given employment with the civil service. In case an applicant is the member of an organisation pursuing goals that are hostile to the constitution, this very membership gives reason for doubts that he will at any time stand up for the free and democratic order. As a rule, these doubts warrant the rejection of an applicant for employment. . . . The same principles apply to workers and employees of the public service.

Implementing this joint resolution, the Länder governments issued 'radicals decrees' (no legislation was deemed necessary because the decrees are construed as mere interpretations of valid Civil Service Acts) about the *modus operandi* in particular. In essence, the decrees provide that before any civil-service applicant may be employed he has to be subjected to a stringent investigation of his political activities and associations, past and present.

In practice, this means that the Home Secretaries on the Länder levels or on the federal level have to be consulted in each single case whether an applicant for the post of say a kindergartner or dustman or physician at a community or state-run hospital has any record of what the authorities are absolutely free to regard as anti-constitutional activities, inclinations or associations.

In the four year between 1972 and March 1, 1976 more than half a million applicants have been vetted under these decrees. But only 428 applicants were turned down as a result of the procedure. If eliminating 'radicals' from the civil service really is what the authorities are aiming at, they are certainly using a steam hammer to crack nuts. What makes the whole procedure even more dubious is the fact that the definition of a 'radical' or an 'enemy of the constitution' is made exclusively by the bureaucracy and the security agencies.

A draft law prepared by the ruling Social Democrats that aimed at standardizing the treatment of 'radicals' in the Federal Republic failed in the upper house of parliament in February, 1976. As a consequence, each of the eleven states (including West Berlin) now has its own 'radicals decree' with Social Democratic states predominantly putting the *onus probandi* onto the official employers and Christian Democratic states putting it on the applicants. Clearly, a double standard is applied from state to state. In practice, this often boils down to a situation in which the implementation of these anti-extremist measures hinges on the mobility of the alleged radicals. An applicant who was turned down in Bavaria or in Baden-Württemberg, for instance, has good chances to be employed in Hessia or in Bremen.

It is another irony that while the communist party is not *verboten* in West Germany it is *verboten* for civil-service members to be card-carrying communists. Theoretically, communists can hold public office in state diets or in the federal parliament. But under the 'radicals decrees' the very notion of a communist holding a chair of archaeology at a German university, or a communist surgeon removing appendices in a district hospital, would be anathema.

Things are even worse in view of the fact that the civil service in Germany holds a traditional education monopoly for a number of professions. Everybody who later wants to work in the legal profession, even as a private lawyer, or who wants to become a teacher, even at a private school, has to pass through the vocational training within the civil service. This is the reason why critics in Germany call the measures against 'radicals' the *Berufsverbot* (professional prohibition) because they simply bar whoever the authorities label 'extremist' even from professions that have nothing to do with the civil service.

The ramifications of the *Berufsverbot* reach far beyond the mere rejection or expulsion of a handful of extremists from the civil service. The persistence in tracking down the *bête rouge* has stifled the spirits of all those who are in danger of becoming the targets of loyalty checks. Already the younger generation of this country has earned, and really deserves, the tag 'the obedient generation'—students weakly responsive to public affairs and more ambitious to do well than to do good. It is a generation of hypocritical cringers and yes-people rather than one of self-assured democrats with civil courage. They are a generation whose palpability and adaptiveness makes them submissive subjects of an authoritarian dictatorship. The situation has already reached a point where the West German defence commissioner complained about the soldiers' excessive obedience: 'The *Bundeswehr* soldiers are too docile and too slavishly compliant for the requirements of a modern army,' he said.

Almost every week, practical examples of the vetting procedures and of other incidents are reported in the news media that would rather suggest the omnipresence of an Orwellian surveillance state than that of a Western democracy. Occasionally, the situation rather lends itself to satire. Thus, in all seriousness, a librarian employed in West Germany's defence ministry

was threatened with expulsion after he had been caught thoughtlessly whistling the melody of the 'International' in one of the ministry's corridors (he had, incidentally, also whistled an old Nazi song but this was not regarded as so incriminating). What is more, he would probably have been dismissed had he not been able to alert the news media, which virtually jumped at the story and, more important, if he had not been an active Christian Democratic Party member.

But most other examples are less humorous. In the course of the vetting procedures, scores of applicants have been accused of having taken part in demonstrations against the American involvement in Vietnam or against the erstwhile fascist régime in Greece. Others were told that the vetting procedure would be much simpler for them if they divorced their married partner known to be a card-carrying communist.

Foreigners are wont to regard West Germany as an enviable island of political and economic stability. The economy shows increasing signs of picking up. The inflation rate is among the lowest in the world. There are no strikes; the trade unions stress the spirit of social partnership. And elections have over the years demonstrated that radical and extremist parties on both the left and right-wing fringes of the political spectrum were only able to muster up vote percentages well behind the decimal point.

All the witch-hunt hysteria sometimes suggests that there is genuine radicality in the actions of those who are after the ones whom they—arbitrarily—dub 'extremists'. What has actually taken place in the Federal Republic is more than just an atmospheric change. It is a clear and unequivocal drift towards an authoritarian state. It is a drift that may well be turned back again, but it may also be one that might eventually reach its goal. *Liberal democracy in West Germany is in serious jeopardy.* On certain occasions, seemingly trifling events show more of a political tendency than circumstantial analysis. The most striking of such events, and one that reveals almost everything about what is at present going on in the Federal Republic of Germany, occurred during the last federal party congress of the SPD in Mannheim. As is usual in all European Socialist parties, donations for the suppressed Socialists in Spain were raised among the delegates. And as usual, too, the delegates readily paid their contributions. But this time hundreds of them refused to enter their names in the donation list: They were afraid that this might turn out to be professionally detrimental to them.

INTERNATIONAL ASTRONAUT TEAMS:

Intercosmos programme on a higher plane

by Karl-Heinz Neumann

A SHORT while ago, the countries already participating in the 'Intercosmos' programme met and agreed with the Soviet proposal to allow people from Bulgaria, Hungary, the GDR, Cuba, Mongolia, Poland, Romania and Czechoslovakia to take part in space flights. The man in charge of training Soviet cosmonauts, Vladimir Shatalov, in an interview with the press, explained:

> The Soviet Union will undertake the training of these people before their flights. Cosmonauts from socialist countries will study Soviet space technology. They will carry out scientific research programmes with their Soviet counterparts and undergo the necessary physical training.

Joint use of scientific instruments and equipment in manned space craft and orbital stations has become quite urgent. This will lead to international crews coming from countries which are members of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance working together on international orbiting stations.

In the not too distant future, people from the GDR will be able to work in space stations of the Salut variety.

Cooperation in space research among the socialist countries has been going on for a good many years. The automatically-operated 'Intercosmos' series is about the most worthy of note here, due to the interesting results it has brought.

The take-offs of the Intercosmos satellites 15 and 16 in June and July of 1976, for which the GDR helped prepare the instrumentation, were extremely important. A measuring instrument from the GDR was used as far back as for Intercosmos 1. The device was for examining the sun, and was the so-called Alpha Lyman Photometre.

The vast majority of Intercosmos satellites launched since October, 1969 have all had the same basic format. The main section is cylindrical with a diameter of about 1.10 metres, and is 1.80 metres long. Depending on its function, the large panels of various kinds of solar cells which may unfold to absorb sunlight, converting the radiation into electric power, are attached to the main body of the craft. There have of course been variations. One of these was the 1972 Intercosmos 6. In form and size it was more like a Vostok spaceship. For the first time, a container bearing an emulsion was put in the spherical part for investigating cosmic rays. After four days in space it was brought back to earth.

Intercosmos 15 was also a deviation from the traditional. It was sent up on 19 June 1976, not having been blasted off in Capoustin Yar near Volgograd like most space crafts but from the more northern base near Plessezk not far from Arkhangelsk.

Last year Soviet scientists reported to the Congress of the International Astronautical Federation that a new type of Intercosmos satellite would soon be appearing. Whereas the smaller Intercosmos satellites weighed a mere 400 kilos, the new type is nearer 1-1.5 tonnes. This naturally permits more scientific instruments to be included, which necessarily increases the machine's efficiency. It has one uniform telemetric system in its main instrumentation. The Soviet Union supplied the timer switchgear, the control unity and aerial system and the system for coordinating the smooth working of the individual equipment. The GDR produced the equipment for coding data and two digital magnetic tape stores for various speed recordings. Hungary made a digital-to-analogue converter and a block for stabilising the power supply system. From Poland came equipment for uncoded analogue data and the relevant technology for assigning the transmitted data. The data transfer system and an aerial transfer switch originated in Czechoslovakia.

The second 1976 Intercosmos satellite finally started orbiting the Earth on 27 July. Its incline to the Earth reached 50.6°, its perigee 465 kilometres, its apogee 523 kilometres and it completed one orbit every 94.4 minutes. Lift off took place once again at Capoustin Yar. The instrumentation came from the Soviet Union, the GDR, Czechoslovakia and Sweden. The satellite was mainly involved in researching the Sun. During its flight, it remained in the same position, with its vertical axis towards the Sun.

An ultra-violet photometer was both developed and built in the Electronics Institute attached to the GDR Academy of Sciences. It is switched on when the satellite passes the shadow barrier. Through measuring the intensity of the sun's rays, one can deduce the amount of molecular oxygen in the higher strata, some 70-110 kilometres up. This is an area where little work could earlier be done by satellites.

GDR equipment is also used to study the effect of the sun's rays on the upper strata. Simultaneous to this the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the GDR are all engaged in studying the Sun from the Earth.

The progress of cooperation within the confines of the 'Intercosmos' programme is continuing in leaps and bounds. In July of last year, government representatives from the socialist countries signed an agreement whereby the 'Intercosmos' programme will be extended to the fields of cosmic meteorology, biology, medicine and satellite communications.

[Karl-Heinz Neumann is a Presidium member of the GDR Astronautical Society.]

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

THE commercial cinema always goes in trends and cycles. Once one producer and studio finds a success not only does that team bring out a successor to cash in on the original but the rival organisations including television studios jump on the bandwagon, and spin-off after spin-off proliferates. Occasionally these are better than the original but very rarely. At the moment we are more or less out of the *Exorcist* cycle and would seem to be in the middle of the disaster movie and self-help series. We are also, I am pleased to say, in the middle of a Jodie Foster cycle. That can never be bad and more of it later.

Disaster and self-help movies are by no means mutually exclusive. In the former a dreadful crisis takes over the lives of a group of people. This can take the form of an office block on fire (*The Towering Inferno*), an earthquake (*Earthquake*), a shipwreck (*The Poseidon Adventure*). It can also take the form of a wild animal loose on the community e.g. a shark (*Jaws*), a grizzly bear (*Grizzly*) or *King Kong*. Close to this comes *Two Minute Warning* which is the one about the random sniper with a crowd at his disposal to pick off. (Please see *Targets, Dirty Harry*, etc.). Very often the police/authorities are unable to help in these catastrophic situations and this is where the self-help element comes in e.g. Gene Hackman in *The Poseidon Adventure*, Robert Shaw in *Jaws*, and Clint Eastwood in *Dirty Harry*. Self-helpers have, however, an entity of their own.

There is nothing new in self-help movies but there again there probably isn't anything new in the movies—just variation on themes. Someone, no doubt one of the moguls such as Goldwyn, said Shakespeare has covered all the plots except the Seventh Cavalry anyway. Self-help stories are at the moment part of a right wing backlash coupled with a growing taste for violence after the flower power sixties films such as *Easy Rider*, and all those dreadful witty liberal comedies, when black and drugged suddenly became beautiful and charming.

Most westerns and detective films are self-helpers. Randolph Scott's *Ranown* cycle is a good example of the loner always avenging the death of his wife or girlfriend in a city or township where law and order has broken down. The sheriff was either too old, too weak, or for that matter too corrupt to do anything about it. Scott would clean up the town and then either take the job as marshal or more likely hand over the badge to the young fellow who had started off the film as a bit of a bad lad but had seen the light. Scott would then ride off to Montana and his next film with the schoolteacher or more often on his own—an avenging angel. Although the *Ranown* cycle was in the 50s, that story has been played since Johnny Mack Brown and Tom Mix. In fact, as early as the western itself. The detective story version is only the western in modern dress. The honest detective is suspended/sacked/framed by the crooked incompetent chief of police/mayor. By disregarding traditional methods, i.e. by kicking suspects, he gets the truth as to where the kidnapped girl is being held,

the heist is kept, etc. But there is a third version and this is the true self-help movie which has sprung up over the last half dozen years and which at present is in full frame. This is (what an ingenious plot) the one of the citizen—that's you and me—who is persecuted by bandits, mafia, rapists, hoods, and cannot get assistance from the police. He therefore takes the law into his own hands.

Looking back, it is difficult to see which was the first of these self-help movies really to get the trend swinging. I am inclined to think it was Sam Peckinpah's much derided, but I think perfectly valid, *Straw Dogs*. In it Dustin Hoffman, a weak visiting American professor, is driven to taking a stand against the local bullyboys with fairly vicious results. I have always maintained that the violence in that film was perfectly justified in its context. It created a furore and Alexander Walker, the *Evening Standard* film critic, was outspoken in his denunciation. Now we have showing *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, as nasty a piece of exploitation as is possible to come across, but this time championed by Walker. As with all these films the plot is simple in the extreme: a party of girls and boys unluckily land up at the home of a deranged family adept at using the Chain Saw. The men are quickly despatched and the women left to fend for themselves. It is alleged to be based on a true case but you might just as well say that the Paul Newman film *Hombre* is based on the New Testament. The actual case was also used by Hitchcock in *Psycho*. Along with this piece of gratuitous violence we have *Death Weekend*, variously advertised for the macintosh men as 'It started as a Rape and ended with a massacre', and 'They were going to rape her one by one, she was going to kill them one by one'. The girl in this case is Brenda Vaccano who cuts up Don Stroud and his band of holligans whilst driving her vacuous dentist friend's car. Later that night Stroud and company break into the dentist's house and you can guess what happens from the blurb. The acting apart from Stroud as chief slob is minimal, the violence maximum. There is no point in this film except for audience participation—one way or another. It is thoroughly nasty. Other such films on show at the moment are *Lipstick* with Margaux Hemingway as the model who castrates her attacker and *Marathon Man* again with Dustin Hoffman as the put-upon innocent who fights back.

More interesting is the new 'Dirty Harry' film, *The Enforcer*. Clint Eastwood, this time directed by James Fargo, is Harry Callaghan, the renegade West Coast policeman who gets all the dirty tasks going. This time the Mayor is kidnapped by a gang of flower power revolutionaries who kill and maim anyone in sight. Callaghan, with a nice line in dialogue, again alienates his superiors and is suspended from duty, thus allowing him a free hand to tackle the gang. This, a film which has been playing to full and ecstatic audiences, is a good example of how a clever film can manipulate its audience. *Dirty Harry* itself was a forerunner. In that film you could feel the audience willing Eastwood to maltreat the suspect to get information from him. The classic film of the genre was of course *Death Wish* with Charles Bronson. This had Bronson as a liberally minded citizen whose wife and daughter are brutally and vividly raped. He becomes a self-appointed vigilante, singling out drug pushers and muggers and shooting

them. The audiences in England were delighted and hysterical with joy. In America, where they have more of a mugging problem, apparently middle-aged people would stand in the cinema and cheer as Bronson despatched another villain just as we used to do with Roy Rogers at Saturday morning cinema. The enthusiasm is not as great in *The Enforcer* but the audience broke out in chauvinistic delight as another Mexican or 'dirty hood' bit the street pavement or even if Eastwood insulted a negro drug pedler, or the police chief. Of course before this he had taken a good deal of physical and verbal punishment but the audience behaved just as one does at the wrestling when the hero, after suffering several minutes of deliberate fouling by his vicious opponent, at last springs free and after tying the blubbering villain in the ropes appeals to the spectators for permission to kick him. The trend is very nasty but there is no doubt that it is catering for the right wing backlash of people tired of an endless diet of probation officers, suspended sentences, and social security for skivers.

A true self-helper is the talented Jodie Foster in *The Little Girl who Lives down the Lane*. She has already starred quite brilliantly in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and *Taxi Driver* as well as being the only good thing about the gangster pastiche, *Bugsy Malone*. This time she is the teenage girl living in a rented house in Canada. Remarkably self-possessed, she rebuffs the local child molester and then outsmarts that man's mother, who wants her to attend the local school. She constantly refers to her father, a noted poet, who is always working or visiting his publisher. Where is the father? Does he exist? Quite accidentally the mother (Alexis Smith) is killed at the house but why doesn't Jodie tell the police? What is she afraid of? Instead of doing this she recruits a crippled boy (Scott Jacoby) to help her get rid of Alexis Smith's car. From then on her troubles begin to multiply. In a suspense story it is unfair to detail the plot but safe to say it canters along at some speed with only a few predictable turns. The film is always entertaining and Jodie Foster absolutely outstanding. It is right to say that there is one piece of totally inexcusable and gratuitous violence when the molester stubs his cigarette out into the eye of Jodie Foster's pet hamster. Now, I accept that this was probably a fake hamster or that hamsters as a genre are expendable but it is just one more example of needless violence. Surely the time is coming when the trend of violence will be turned? It will not be too soon when it does.

Finally, one good trend. Kenneth Rive has taken over what was the ABC Cinema in Bloomsbury and has promised to show serious continental films as regular fare in an endeavour to establish a policy for the cinema. He started with *A nous les petites Anglaises*. This is cross between *Summer of '42* and *American Graffiti*. It is the story of two young Frenchmen sent to Ramsgate to improve their English and prove their manhood. It is pleasantly amusing, but there are dozens of more worthwhile continental films mouldering on the shelves waiting to be shown. At least it's a start. In the meantime the current British offering is *The Sweeney*, a spin-off from the police series from ITV of the Flying Squad who seem to be an inferior bunch to Clint Eastwood and his West Coast colleagues. Certainly the dialogue and filming is—the violence is as brutal as ever.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ARTES ETRURIAE RENASCUNTUR

Josiah Wedgwood. Anthony Burton. André Deutsch. £4.95.

Josiah Wedgwood was one of the most attractive and interesting figures to arise out of the eighteenth century in England. The twelfth child of a family of Staffordshire farmers, turned potters on account of the opportunities provided by pot-making to supplement their income, he developed, through his early connection with the great Thomas Whieldon of Fenton Hall, a taste and an expertise which enabled him to transform the whole pottery industry in this country. He was a devout, kindly and highly intelligent individual, whose letters, admirably edited in a selection published in 1965 by Ann Finer and George Savage, give one of the best insights into the brighter side of the development of the Industrial Revolution in this country. His realisation of the potential of neo-classicism, in the wake of the re-discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, his employment of artists of the calibre of John Flaxman and William Hackwood in this regard and the quality of the ware which he produced from both the Etruria works and the 'practical' factory at Burslem make him one of the major figures in the artistic history of his period.

Any biography of Wedgwood is therefore likely to be of interest. There has in fact been a good deal written about him, not all of it very felicitous. Ranging from Eliza Meteyard's *Life* of 1865 and the *Wedgwood Handbook* published ten years later, which are a mixture of admiration and snippets of information, through Samuel Smiles's typical hero-worshipping volume of 1894 (c.f. his book on James Nasmyth), the family piety of Josiah Wedgwood, M.P.'s *History of the Wedgwood Family* in 1908 and William Bruton's *Josiah Wedgwood and his Pottery* in 1922, there has been a good deal of hagiography but comparatively little appraisal. A three volume edition of his letters was published by Katherine Farrer between 1903 and 1909, which for practical purposes has been replaced by the selection by Finer and Savage already referred to. There are essays on Wedgwood ware in practically every book ever published on English pottery of which perhaps the best are the accounts in G. Bernard Hughes's *English and Scottish Earthenware* (1961) and Donald Towner's *English Cream-Coloured Earthenware* (1957) and there is a good and profusely illustrated account of Wedgwood's variegated wares, but with little biographical context, published by Wolf Mankowitz in 1953. All things considered, there is certainly room for a good new biography on this subject.

In these circumstances one looked with some interest to Mr. Anthony Burton's book. Mr. Burton has already built himself up quite a considerable reputation as an historian of the Industrial Revolution (*The Canal Builders, The Miners*) and of the industrial archaeology of the period (*Remains of a Revolution*). His first chapter, on the evolution of the Staffordshire potteries as a background to Wedgwood's own history is, as one would expect, excellent and he has taken the trouble to teach himself the elements of the craft so that he knows what he is talking about in terms of technical expertise. Unfortunately, however, he comes unstuck on a number of matters, without succeeding on which it is impossible to write a really successful life of Wedgwood.

First and foremost, and by far the most important, is the question of artistic

appreciation for what Wedgwood actually produced. As Mr. Burton himself puts it: 'His true memorial is not a marble tablet but the pots that he made. His epitaph can be read in the form, texture and colour of his Queen's Ware, basalt, jasper and the rest.' So well and good, but Mr. Burton unfortunately gives us little to go on that he has much feeling himself for Wedgwood's achievements in this sphere. He is not unwilling to enter into the field of artistic controversy so far as ceramic art is concerned but the heart sinks, as early as chapter two, when he comes out with the sententious and unsupported comment about the coloured glaze wares of the 1759-64 period:

> '. . . these glazes were used in conjunction with a Wedgwood design, for teapots and coffee pots patterned on vegetables. They were much admired and much in demand, though to one pair of modern eyes at least they seem both ugly and ludicrous. The idea of pouring coffee out of a rather violently coloured cauliflower simply does not attract.

One is unhappily reminded of the Emperor Joseph the Second's alleged remark to its composer after attending the first performance of *Die Entführing aus dem Serail* in 1782: 'Too many notes, my dear Mozart, too many notes.'

Unfortunately, one's sense of irritation with Mr. Burton does not stop there. Reading this book is to some extent like watching one's own team taking the field in football with a number of matchless opportunities and then choosing to kick the ball around most of the time in their own half without actually setting out to score. When he is on the subject of the Industrial Revolution as a whole, or Wedgwood's contribution to it, he is often excellent and generally informative; he is sympathetic on James Brindley, Wedgwood's friend and close colleague in the construction of canals in the West Midlands, interesting on Wedgwood's relationship with such important figures as Matthew Boulton, Erasmus Darwin, Joseph Priestley and Joseph Wright. But when it comes to the vital topic of his long-standing friendship with his partner Thomas Bentley, again there is stuff to make one's back hair stand on edge. Bentley is another of the most interesting figures of the eighteenth century: humane, honourable, highly intelligent, a great man, if perhaps in a lesser mould to his partner, in his own right. The letters between them are couched in terms of close respect and affection that are by no means unusual for the eighteenth century. What does Mr. Burton come up with on these? 'It might be tempting, given the highly emotional language of Wedgwood's letters to his friend—language used with no other correspondent—to contemplate a homosexual liaison, but there is absolutely no evidence that such a relationship ever did exist, and considerable evidence to suggest the contrary.' Whoever, except in Mr. Burton's trendy imagination, suggested that there might have been? It is almost as if he had never read any other correspondence between men of sentiment and education written during the period in question. And when, in the same chapter, he comes to consider the influence of James Thompson's *The Seasons*, a poem which inspired artists as diverse as Haydn and Turner, this is written off in the remarks: 'a poet long since descended to a richly earned obscurity. . . . That intelligent, lively minds could find pleasure in such stuff seems at first very mysterious, yet in a way fitted in well enough with one side of Wedgwood's nature.' To follow with the footballing analogy, it is almost as if Mr. Burton seems determined in a masochistic fashion to put the ball through his own net.

By no means all the book is written on this standard. As a biography much of it is a good scissors-and-paste affair, sticking closely to the Letters or other

well-published sources. From the point of view of narrative there are some unfortunate infelicities of style ('It must have been a blow to leave the exciting atmosphere of Whieldon's', 'Wedgwood often gave the impression that he found the human side of his works an unpleasant nuisance that he would gladly get rid of altogether if only it were possible', 'Amidst all this activity Wedgwood's private life had to be slotted into the few remaining hours') though the bare bones of the story are set out carefully enough. There is little which is really illuminating on Wedgwood's artistic ideas and not much fresh biographical material. The illustrations to the text are execrable (compare, for example, the black and white reproduction of Stubbs's great *The Wedgwood Family* of 1780 with the superb reproduction, albeit in colour, of the same picture in Constance-Anne Parker's *Mr. Stubbs, The Horse Painter,* published in 1971) and surprisingly few of them are actually of Wedgwood ware.

One can understand why Mr. Burton, with his previously published work on the canals and the mining industry and apparently a book on the history of cotton to come, wanted to have a go at Wedgwood. As he says:

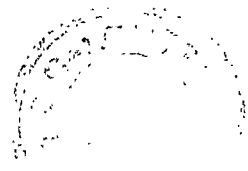
> It was Wedgwood who took a local craft and, for good or ill, turned it into a highly organised national industry. It was Wedgwood who was among the first and most important promoters of the new canals, the transport system that helped to make the Industrial Revolution possible. Add his active involvement in such issues as the Irish Treaty and the abolition of the slave trade and one has a portrait of an astonishingly impressive man.

And yet for all that he admits that Wedgwood was an impressive figure, he seems to be curiously out of sympathy with his subject. Hindsight is a dangerous quality in an historian. It is an even more unfortunate one in a biographer. Over and over again comes a reiteration of what Mr. Burton feels to be Wedgwood's drawbacks as an employer. 'Looking back on his career', continues the passage which has just been quoted,

> . . . one can have reservations about the way in which the changes in industrial organisation were pushed through with very little regard for the feelings of the workmen of the time. Josiah Wedgwood made a fortune from those changes, yet the wages of the workmen he employed showed very little change from the wage book of 1762 to the lists of 1790. But for all this, one can say that Josiah Wedgwood, if little better than the majority of his contemporaries, was at least no worse.

This might make stirring reading at a summer school at Ruskin College and there are many things which we would now find deeply repugnant about the development of industry at the end of the eighteenth century, and one hopes that in his subsequent book Mr. Burton will give due credit to the Tories like Shaftesbury and Disraeli who did so much to set this right. But it is not the stuff of which biography is made.

It is a thousand pities that in so many ways this book is a disappointment because there is a real place for an up-to-date biography on this subject. Unfortunately, just as Samuel Smiles seemed set on setting Wedgwood up as a shining example of the virtues of self-help capitalism, so Mr. Burton seems to have been determined to see him as a contributor to a hard-faced capitalist plot. Unfortunately, neither of these simplifications will do. Whoever does write the required life of Wedgwood will need to have a real feeling for his artistic achievement, a sympathy with his personality as a whole and an understanding of his time. As Ann Finer and George Savage put it in their conclusion to the Selection of Letters already referred to:



> Generations of commentators have multiplied the eulogies of Wedgwood. In his letters Wedgwood has left his own characteristic memorial. His image is reflected in his words, and all the breadth of his understanding, his clear judgement, his integrity, his affection, his energy, his multifarious interests, the vigour of his mind and the generosity of his sentiments, are there to see. He wore the habit of a businessman with an easy grace, and mixed with his social superiors and subordinates without diffidence or condescension: he was a man without pretensions. . . . In his consciousness of art, science and industry, Wedgwood reflected the trends of his age. As a man of upright morality and independent thought, amiable and just, he reflected a character which was loved and honoured, a man who attracted devotion as well as esteem.

In 1863, William Ewart Gladstone, himself no mean judge of the potter's art, went even further than this. 'He was', he said, 'the greatest man who ever, in any age or country, applied himself to the important work of uniting art with industry.'

ERNLE MONEY

REVOLUTION IN BRITISH POLITICS

The British Revolution. British Politics 1880–1939. Robert Rhodes James. Hamish Hamilton. £7.50. Vol. I 1880-1914 from Gladstone to Asquith.

Mr. Rhodes James is well qualified to stamp his own interpretation on the sixty years covered in the Oxford History of England by R. C. K. Ensor and A. J. P. Taylor. He has already written lives of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Lord Rosebery and for the latter period he has edited various diaries and also the complete speeches of Winston Churchill. Starting life as a Clerk of the House of Commons, he has recently been elected as Memeber of Parliament for the City of Cambridge.

Why the title 'British Revolution'? I can only think that he is referring to political as distinct from industrial; in neither case was violence involved. At any rate the title is challenging. There is, of course, the rise and decline of the British Empire, the Boer War and, all the time, Ireland. Perhaps there were many revolutions as 'the British nations moved from the relative calm and power of the nineteenth century into the unexpected storms, tumults and perils of the twentieth'.

In the political field the changes are more radical though more widely spread —the extensions of the franchise, the blurring of the boundaries between the State and individual liberty, the conflict between Lords and Commons, compulsory education, the rise of social services, including a 5s. pension, the gradual rise of the Labour Party, mass party organisations among the electorate, as in Birmingham—all these developments changed the character of political institutions.

Mr. Rhodes James moves confidently among the great names and great issues of the period, always with an apt quotation and not seldom from the writings of Rosebery or Winston Churchill. Of the former, Margot Asquith relates: 'Whenever there was a crowd in the streets or at the station, in either Glasgow or Edinburgh, and I enquired what it was all about I always received the same reply: "Rozbury".' And then Rosebery's moving valediction on Lord Randolph Churchill: 'He will be pathetically memorable, too, for the dark cloud which gradually enveloped him and in which he passed away. He was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years'. But as Rhodes James adds, quoting an elderly Tory: 'He made the people believe in us'. It was not an ignoble nor an inaccurate epitaph.

Finally, as we move on through chapter headings *The Boer War* and Tariff

Reform and *The Tribulations of the Liberals,* we come to The Darkening Scene 1911-1914 summed up in Winston Churchill's words: 'The parishes of Fermanagh and Tyrone faded back into the mists and squalls of Ireland, and a strange light began immediately, but by perceptible graduations, to fall and glow upon the map of Europe'.

Here I will leave Rhodes James until Volume II appears at the end of this month. The two volumes should provide an admirable historical background for Jubilee Year 1977. KENNETH LINDSAY

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF FASCISM

Mussolini's Roman Empire. Denis Mack Smith. Longman. £7.50.

Professor Mack Smith, of All Souls College, Oxford, has produced a study of Fascist attitudes towards imperialism, colonial administration and foreign policy which is both readable and scholarly. It is sometimes difficult for the English reader to take Mussolini seriously. The justified ridicule heaped on 'Il Duce' by Churchill has helped to create a caricature of a caricature. Likewise, historians and general readers interested in the inter-war period have inevitably focused their attention on Hitler as the prime factor in international relations. There is, however, much to be said for concentrating attention to a large degree on Mussolini for it was he who set the stage upon which Hitler usurped the major role.

Too often have Mussolini's posturings been ridiculed when in the event they were of great importance in European history. When a politician has no real understanding of events, his prejudices, ignorance and posturing become of importance. The inchoate bundle of generalisations which he advances fill the void created by the absence of any coherent philosophy. That the politician in question might also be a fool is beside the point as democracies round the world illustrate. Since Mussolini's advent to power we have become more used to posturing as an inherent, perhaps an indispensable element in mass-democracy. Likewise the importance of government propaganda on a massive scale, so well understood and used by fascists, was, relatively, a new element in European politics. Propaganda, the creation of facts, has become an essential ingredient in democracy by which any establishment manages the democracy for their own good. All this Mussolini well understood for he was pre-eminently a journalist: to add two and two and get twenty-two was the basis of Italian fascism.

Professor Smith's object is to study the inter-play between fascist theories and politics on the one hand and foreign affairs on the other. His theme is that 'Mussolini deliberately and even carefully steered his fascist movement into imperialism and into a succession of wars which eventually left Italy prostrate.' The author makes the point that fascism, in power for twenty-three years, developed continuously throughout the period, or at least until the outbreak of the war in 1939. Colonial expansion in the Balkans and in Africa, the alliance with Nazi Germany and the development of Italian anti-semitism were developments or additions to a movement which at best had an amorphous centre. The one constant factor was Mussolini himself and his shallow understanding and volatile character made this factor inconstant throughout. Professor Smith rightly assumes that fascism was Mussolini and that 'the nature of Mussolini's political career is better revealed by what fascism became than by how it began.' The central core of fascism, in fact, was like the hole in the centre of a ring-doughnut: it existed only because of what was round it.

The author discusses the various exploits of Italian foreign policy, in Ethiopia, in the Spanish Civil War and in Italian relations with Austria, Germany, France and Britain. Smith describes how, by alienating France by the attack on Ethiopia, Mussolini inevitably worked himself into a diplomatic corner, the only exit from which was a full alliance with Hitler which he knew could only lead to a dependence, should war come. But war was more likely to come simply because Italy was no longer a free agent in European diplomatic affairs. But perhaps the most interesting aspect of this book is the study of how publicity and propaganda helped to create the 'facts' of fascism both in Italy and in Europe generally. As Professor Mack Smith puts it, 'Mussolini's greatest skill was in the manufacture and communication of such myths, and in his hands they became as important a part of the substance of history as were the external "facts" of fascism.' Or, how, in other words, the ring of the doughnut created the hole in the centre. The book combines sound scholarship and good writing and should please both the scholar and the general reader.

J. E. B. MUNSON

RAYMOND RADIGUET

Raymond Radiguet. Margaret Crosland. Peter Owne. £4.95.

Radiguet, born in June 1903 at Parc Saint-Maur, died in Paris in 1923. During his short life he wrote two novels, some short stories, poems and was influenced by Cocteau. His one great novel, *Le Diable au Corps*, has in its turn left its mark as Cocteau himself and a host of other French novelists of whom Francoise Sagan is perhaps the best known example.

Margaret Crosland has already translated and edited some of Cocteau's work and so she comes readily to deal with the first and most enduring of that writer's 'Angels'. In doing so she fleshes out the relatively short narrative with extracts from Radiguet's lesser known writings. If the truth is known there is not a great deal to Radiguet's life. He was clearly a prodigy who flourished at a time when *le tout Paris* was recovering from the aftermath of the Great War. (He appears in the photographs as a rather bad tempered gargoyle.) He tried somewhat half-heartedly to escape from Cocteau's clutches; he used the latter and anyone else who came his way to further his own career. Finally he died from eating oysters which brought on typhoid fever. Cocteau was so terrified of catching the disease that he would not go near the dying boy. After his death he was so prostrate with grief that he became known as 'Le Veuf sur le toit', a parody of the name of a Paris nightclub.

Miss Margaret Crosland takes Radiguet's as a wholly original talent, but looking at his writings there are very clear influences all the way through. It is not surprising that in one so young he should have borrowed—but borrow he did, and extensively. Both *Le Diable au Corps* and *Le Bal du Compte d'Orgel* owe a considerable amount to Laclos, and the former is also heavily influenced by Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*. His story *The Flower Girl* is a clever reworking of Leda and the Swan and *Denise* owes its ending and perhaps more to Guy de Maupassant. But this is not to detract from his talent—goodness knows how far he would have gone had he lived. He certainly had outstripped Fournier. He did at least complete two novels.

So far as the actual biographical details of his life are concerned, her book is thin on the ground. Nothing is very clearly defined. For example, did he actually sleep with the school teacher Alice who became the heroine of *Le Diable au Corps*? It is by no means certain whether this was expanded in the novel from

an incident or if it was more autobiographical. What is clear is his influence on Cocteau, of whom he was afraid and who used to beat him. After his protegée's death, Cocteau only wrote one novel, whereas during the time they were together Cocteau was prolific in his writing.

As it stands, Radiguet can only be assessed as a minor talent but a most interesting one; he is an integral part of the Paris scene for the few years he lived there. As such, any book about him is welcome.

JAMES MORTON

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

John Oliver Hobbes. Margaret Maison. The Eighteen Nineties Society. £3.30.

Dr. Margaret Maison's monograph on John Oliver Hobbes is a worthy successor to Father Brocard Sewell's study of Olive Custance, which was the first volume in the most useful 'Makers of the Nineties' series appearing under the general editorship of Dr. G. Krishnamurti.

Mrs. Pearl Craigie certainly qualifies as a 'neglected writer of the 1890s'; for although, under her pseudonym, John Oliver Hobbes (John after her father and son, Oliver after Cromwell, Hobbes after the Malmesbury philosopher), she was one of the most talked about women in London, time has not dealt kindly with her. Her father, John Morgan Richards, published a life in 1911, but it has long been out of print and copies are not easy to find. In any event, as might be expected, carved as a reverent memorial to a dearly-loved and prematurely lost daughter, it left a great deal unsaid. Dr. Maison's research has filled in many gaps, transforming a sketch into a portrait. Superficially, John Oliver Hobbes was a clever, frivolous, slightly brittle epigrammatist, a kind of female Oscar Wilde, writing novels and plays compounded of vivacity, epigram and paradox, whipped into a froth—and then laced with vinegar. It is wrong to mistake her confections for confectionery.

Behind the masque, Pearl Craigie was, and not without reason, drenched in a quiet and cynical despair. After a bad marriage, she came, wounded, to the Church of Rome. It was to provide the final solace of her all-too-brief life. She died, aged thirty-eight, in 1906. The friendship of a Jesuit priest, Father William Brown, smoothed her *via dolorosa*. Dr. Maison publishes for the first time, extracts from the correspondence between them. She also reveals the very stressful relationship between Pearl and her surely half-mad, grotesquely overbearing mother: new material which contributes significantly to the psychological evaluation of the unhappy young woman, as do the details of her prolonged and difficult dealings with her tetchy and demanding collaborator and would-be suitor, George Moore. Dr. Maison is particularly helpful in placing the novels, both critically and against the background of biographical circumstance. Her research has added considerably to our knowledge of John Oliver Hobbes, and she has produced a short study that is a model of all it should be.

Once again, Steven Sinatra's stylish nineties cover design supplies an enticingly elegant period touch.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

William Wordsworth, the Poems (Penguin Books, two volumes, £3.75 each). These two paperback volumes in the Penguin English Poets series are edited by Professor John O. Hayden, who is Professor of English at the

University of California, Davis. They contain the complete works, except for *The Prelude*, which is published as a separate volume in this series. Wordsworth would have been both pleased and upset by this edition. He would have greatly approved of Professor Hayden's decision to give the latest versions of poems printed in Wordsworth's lifetime, and where the poem is extant only in manuscript then to publish the latest manuscript version in most cases. Where poems were first printed after Wordsworth's death for the first time, Professor Hayden has used that form if no manuscript is available. The poems are arranged in chronological order which is clearly and admittedly contrary to Wordsworth's wishes. He wanted them published in categories. However, apart from technical considerations, Professor Hayden sees the poems orderly unfolding his beliefs, mind, and development in an autobiographical confession of a consistent and undivided personality. The editor's annotation has been limited 'as strictly as possible to notes that illuminate the text.' This also applies to Wordsworth's own notes as well as those dictated by him to Isabella Fenwick in 1843. This new edition will be widely appreciated in spite of the high price of the volumes.

Redburn (Penguin Books. £1.00). Harold Beaver has edited and written an Introduction to Herman Melville's novel first published in 1849 and based on his experiences as a 'boy' on the packet ship St. Lawrence between New York and Liverpool in 1839 and his stay in England between voyages. The hardness of his life aboard is dramatised in the novel with great and realistic effect. This is the first annotated edition of a book which deserves to be read more widely.

The Russian Peasant 1920 and 1984 (Frank Cass. £8.50). This group of three Russian peasant studies first appeared in *The Journal of Peasant Studies* and is now given wider publicity in this volume edited by R. E. F. Smith who has included a useful Introduction. The first item is the Ladyzhnikov Berlin version of Maxim Gorky's *On the Russian Peasantry*. It is a caustic diatribe of the Russian peasantry with a ray of hope. 'The half-savage, ponderous people of the Russian villages and hamlets — all those almost terrible people of whom we spoke—will die out, and a new tribe will take their place—literate, sensible, hearty people.' Nonetheless, they will not be 'nice and likeable Russian people.' This depressing and contemptuous view is contrasted with the admittedly unrealistic *Land of Peasant Utopia* by A. V. Chayanov, a distinguished agricultural economist. It was published in Moscow in 1920; and his utopia set in a de-urbanised Moscow of 1984 'is a scarcely-veiled criticism of the narrow, somewhat joyless Bolshevik reality of 1920.' Chayanov's utopia is a depiction in operation of a 'theory of peasant economy as a system comparable with socio-economic formations in the Marxist sense.' There is a fusion between town and countryside. The third piece is from A. M. Bol'shakov's *The Soviet Countryside* 1917-1924, *its Economics and Life*. Bol'shakov was a well-known historian and enjoyed official support in obtaining and checking official data and information against his own observations in a survey of 'one small area of Tver' *guberniya* during 1917-24. It is solid and probably reasonably reliable. This volume is of considerable interest in this field of peasant studies.

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Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD, 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

6 JUL 1977

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

April 1977 Vol. 230 No. 1335

GORED SPAIN: THE BULLS CAME IN WINTER

by Eugenio Suárez-Galbán

MIDWINTER of 1976-77 brought a severe political storm to Spain: mass demonstrations, killings, assassinations resulting in ten dead in one week and a number of wounded and detentions in what has to be considered undoubtedly the country's worst crisis since the death of Franco. Of such magnitude and significance are the events of this week as to indicate clearly the passage into a new historical epoch.

The country faces one of those crucial moments that impose a decision of qualitative importance. The violence of that particular week is, of course, nothing new. It was there before the Generalissimo died, contrary to what conservative forces like to admit. The most spectacular single operation, the killing of Franco's right-hand man, Carrero Blanco, occurred in 1973; and it was also previous to Franco's death that the Basque guerrilla organisation, ETA, as well as others now defunct or temporarily retired (FRAP, for example) were carrying out their most intense activity. Indeed, after the death of Franco, such clandestine activity has, if anything, diminished in general, giving way to long-repressed civil manifestations: strikes, protest meetings and marches, often dispersed by the police in no uncertain terms, and now capturing the headlines after forty years of silence.

Midwinter certainly brought back the killings, at least in a concentrated manner. More important, however, if there was ever any doubt that a violent, organised right was operating in the country, that doubt has now been dispelled. Furthermore, the violence of that right is being exercised, in the last instance, against a government that has in the past been forced, if not to protect, then certainly to avoid antagonising that very same right. Finally, that violence is being committed within a nation and against a government that has held a referendum in which a majority of the people participated more freely than in the past, even if all conditions for a truly democratic, voting process were not favoured by the government.

The said referendum determined that the Spanish people wanted a change from the past forty years. Due to the incapacity of the present Suárez government to rid itself of the old, coercive tactics more consonant with the Franco regime, it is not quite clear just what percentage of the voting population would have coincided with the government's specific ways and ideas as to how to proceed to bring about this change. The government

argued that the purpose of the referendum was to determine whether or not the people desired elections, to be held some time this spring, which is the equivalent of rejecting the Franco way of running the country. The opposition (left wing, from Social Democrats to Communists) argued that until the government guaranteed the participation and legalisation of all political parties (including the Communist, the straw, needless to say, that constantly threatens the camel), it could neither talk of true democracy, nor hold a referendum in a truly democratic manner.

The opposition decided to boycott the referendum; the government decided to intensify its pro-democratic campaign in what has to be classified as an undemocratic manner. Buses, subways, streets, walls, all suitable geographic space was literally plastered with the government's Vote Yes (to democracy) signs. The opposition, meanwhile, was not allowed to carry out a propaganda campaign in the streets, not to mention television speeches, likewise manipulated by the government. At 250 pesetas an hour, not at all bad pay by present wage standards, men were specially hired by the government to erase whatever propaganda had been put up in the dark of night by the boycotters. Simultaneously, the police patrolled constantly in search of anyone putting up anything which did not say *Vota Si*. This did theoretically include the *franquistas*, with their *Vota No* signs. In practice, however, it is known that the Spanish police have swivel heads whenever they happen to see any mischief from the right, with which they sympathise in general, as is only logical in a police force founded and fostered by the Franco regime.

Despite the government's clearly undemocratic attitude, one thing remains clear from the referendum's results: the Spanish people do not wish to walk Franco's road any longer. The statistics leave no other conclusion: only 2.6% voted 'no' to democracy and elections. More interesting, the abstention figure reached 22.6%. In other words, in a nation in which the right has had its own way for forty years, often labelling as 'Communist' (and thus anti-Catholic and anti-Spanish) anything to the left of centre, the latter can still attract a more significant backing; particularly when one considers that the decision to boycott a fairly popular referendum and government could not have been shared by many with left of centre inclinations, who decided instead to vote 'yes'. This, and not the government's expected overwhelming majority victory, represents the real defeat for the right. No one expected such a total rejection of the past forty years. The nation was literally and, judging from the statistics, delightedly surprised by the weakness of the right, which must not, however, be confused with political weakness in a country that has not yet fully entered the democratic process.

How does one explain all this, not yet a year and a half after the death of the man who, just a few weeks before he expired, could still amass Spaniards by the thousands, as was the case on October 1, 1975, with a call against 'foreign intervention' in the affairs of Spain after Europe's loud protest at the treatment and trial of certain political prisoners? True, these massive demonstrations were facilitated and favoured by a government that closed

factories and stores on the day of the demonstration, paid for transportation and food for those coming from the provinces and, in general, grouped the masses artificially rather than spontaneously, as it would have preferred. Similar tactics were the ones used in the Franco 'elections', with their literally incredible results in favour of the *Caudillo* and his government. By comparison, the present referendum must seem to many a true progress. For under Franco, not only were the candidates hand-picked by the government, but also workers were forced to vote, under the threat of not receiving pay increases, suffering salary reductions, and even of losing their employment (an infallible system of checking to see who did and did not vote) was fairly easily organised.

Other factors, however, also explain the sudden and extreme drop in prestige of the Franco faction in a referendum in which to vote 'no' could be interpreted as an answer to the Generalissimo's call from the grave (indeed, 'Franco would have voted "no" ' was a favourite piece of right-wing propaganda): factors which can only be explained by the mass psychology created under personal, authoritarian rules, and in a people deliberately de-politised by paternalistic regimes. The political neutralisation of a people, however, cannot usually be perpetuated beyond that equally artificially cohesive factor which is that the paternalistic figure is no less mortal than others. As in repeated historical examples, the Spanish right at present finds itself in a vacuum it cannot fill, and from which the left has managed to recruit many who formerly confused paternalism with politics.

Disintegrated by the democratisation process, attacked even by former supporters of the regime who now abandon ship, the right has read the writing on the wall. If a simple referendum produces such disappointing results, what can the election bring? Particularly an election already diagnosed by many as strongly favouring the left. Some argue that 40% or more of the votes would be captured by the left: roughly, the *Partido Socialista Obrero Español*—PSOE, Marxist, but not Leninist—would get 20% of the vote, while the *Partido Comunista de España*—PCE—perhaps 10%, the *Partido Socialista Popular*—PSP, mild socialism—some 5%, to which might be added another 5% or more from independent and minor leftist groups, though, of course, these predictions are by no means certain.

The growing power of the left, and a left that has a fairly strong sense of solidarity, is also evidenced by events: the PSOE, for example, was instrumental in bringing to Spain socialist Europe during its XXVII Congress, originally prohibited by the government, and attended by such continental figures as Willy Brandt and Olof Palme. Due to left-wing pressure censorship, though still official, has been relaxed on all levels, including television, where sex discussions have been conducted calling 'a spade a spade'; and finally, and no doubt more irritating to the right, the arrest of the Secretary-General of the PCE, Santiago Carrillo, was the best thing that could have happened to the Communists who, that very evening, after Carrillo's arrest, organised within three hours a march of three thousand to the steps of *La Division General de Seguridad* (central police headquarters), something unimaginable in the recent past. Several days later, on his release, Carrillo,

like any freed prisoner, was given a good conduct pass. Which is to say that Carrillo, illegally in Spain according to government rules, is now legal. If, as it was rumoured, the police attempted to embarrass the government by actively seeking and finding someone the government would rather had been left alone, that move on the part of the police and right wing elements behind it certainly backfired.

Strong in Europe, increasingly popular inside Spain, the left has been particularly cautious to guard jealously its growing prestige, committing itself to pacific means, opposing just as violently the extreme right as the extreme left. Moreover, and though political parties are still officially illegal in Spain, the government is at present carrying out a dialogue with the leftist opposition, much against the wishes of the right.

It is thus quite clear that the violence unleashed by the right during the critical week of January 22-29 responds to a series of frustrations that have obviously given way to desperation. The events of that week must be related to the kidnapping, two weeks before Christmas, of high government official Oriol y Urquijo. A practically unknown group—*Grupo Antifascista Primero de Octubre* (GRAPO)—supposedly identified with the left, took responsibility for the kidnapping, demanding first the freedom of certain political prisoners and then, following the government's refusal, political amnesty for all. Scepticism on the part of many was an immediate reaction: the kidnapping was too professional for any small-time group, as the police were the first to recognise. Only the ETA could have carried out such a perfect plot and yet, it was not the ETA, which of late has been rather quiet. The GRAPO struck again, twice, during the fateful last week of January. Taken as a whole, the events of the midwinter crisis now serve to support the suspicion that there is more to the GRAPO than meets the eye.

The week began with an unauthorised demonstration in favour of political amnesty on Sunday, January 22. A nineteen-year-old student, Arturo García Ruíz, was assassinated allegedly by a member of the Cristo Rey Guerrillas, an extreme right wing organisation that of late has revealed an international membership that makes it suspect of being a part of the Internacional Fascista. The police arrested a Cuban exile and an Argentinian right-winger as suspects of the murder of García. It is not often that the police detain Cristo Rey Guerrillas; this time, however, public opinion and perhaps fear of government pressure, made an arrest necessary. To complicate matters, also on the Monday another student, Maria Luz Nájera, was killed during a protest demonstration against Sunday's assassination and the police tactics against the demonstrators. The cause of her death, a smoke bomb thrown by the police, landed on her head, burning and disfiguring her face. On the Monday morning, GRAPO kidnapped General Emilio Villaescusa, a high-ranking military officer. On the Monday night right wing terrorists machine-gunned a meeting of labour lawyers, members of the Communist party, who provide free services for the poor and to workers. Four died immediately, a fifth death followed; others may die or may live as 'vegetables'. On the Friday, the GRAPO killed two civil guards and a regular policeman and on the Saturday night, a worn and weary-eyed

President Suárez addressed the nation, giving assurances that the democratic process will not be undermined by any group. These are merely the highlights of a crisis marked by student demonstrations (the university closed on the Tuesday and until the following Monday in mourning for the dead students) but also as a means of avoiding—in vain—further student-police confrontations.

If we believe in appearances, the right has initiated violence, and the GRAPO is merely responding with its own violence, at least as far as the events of that week indicate. While rumours are not to be discounted as readily here as in other countries which have not suffered forty years of censorship, it would be interesting, but not necessarily conclusive, to balance out the rumours of the right and the left with respect to the situation in general, and the GRAPO specifically—a group whose identification can give the clue to many of the things that are happening to the nation. Let us then simply proceed along logical lines and ask ourselves why should a group that claims to be leftist try to provoke the army to a *coup* by kidnapping one of its high officials, at a time when things are going well for the left and when the right is clearly trying to provoke the military into stopping the democratisation process? The lack of logic that characterises extremist groups is the only plausible answer.

One still cannot help being sceptical. An unknown group, extremely professional, nevertheless attempts to incite the army to a revolt which can only favour the right. This would not be the only group to take on a leftist identification and yet foster right wing policies, as pointed out by the newspaper *El Pais*: the *Brigadas Internacionales Che Guevara* who, in May of 1976, assassinated the Bolivian general Zenteno Anaya in Paris, are known to be a right wing international organisation with headquarters in Valladolid. Nor would the GRAPO be the only violent right wing organisation to function more or less freely, along with the Cristo Rey Guerrillas, inside Spain. Pinochet's secret police, the DINA, is likewise believed to have its European headquarters in Valladolid and the right wing newspaper *El Alcázar* recently carried the news that along with a number of demonstrators arrested in a leftist manifestation to free Carrillo, were found two Argentinian secret police who had obviously infiltrated the demonstrators. All this is quite natural: what better country for the international right than one ruled by the right for forty years with an iron hand? In the case of the GRAPO, however, while international elements may be involved, needless to say, rumours do not exclude the CIA.

Be that as it may, the army high command has repeatedly vowed allegiance to the King and the Suárez government. This in itself is no guarantee. What is reassuring, however, is that the army in this respect forms legion with the people. For those who fear another 1936, it is well to remember that this condition was then lacking, at least to the same degree as at the present time. Nor is there now in Europe a Hitler at hand eager to destroy the democracies.

The 'long hot autumn' for which everyone prepared in Spain, finally arrived in January. After the last week of that month, there can be no

doubt that the right has declared war upon the government, even if it turns out that the GRAPO does not form part of this right. The government is now faced with the necessity of protecting itself from a right wing that in the past has had more or less its own way from a legal point of view. Regardless of its fear of right wing police and perhaps some reaction from the army, the government can no longer go on ignoring and thus protecting an enemy from which it now has to protect itself. And this calls for a complete reversal of past politics and policy.

Autumn came in winter, and the much-feared pressure from the working classes and the left wing parties for change came accompanied by right wing terror. There is still room for hope, however. The union between government, people and army at present seems healthy and solid. On the other hand, the very violence of the extreme right resembles a death thrust more than anything else.

Everyone knows that the bullfighting season in Spain ends in the autumn; except possibly the bulls; but then they tend to ignore the possibility that they are about to die in the ring!

[Dr. Suárez-Galbán is a Professor of Hispanic and Comparative Literatures, as well as of Spanish and Latin American History. He has taught at New York University, Mount Holyoke College, been visiting professor at the University of Puerto Rico, Middlebury College, and in Madrid, at Hamilton College and St. Louis University. He has published a number of articles in both literary and general reviews in Spain, Puerto Rico and the United States, and he is at present working on a study of Mario Vargas Llosa, President of International P.E.N. Other publications include a book on the Spanish eighteenth century author Torres Villarroel.]

THE PURPOSE OF PARLIAMENT

by Lord O'Hagan

'ENGLAND is the mother of Parliaments', said the Victorian radical John Bright. His proud and confident statement remains on our lips, and is a favoured phrase in the conventional wisdom of our leader writers.

Bright was speaking in the House of Commons in 1865, and we accept his words as a tribute to the institutional ingenuity and stability of a country whose constitution arrived at so many of its enduring characteristics during the Victorian period.

Yet to a future Prime Minister writing at the time, Parliament did not deserve self-congratulation. The Marquess of Salisbury (as he was later to become) described Parliament in the fifties and sixties as 'formless chaos'. He was not alone in his criticism. Admittedly, Carlyle is not a dispassionate witness; writing in *Latter Day Pamphlets* in 1850, he was typically forthright and pessimistic.

> By this time it is sufficiently apparent that the present Editor is not one of those who expect the country saved by further 'reforming' the reformed Parliament we have got. On the contrary, he has had the sad conviction that from such Parliament . . .

Many others wondered what was going on. *The Spectator* in 1856 devoted a major article to the 'phenomenon noted of late, very generally as a decline in the efficiency of Parliament.'

To contemporaries it did not seem that the Reform Bill brought in a golden age of Early Victorian Parliaments. Far from it; theirs was a period of uncertainty. Twenty years of increasing instability in government followed the Reform Act of 1832 and, after the split in the Conservative Party over repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, there was an even more turbulent period —a succession of minority governments and coalitions stumbled after each other, until the Peelites were finally absorbed into the Liberal Party.

Nor was the House of Commons democratic. The franchise was extremely narrow. Yet Parliament, however inadequately, was still felt to have some sort of representative function. As Richard Crossman said in his Introduction to Bagehot's *The English Constitution*:

> . . . an aristocratic government will not, as Bentham believed, be merely a façade to conceal class interests. It will also behave in accordance with the complex aristocratic tradition including (in the case of Britain) a sense that the rulers virtually represent the common people excluded from power, a strong suspicion of the Executive and consequent opposition both to the Army and to the centralisation of power, a love of individual liberty and a belief in government by discussion.

In reality, the House of Commons was increasingly dominated by spokesmen of industry and the middle classes. But the assumptions of a previous era were still in people's minds. Parliament neither represented fully, nor provided the support for reliable and stable government. Nevertheless, it was an important part of the mental furniture of the educated that Parliament was entitled to act as the forum of the nation.

Bright's phrase became famous when Parliament was only moving towards full representative status and the verbal duels of Gladstone and Disraeli's supremacy. What he said became well known in spite of the reputation of the parliament of his day, and not because of it.

Still, his words, and the contrast between them and the views of many others living at the time, do encapsulate our divided attitude to Parliament today. We complain about it, we say it is old-fashioned, or irrelevant, or ineffective, or simply badly behaved; yet we are proud of it as part of the British achievement. Most of us doff our hats to the idea of parliamentary democracy, even if not to its current exponents. The ideal of Parliament retains widespread respect and so our sense of disappointment at what actually happens in the Palace of Westminster is kept fresh and vivid. However, we seem to feel that there was once a parliament and that there may some time again be another parliament, truly worthy of our instinctive loyalty and admiration.

Lord Salisbury was commenting on one of Parliament's most painful periods of adaptation. His 'formless chaos' reigned between the Reform Act and the complete emergence of the modern mass political party, which first stabilised and later conquered Westminster. However, it was not only confusion which upset him but also the decline in party loyalty and discipline that characterised these intervening years. Writing in *Saturday Review* on May 9th, 1857, he considered that, since 1846, 'votes are given for selfish or sectional ends, private gratitudes or grudges, the promotion of some local interest, or the glorification of some parochial instability have replaced the old fidelity to party banner.' Even the growing party system was not working well; in short, parliament seemed to be in decline, But Parliament has almost always seemed to be in decline. Because it carries out most of its work in the open, and we see that its participants are so obviously only human, its faults are open to the public for all to see. It may well be that the Cabinet, as an institution, or the Home Office, as an institution, is in decline—as the Crown Agents very much were, we now learn belatedly. But these bodies do not perform most of their important duties in public, so that they do not attract so many instant obituaries. Even if the Home Office is in decline, ancient though it is, it does not hold that central and hallowed place in constitutional folklore which Parliament still commands. We are brought up to expect more of Parliament than any parliament can ever achieve.

Thus any assessment of the purpose of Parliament must take into account the pervasive tone of disappointed expectation which most commentators through the ages have adopted when the parliament of their day failed to satisfy them. To judge whether today's criticisms flow from reasonable assumptions about the powers and achievements of Parliament, there must be some agreement about the purpose Parliament has served in history, and then we can judge what purpose it could fulfil now.

Kings bothered to summon Parliament—often for a few weeks—because they were short of money. In order to raise taxes successfully, the monarch needed the acquiescence of those who mattered. As Ronald Butt has put it

(in *The Power of Parliament*), 'the deepest roots of Parliament are not to be found in legislation, nor even in the supply of finance, but in the broad consultation over acts of government between the executive monarch and the political nation of the day.' Apart from its function as the seat of judgement, Parliament began as a mechanism for securing consent to the policies of the executive and the expenditure necessary to carry them out. The King was expected to govern within the law and deserved agreement from Parliament as long as he did so.

Increasingly, those who were summoned demanded the redress of grievances before taxation was levied; Parliament secured a voice in the passing of legislation through its control over supply. The monarch's power slowly declined. The real rulers were chosen from members of both Houses of Parliament; the franchise was widened so that the electors began to choose members of parliament until towards the end of last century, the electorate judged between the parties to form a Government at the same time as they voted for individual members for constituencies. We are now governed by an elected monarchy, but a monarchy that still needs our consent to stay in office and carry out its policies.

Thus, today's parliaments are dominated and (usually) controlled by the party in government, which has achieved office after putting its programme to the country. While the Government itself will wish to limit expenditure, elections are not usually won by promises of harder times and lower standards of living. The House of Commons has a vested interest in Government expenditure, but it has no direct control over the amount spent, or over the allocation of revenue between different policies. The steering of the economy belongs to Government which can claim an electoral mandate. Parliament has stormed the commanding heights of government but has itself been taken over by political parties which have a corpus of doctrine and attitudes that guide administrations and prevent members of parliament from assuming too much independence. Nevertheless, Parliament still provides an opportunity for the continued public acquiescence—or its withdrawal—of the representatives of all the people in the actions of the administration. Votes in the division lobbies are, at the least, part of a process of continuous affirmation. The Opposition constantly attempts to show that it deserves to be the government, and usually has little direct effect on the behaviour of the ruling party; however, backbenchers on the Government side have a greater chance to influence their leaders, especially if the executive attempts to pursue policies unpopular with those whose support the party needs at the next election. The party in power needs the consent of its supporters in Parliament to remain in office.

In some ways the gap between Parliament and the administration has increased rapidly in this century. The vast increase in the range and complexity of Government activity reduces the likelihood of individual members of parliament grasping fully the significance of what the Government is doing. It is in the interests of the Civil Service to keep parliamentarians at a distance, and stop them interfering or knowing too much. Even with the overwhelming tactical and strategic advantage that they enjoy, Governments

of whatever party are reluctant to sharpen the parliamentarians' cutting edge. The latest volume of Richard Crossman's Diaries shows how civil servants and ministers united against threats to their peace of mind posed by the Ombudsman and specialist committees of the House of Commons.

Again, much though the Government overshadows every other institution in the extent in which it intervenes in all the affairs of the nation, it too is now overshadowed, especially in economic and financial matters, by external authorities to whom the parliamentarian has no direct access, be it the IMF or the EEC. The interdependence of governments of industrialised countries reduces the power of Parliament, as does the decline of Britain's standing in the world, which forces administrations to pay more attention to the views of other states.

Yet Parliament is not just a franking machine for the Government. Governments need parliaments even though ministers can work harder in their offices and live quieter lives when Parliament is not sitting. Governments, like monarchs, need the nation's consent to survive, especially when the slings and arrows of politics force them to take unpopular decisions or pursue policies against their previous inclinations and commitments. For it is only the Government's boast that it is acting with the support of the majority of the people, for the people as a whole, which enables it to outface sectional interests in the community, negotiate successfully with other countries, and raise money to carry on governing.

As the proportion of votes cast for the major parties declines, and as other organisations and groups make larger and larger claims to be speaking for important sections of the community, so Governments need Parliament more and more. The laying of the representatives of the people's hands on their policies and their actions becomes increasingly important as the authority of the Government is questioned, especially when deference to the law and the powers that be is open to debate.

Thus the purpose of Parliament has been and must continue to be the preservation of Government acceptable to those that matter; and now that we all have the vote, we all matter. Indeed, Parliament has never lost its ability to act as a lightning conductor in emergencies. On the extremely rare occasions when most MPs of whatever party sense that Government is out of step with the nation, Parliament can still act. It was Parliament that provided the means for the replacement of Chamberlain by Churchill at the beginning of the last War.

Especially since the rise in the cult of the manifesto which now contains detailed promises and outlines of legislation, Governments have been tempted to assert that consent is only conferred at elections. Electoral authority is considered to be the result of a procreative process, through which a Government is born with absolute authority (of a sort that British or English kings seldom managed to sustain for long) to carry into effect every half sentence in the manifesto programme. But consent is a continuous interchange of trust. Through pressing too hard their interpretation of the validity of the sporadic consent formally conveyed at elections, Governments undermine the foundations of their standing as a representative executive.

At the moment, apart from economic difficulties which always impose strains on democratic methods of government, agitation for devolution is challenging textbook assumptions about the status and sovereignty of Parliament. Devolution is more than a response to local patriotism; it is a violent criticism, even an assault, on traditional British parliamentary democracy. Thus, when the constitutional framework of the United Kingdom is under constant public scrutiny, if not attack, it is in the interests of Government to reinforce the authority of Parliament and MPs so that the Government can assert its legitimate right to remain the ultimate arbiter. Ritual incantations about the sovereignty of Parliament are not enough to preserve Parliament's authority. The fabric of parliamentary democracy must be buttressed if it is to satisfy increased expectations of government that derives its authority from parliament.

It is against this background that current proposals for re-drawing the constitutional map must be considered. One test is simply this: how can these schemes improve the status and effectiveness of Parliament as the nation's supreme representative assembly? Certainly proportional representation is sometimes seen as a panacea for every modern discontent. Some of its more enthusiastic advocates expect it to do much more than it could possibly be expected to achieve. Yet it seems likely that a fairer system of voting would enhance the representative nature of the House of Commons, if it were adopted for general elections. It is the supremely representative nature of Parliament which is now under massive threat.

Again, a reform of the House of Lords which strengthened regional representation in Parliament, gave parliamentary expression to important sections of opinion which now by-pass the Palace of Westminster, or double-banked the electoral process so that Governments, especially those elected on a small proportion of votes, found it harder to abuse their authority by becoming elective dictatorships, could help to reassert the representative authority of Parliament as a whole.

Proposals for a Bill of Rights embodied in a written Constitution are worth considering on other grounds, but would certainly reassure citizens that a Parliament temporarily dominated by an extreme group might be less likely to infringe individual liberties and consequently that the institution itself was more worth preserving.

The desirability of procedural reform in both Houses, especially the development of committees matching and monitoring Government departments, can be judged according to whether such devices would enable parliamentarians to become better informed (and therefore to become a better link between Government and governed), and whether they would enable members to understand more about the way governments work, particularly so that any individual grievances stand a higher chance of being redressed. We deeply fear an unaccountable bureaucracy now luxuriating in the freedom provided for it by the great increase in administrative law, and our fears could be diminished if Parliament's control over the bureaucracy was strengthened.

There is no need and not enough space to list fashionable constitutional notions. 'To innovate is not to reform', as Burke said. But Parliament has always evolved and developed to cope with changes in society and government. In spite of all these different incarnations, it has never diverted from its fundamental purpose for long and its fundamental purpose has become even more necessary and urgent: we need Government that commands general consent. Parliament is the body which gives popular approval to government, without which the rule of law cannot survive except by force. If we are serious in our proclaimed concern for parliamentary democracy, anxiety about the way it works cannot be left solely to political scientists and Select Committees on Practice and Procedure. The purpose of parliament is the maintenance of democratic government, so we all suffer, and we are all to blame, if parliamentary authority evaporates.

We may now be witnessing a period approaching the great Lord Salisbury's 'formless chaos'. His contemporary, Thomas Arnold, published his first collection of poems in 1849, including these lines from *Dover Beach*, which are so well known that they can hardly be quoted; but they provide a poetic echo of Salisbury's political observations (in spite of the latter's proclaimed dislike of poets).

> . . . for the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkening plain
> Swept with confused arms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Indeed, in Parliament 'ignorant armies clash by night', and by day, too. But we clash with verbal brickbats and procedural napalm. As long as the nation's conflicts are enacted in words in Parliament, government by consent can continue.

[Lord O'Hagan was a Member of the European Parliament from 1973 to 1975. He is at present a Member of the House of Lords Select Committees on the Practice and Procedure of Parliament and the European Communities. Other activities include Presidency of the Bristol Branch of Young European Federalists. Lord O'Hagan serves as a member of Lord Home's Study Group on the House of Lords and is a prospective candidate for direct election to the European Parliament.]

A NEW WORLD ORDER

by André van Dam

IT took America's 'deep south' a whole century to narrow the economic gap with the industrial northeast. In Italy, the south is still fifty years behind the industrial north. More often than not, it takes a Robin Hood-ish role of the central government to transfer resources between the economically advanced and backward regions within a prosperous nation-state.

It was primarily the trade unions which forced the issue in Western Europe and North America. Therefore, in the absence of a Robin Hood in world affairs, the developing countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America are tempted to follow the examples of those trade unions. Collectively they plan to strengthen their bargaining power vis-à-vis the 'north'.

In a nutshell, the Third World bargains for nothing less than a new world order. Contrariwise, the industrial nations argue that the existing international order can be adapted to accommodate some of the Third World's grievances. The resulting dialogue is steeped in emotions, prejudices and rhetoric. Yet, what is most urgently needed is a sober appraisal of the hard-core issues of the north-south dialogue in the framework of geopolitical realities.

The crux of the matter is whether fiscal and other responsibilties which do not stop at the gates of a capital city nor at the borders of a rich province, can abruptly halt at the political frontiers of a well-to-do country. To some, it seems morally indefensible and geopolitically myopic. To others, it is the fruit of a historical sequence which must inevitably run its course.

The Third World rests its case upon some hard facts. The developing countries had access to a mere 5% of the US$ 125 billion worth of international reserves created between 1970 and 1974. They account for barely 7% of the world's manufacturing output—a proportion which has not substantially improved over the past ten years. They receive only 15% of the prices which the final consumers of the West pay for their (processed) commodities, excluding petroleum. They must set aside half the foreign financial assistance in order to service their foreign public debt of US$ 150 billion, reflecting the 'hardness' of such aid.

The West does not dispute such facts—which it attributes, however, to history, climate or the demographic explosion. Hard work, frugal living and sound investments will eventually take the Third World to industrialisation and prosperity. The market mechanism—that pillar of progress—is bound to put economic growth ahead of a less inequitable distribution of income. When the market is heavily skewed, as in the case of the petroleum cartel, it erodes the affluence of the north upon which the welfare of the south rests. Finally, the West asserts that the gap between rich and poor within many Third World nations is far greater than that between north and south.

The north-south dilemma is reflected in myriad puzzles which dialogue has hitherto failed to solve. How to explain, for instance, that Western

Europe levies insignificant import duties on raw copper and cocoabeans and fairly high tariffs on copperwire and chocolate—thus penalising countries such as Chile, Ecuador, Ghana and Zambia? How to interpret the veto of some American labour unions against the southward removal of specific manufacturing industries—thus blocking the progress of fellow workers in the Third World? And how to reconcile the Third World's often avowed disenchantment with private enterprise, whose management, technology and capital are likely to strengthen its bargaining power vis-à-vis the north?

Can the Third World really summon political consensus and collective bargaining power? It is only in the wake of the petroleum crisis that such political leverage is acknowledged as a potential asset. It remains to be seen whether most of the Third World can muster the degree of unity—in the fashion of the labour unions—which the petroleum-producing countries displayed in the right dose and at the opportune moment.

It stands to reason that neither cane sugar nor bauxite—nor phosphates, rubber or tin, for that matter—can exert the political pressure which petroleum inflicts. Indeed, the Third World's extension of its offshore limits to 200 miles may well signify that its 'trade-unionism' rests upon criteria other than the ownership of this or that critical resource.

I conjecture that in their quest for a new international order, many developing nations may come to consider their poverty and demographic explosion as assets rather than liabilities. If at the first blush this seems a rather far-fetched assumption, the on-stage and off-stage palavers at the Club of Rome's Sidi Feruch meeting provided this supposition with a foundation.

There was near-consensus that a new world order might stand or fall with the banishment of mass poverty, rather than with the breadth of the north-south gulf. Presently, one billion poverty-stricken people (those with less than US$ 200 income per year) inhabit our planet. Most of them make their 'home' in South East Asia.

The World Bank reckons that it may take a full generation plus one dollar per barrel of petroleum (well-spent, of course) in order to bring that many poor to the threshold of the basic amenities of life. There was consensus that the West simply must sensitise its grassroots, and through them the power structures, to the idea that banning poverty is the overriding priority for global development and peace.

Peace, indeed. In a world of instant mass communications, poverty, famine and despair may provide the available home-made nuclear weaponry with some unforeseen application. It would be an ostrich-like policy for the West to pin its hopes for world development upon family planning and the trickle-down of economic growth. The threshold of tolerance is sinking too fast and too far.

The message at Sidi Feruch was for north and south to stop looking through opposite sides of the telescope. That, however, is easier said than done. For we continue seeing the mote in somebody else's eye and not the beam in our own. That is where the shoe pinches, excessively so—even at Sidi Feruch.

On one side of the telescope the Third World appears as being militarily, politically and economically too weak to bargain jointly and resolutely for a new world order. On the other side of the telescope, the well-to-do countries are perceived as being too engrossed in their endless pursuit of material abundance to take the poor south seriously.

A peculiar example of the 'telescopic' distortion of the north-south perception is provided by the Swiss. In a popular referendum they vetoed, by a 56% majority, a US$ 80 million creditline to the World Bank's 'soft window'. The veto mirrored the Swiss anxiety that their funds would least benefit those who need these most: the poorest of the poor. Identical fears seem to prevail in other well-to-do countries.

Regrettably, the referendum reflects the overwhelmingly monetary posture of the north-south dialogue. In the final analysis, geopolitical and psychological obstacles may overshadow the financial ones. The absolute amount of money required to ban poverty from the world's forgotten one billion needy, is insignificant. It represents 5% of the world's annual expenditures on armaments and defence. It equals the world's yearly incremental expenditures on tobacco, alcohol and cosmetics. In essence, the Swiss veto was not a matter of the individual pocketbook, but of the aims of development.

Hitherto, industrialisation of the Third World has rated a higher priority than rural development. This is so partly because the energy crisis, the patterns of overurbanisation and the ecological concerns move agriculture and animal husbandry out of the limelight. Yet a new world order must take the plight of the landless peasants and marginal farmers to heart.

To that end, agricultural commodities should be stabilised at (to the marginal farmers) remunerative price levels. This should be partly a matter of replacing voluntary trade concessions by binding agreements and partly a matter of 'on-the-spot' processing. In this framework, Third World governments are likely to grant new priorities to integrated rural development. The latter is to include infrastructure projects, concessional cooperative credits, employment creation and, last but not least, agro-allied industries. Such comprehensive development schemes are bound to preempt fears such as those expressed in the Swiss referendum, for they are the new international order that was envisioned at Sidi Feruch.

Such a new world order is expected to pivot upon an as yet untested formula: the meshing of (collective) self-reliance with mutual dependencies. The lack of consensus at Sidi Feruch reflects the complexity and political sensitivity of the formulation itself.

The petroleum crisis was a dramatic illustration of the mutual dependency between producers and consumers of crucial resources. Other examples abound, such as Europe's 14 million guest workers, the ocean 'commons' and nuclear proliferation. In 1976, world trade reached a volume of US$ 1 trillion, knitting an intricate web of myriad interdependencies. Economic growth, technological innovation and the vagaries of the weather all tend to lift interdependencies to precarious heights.

However, mutual dependencies can be quite asymmetrical when some

countries are far more interdependent than others. (In the absence of gunboat diplomacy, how to safeguard vital supply lines?) While the United States worked on an Energy Independence Project and Japan on its Tanaka Project, 'Europe Plus Thirty' was being drawn up for not too dissimilar reasons.

And what about the Third World? The petroleum crisis taught it to bargain henceforth collectively with the north. Without common interests with the north, the south has nothing to bargain for, and without conflicting interests, nothing to bargain about. Such a bargaining posture demands a high degree of self-reliance. This is not a matter of cutting the Third World off from the main stream of Western technology, trade and finance. Self reliance is, on the contrary, confidence in its bargaining power in order to secure the necessary inputs for a development process solidly anchored in the Third World's own culture and values (rather than making a xerox copy of alien value systems). That, in a nutshell, is how self reliance fits into mutual dependency.

The extreme diversity of Third World countries does not facilitate collective bargaining priorities. To a much lesser extent this holds good for the trilateral countries: Western Europe, North America and Japan. With 150 countries and countless topics involved, collective bargaining may turn into a global bazaar.

The quintessence of a new world order (also termed the 'planetary bargain') is the relative transfer of resources from north to south. There is no lack of proposals with regard to the scope and mechanism of such transfers—but there exists a considerable lack of consensus concerning the priorities and practicalities. The salient proposals include: the abolishment of trade obstacles to manufactures from the Third World; the stabilisation, at remunerative levels, of crucial commodity prices; international development assistance to the tune of 0.7% of gross national income, gradually to reach 1%; Third World access to world liquidity in the form of special drawing rights; rescheduling foreign indebtedness of Third World countries with inherent balance-of-payment problems; imposing an international taxation on scarce, wasteful or contaminating resources; and, last but not least, a goal of food self-sufficiency in eligible Third World countries in order to accelerate their development 'take-off'.

There was consensus that such transfers should favour poor people rather than poor countries; that transfers should become automatic; that Third World governments themselves should ensure that such resources benefit those who need them most, viz. the poorest of the poor and, last but not least, that such transfers should be channeled through multilateral organisations. There was no consensus with regard to the timing, the height of the transfers, nor on the role of the private sector therein.

There was a heartening agreement at Sidi Feruch that the most urgent and important task ahead is to sensitise the grassroots in the industrial nations on what India terms Garibi Hatao (ban poverty). We shall have to strike a responsive chord with artists, churchgoers, engineers, housewives, labour unionists, professionals, sportsmen and students—and, through them, with those who have the power of suasion and action, in other words,

the power structures.

History teaches us that most progress has been achieved under duress—through conflicts, wars, chaos and rebellions. The presence of nuclear proliferation at a time of brinkmanship should induce each well-informed, motivated world citizen to partake in a crusade,—while there is time, in favour of a new world order under conditions of orderly change and transition. Victor Hugo used to say that all the world's armies were unable to stop an idea whose time has come. The idea? There can be no island of prosperity in an ocean of poverty. That, in a nutshell, was the message from Sidi Feruch.

[During the last week in October 1976, the Club of Rome sponsored a meeting in Sidi Feruch, Algeria, during which 200 experts from all over the world discussed Professor Tinbergen's study *Reshaping the International Order*. André van Dam, a participant in the Conference, is a Dutch economist stationed in Latin America.]

During the summer, in addition to our usual coverage of contemporary affairs, we shall be publishing an occasional series of articles dealing with situations and developments in various fields of activity over the past twenty-five years. The May issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The State of Medicine* by Edward C. Hamlyn, MB, ChB, *The Silver Jubilee of Elizabeth II* by Sir Charles Petrie, *From Fleet Street to Oxbridge: Literary Criticism in the Second Elizabethan Age* by R. C. Churchill and *The Church* by E. R. Norman (Dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge.)

THE SWISS WAY TO ECONOMIC STABILITY

by Gene Gregory

SWITZERLAND is famous for many things—peace, neutrality, the Red Cross, bank secrecy, chocolate, watches, its chemical industry and, of course, winter sports. Now, calmly and quite deliberately, with a remarkable absence of fanfare, the Swiss have added another equally impressive achievement which has earned widespread acclaim: inflation control.

In 1976, Switzerland reduced the rate of inflation to just 1.3 per cent and in so doing made a significant contribution to the history of economics.

Inflation had become a primary concern of Swiss economic policy-makers as early as 1970, when consumer prices began to rise steadily and at increased rates. By 1974, prices were rising at an annual rate of 9.8 per cent, compared with 2.5 per cent in 1969, and an average of 3.3 per cent for the decade 1960-1970. A combination of strong demand pressures, rapid increases in import prices since 1970, and average annual wage increases of 9 per cent were bound to give a strong upward thrust to the domestic price level.

The initial impulse to Swiss inflation owed much to the impact of import prices, and since imports account for more than 30 per cent of the goods and services included in the consumer price index, any change in import prices impacts heavily on the general level of domestic prices. In 1970, by far the largest contribution to the increase in consumer prices was from the prices of food and other consumer goods which are to an important extent imported. Since most of these goods are imported from European countries, their prices have reflected the general high rate of inflation prevailing in Europe. More recently, however, the acceleration in import prices has been due to the sharp rises in prices of raw materials and petroleum products which are entirely imported.

But other external factors have played an even more important role in the worsening of Swiss price performance since 1970. Demand-pull effects of increased exports and the large inflow of liquid funds have clearly been paramount, and Switzerland has proved to be particularly vulnerable to them.

The massive inflow of funds from abroad since late 1970 and an unprecedented increase in monetary liabilities were largely responsible for the vigorous expansion in money supply, especially when account is taken of the secondary effects of the sharp increase in high-powered money.

This huge increase of monetary resources in the hands of the household and corporate sectors had fuelled consumer spending, increasing sharply the prices of land and buildings. Construction activity has contributed as much as 21 per cent to the annual increase in total domestic demand, despite restrictions imposed since June 1971. Since the weight of construction in Switzerland's GNP is one of the highest among advanced industrial

countries, even a small increase in this demand component has contributed more than proportionately to the acceleration of inflation in recent years.

The nature and causes of inflation in Switzerland, to be sure, are somewhat special. But this should not detract from the achievement Switzerland can claim in extinguishing a raging fire that continues to threaten the economies of most other advanced industrial countries, demonstrating clearly and convincingly that the capitalist system is still capable of responding reasonably effectively to the seemingly intractable inflation syndrome.

It is worth noting that the Swiss have achieved this singular feat in the absence of a strong central government, without a huge bureaucracy, and some experts would say without an adequate arsenal of statistics to diagnose the illness for an appropriate cure. Moreover, runaway inflation was tamed and brought under control without endless polemic in the press and the legislature; without tedious and lengthy debate by economic theorists advocating Keynsian reliance on fiscal measures, monetarist notions of money supply management or socialist prescriptions of nationalisation. Nor was there apparently any necessity for government economists engaging in prediction therapy promising the imminent turning of the eternal corner that has eluded so many governments since its discovery by Herbert Hoover in those frightful months that followed Black Friday. And if the handful of civil servants responsible for Swiss economic policy-making had anything as elaborate as a 'game plan' for defeating inflation, it remains the best guarded public secret of the century.

Swiss solutions to most problems are eclectic and pragmatic, found in the absence of public hysteria and pursued with cautious regard for consensus.

Since external factors were providing major impetus to the inflationary spiral, relief from upward pressure on prices was sought through foreign exchange measures and control of liquidity generated by the inflow of foreign funds. From 1971-1973 successive revaluations, allowing the appreciation of the Swiss franc to cushion the impact on domestic prices of imported products whose prices are world-market determined; since 1973, floating of the franc has enabled the appreciation process to continue relieving both domestic wholesale and consumer prices from the mechanical effects of the increase in import prices.

If the Swiss franc had not been allowed to appreciate since 1971, the rate of inflation in 1976 would have been arround 10 per cent, rather than 1.3 per cent and draconian monetary and fiscal measures, not to mention wages and price controls, would have been necessary.

In fact, Parliament did approve a set of emergency anti-inflationary measures in December 1972 which covered a much wider front than similar action taken in the past. They included restrictions on capital movements and the setting of a ceiling on bank credit together with control of bank liquidity, regulation of official capital market issues, direct controls on building and a system of wage and profit surveillance. Because of the relative unimportance of public consumption, however, Swiss authorities

chiefly used monetary and financial instruments, rather than fiscal and budgetary policies, to moderate the growth of aggregate demand and reduce inflationary pressures.

Common wisdom attributes the 'Swiss miracle' of inflation control mainly to the floating of the Swiss franc, which neutralised the impulse of import prices and, at least theoretically, shields the banking system from speculative capital movements. While the upward floating of the franc has tended to do just this, as well as reduced the demand-pull effect of exports, the principal monetary variables (credit to the economy and money supply) have been controlled principally through the maintenance of quantitative credit restrictions and indirectly through measures affecting the liquidity of the banking system.

Reserve requirements on incremental increases of a bank's net liabilities to non-residents was boosted to 100 per cent, interest payments on non-resident deposits were suspended and, instead, new deposits were subjected to a quarterly tax of 10 per cent, which amounts to a negative interest rate of 40 per cent annually.

Credit expansion was contained by imposing relatively strict norms which limited growth of bank credit for persons or companies domiciled in Switzerland to 6-7 per cent annually and imposed restrictions on hire purchase terms.

Because of the pressures caused by the contraction of liquidity on the money market, the upward trend in short-term interest rates, which had begun in 1973, became more pronounced and extended to long-term rates as well during the first half of 1974. Pressures affecting the money market also spread to the capital market. Bond rates tended to fall, causing yields to rise, since the liquidity shortage led to sales of securities and investors chose more liquid forms of savings. Although the amount of bond issues was restricted and despite higher interest rates on new issues, many were not subscribed because their terms did not take full account of bond yield movements.

On the other hand, given the tendency of the public to switch its assets from sight deposits to time deposits, the money supply in its narrow definition began to expand rapidly at the beginning of 1972, and continued to do so well into 1975.

All in all, Swiss monetary policy proved effective in arresting upward inflationary pressures. The large amount of excess liquidity in the economy was successfully absorbed, activity slowed appreciably and aggregate demand pressure was considerably reduced.

Admittedly, the authorities had some important factors working in their favour. The control of bank liquidity was greatly facilitated by the floating of the franc, so that the monetary base is no longer affected by the repatriation of banks' foreign assets. The almost complete absence of unemployment, which has yet to arrive above 0.9 per cent, also has meant that restrictive policies could be pursued with greater continuity. The substantial reduction of the labour force as the result of the departure of some 200,000

foreign workers and the ageing of the Swiss population were important escape valves which enabled Swiss economic policymakers to dampen economic activity without the dire consequences of unemployment. Moreover, the reduction in the labour force reduced demand pressures significantly, providing an important ripple effect to deflationary measures.

Structurally, too, the importance of the construction sector in Switzerland simplified the task of inflation control; because the overheating of this sector was contributing largely to the accentuation of overall effective demand, its strong and rapid response to monetary restraints produced a predictably sharp acceleration of the deflationary current.

Swiss authorities were not content with the synergistic effects of monetary policy and structural factors, however. Both indirect and direct taxes were increased modestly, and a system of price, income and profits surveillance has served to make the market more transparent and prevent undue increases since 1973.

Contrary to Galbraithian and Fabian socialist notions that the only answer to the wage-price spiral is to fix prices and wages mandatorily with resort to law for their strict enforcement, the Swiss approach has been at once more subtle, less costly and most probably more effective.

Responsibility for this new economic policy instrument, introduced in December 1972 after approval by a large majority of the population voting in a national referendum, is vested in an officer seconded by just 9 full-time and 3 part-time assistants. This remarkably small staff, especially in view of the wide responsibilities of the office, is nonetheless effective for its size.

It intervenes in the process of price determination in the broad range of uncontrollable products and takes part in fixing the prices of those few goods and services controlled by special provisions, of public utility charges and of goods whose prices are protected. The office is also consulted by the National Bank about fixing interest rates on money and capital markets. And it usually intervenes only indirectly in the surveillance of wages and profits, though it is empowered to express an opinion on any wage or salary increase whether or not given in junction with rises in prices.

The task of the office is less complicated than it sounds, however. Most prices in Switzerland are fixed either by cartels or a few firms in a dominant position in the various sectors of the market. Investigation of prices rises by these cartels and dominant firms has been one of the main tasks of the office, in conjunction with the Secretariat of the Cartels Commission, and in quite a large number of cases the firms concerned have been persuaded after negotiation to abandon, reduce or phase proposed price increases. Equally important, its repeated intervention with Switzerland's powerful banking community to postpone the increase in mortgage rates has helped to moderate rents, and thereby further to relieve the pressure on prices.

But the sheer psychological impact of the Office's existence has probably been as important as the direct effects of the policy of price and incomes surveillance. Producers have shown notable restraint in setting their prices and Swiss consumers, well-known for their insistence on value for money,

have become even more vigilant than in the past.

There is more to this manifestation of public-spirited discipline than meets the eye, of course. As always, the sociology of economic phenomena is not unimportant, but in this case it is particularly instructive in illuminating the deeper well-springs of the entire Swiss system of economic management.

Clearly, there is little that is new in the techniques used by the Swiss to control inflation. The mix of measures might be different from those employed elsewhere, for there are some aspects of the Swiss inflationary syndrome which are unique and therefore require a special formulation of economic medicines.

But if the particular mix of measures described here has succeeded, it is in large part because the basic social arrangements in Switzerland are conductive to their working. All of the social partners, and the public at large, have repeatedly manifested an unequivocal priority concern for the general welfare over their particular vested interests.

As noted above, the Swiss voters massively endorsed the governmental decrees of December 1972 which prescribed the principal anti-inflationary measures to be taken. More recently, too, the public has rejected the introduction of labour's participation in management and the uniform adoption of a 40-hour week on the grounds that these measures would likely result in social unrest and contribute to the rise in prices.

Switzerland has known social harmony for the past 40 years, and harmony just as much as conflict can be habit-forming. Especially when it has very tangible advantages. The Swiss are well aware that they have one of the highest average standards of living in the world and the least spread in remuneration of workers and managers, and that this is due in no small part to the fact that a primordial concern for the common weal has become a part of everyone's expectations. Even the major Swiss banks, whose powers are vaunted hyperbolically in popular literature, have felt obligated to accept the primary burden of monetary controls in the interest of the broader national benefits of arresting inflation.

Circumstance plays a decisive role, it is true. Within the actual socio-economic context, labour unions can be persuaded to accept wage increases that reflect only prospective gains in productivity, and there is more or less absolute assurance that no privileged individuals or organisations will refuse to respect the general interest, penalising those that are cooperative.

Queried about the powers of the institution which he heads, Swiss National Bank President Fritz Leutwiler recently alluded to this social nexus on which the Swiss economic and political system rests: 'Let's say we have some powers of moral suasion based on basically good relations with the banks—although we do not agree on all points. We have the advantage of living in a small country where everybody knows everybody.'

This is largely true of all social and political arrangements in Switzerland. It is also one way of saying that 'small is beautiful', even when it comes to the mastery of inflationary forces which continue to bedevil the largest of the world's economic powers.

MASS UNEMPLOYMENT: THE ULTRA-LEFT'S LOST OPPORTUNITY

by A. D. Harvey

ONE of the more depressing, though not surprising, aspects of Britain's current unemployment crisis has been the response of the ultra-left. The International Socialists, jealously emulated by the International Marxist Group and the International Communist League, have put their full weight behind the Right to Work campaign, and the Communist Party, still Britain's largest ultra-left organization, has given wavering support to their efforts. Stimulated by their sense of the enormous responsibility of being standard bearers in an era of revolution, the members of these Marxist groups have thrown aside consistency and such like obscurantist garbage. In city squares, at factory gateways and on university campuses all over the country, meetings have been held and speeches made insisting on man's inalienable right to work. The Right to Work—no cause could be simpler to comprehend, or self-evidently more worthy of support at a time when a million and a half of our fellow citizens are on the dole. The only trouble is the ultra-left doesn't believe, and never has believed, that there is any such thing as a right to work. A right to the produce of one's own labour—perhaps; a right not to starve while others grow fat—yes; but a right to allow yourself to be conned into slaving forty hours a week so that a cabal of financiers can pay you off with a fraction of the wealth you have created, and pocket the rest—never. Throughout the years of full employment, the ultra-left, feebly at first but with growing stridency, told the people how their willingness to work was being exploited by the bosses; yet now that the system is crumbling the ultra-left is taking the lead in the campaign to have the whole anachronistic shambles of capitalism patched up as quickly and as unconstructively as possible.

Of course, only a reactionary or an utopian dreamer ignorant of dialectic, or some such petit-bourgeois excrescence, would accuse the ultra-left of shameless opportunism. The ultra-left know perfectly well what they are doing. They call it strategy. Marxists have always been fond of strategy. Doing one thing in order to create an opposite effect provides an agreeable illusion of having some control over events which defy the guidance of all those ordinary, unstrategic mortals who live outside the free-thinking, denim-wearing, bedsitting-room zones of our larger cities. The adoption of a new strategy, moreover, gives left-minded people a welcome opportunity to reaffirm their allegiance to the cause, and to disassociate themselves from the latest of their acquaintances to commit the characteristically petit-bourgeois crime of thinking for themselves.

But though we may not be surprised that left-wingers should have been so perverse (in terms of their own doctrines) in their response to Britain's massive unemployment, we may regret the decision they have taken to ignore the opportunities which the present economic crisis has offered for the construction of a new Britain.

The old Britain—the society which is still today staggering on from crisis to crisis—is both doomed and deserving of destruction. The success of France and Germany during the last decade must not blind us to the fact that economic systems based on manufacturing and high levels of consumption, without a foundation of vast reserves of raw materials, are destined to collapse within the next two, three or four generations. Apart from the United States, which could if necessary function as a hermetically sealed economic unit, and the Soviet Union, which is trying to function as a hermetically sealed unit and might even succeed at it one day, it is the economically under-developed countries which possess most of the world's raw materials. As these countries develop their manufactures, the price of raw materials will increase, and their demand for imported manufactured goods will decline. It is only in the short term that the development of Third World economies provides excellent trading opportunities for advanced societies; soon only countries with an enormous technological and organizational lead will be able to make up for the disadvantage of having to import the raw materials from which their exports are made. Of course, at the moment raw materials make up only a small proportion of the imports of European countries—most of their foreign trade consists of buying and selling manufactured goods amongst themselves—but as raw materials become more expensive, European countries will have to run down their trade with one another and will at last become totally dependent on the nations supplying them with primary commodities.

Unless the European Economic Community can regain some control of the Third World, the whole of Europe will be in eclipse by 2077, with the possible exception of countries like Sweden and Switzerland with small domestic markets and economies based on especially advanced technology. Britain's situation today is merely a foretaste of what is going to happen to nearly all the countries of Europe, and any economic miracle apparently restoring the strength of Britain's economy can only be temporary. The present crisis is merely a dress rehearsal for the final collapse which no amount of IMF loans and Party Conference rhetoric can avert. Within a few decades Britain will have ceased to be a significant industrial and commercial power and will have become a nation of unemployed drop-outs living not very much above subsistence level.

There is no reason why one should be depressed by this prospect. We have already, somewhat painfully, adjusted to the fact that there is more to life than ruling over millions of ungrateful blacks, and owning atlases in which a third of the world is coloured red. It is time that we adjusted to the fact that there is more to life than buying a new colour television every two years and a new Ford Cortina every three, and drinking, smoking and eating—especially eating—ourselves into premature senility. Some of the greatest pleasures of life, like breathing fresh air or talking to one's friends, not only do not require material wealth, but are actually more available in a backward economy.

At the moment millions of our countrymen have been bred up to believe that the whole point of human existence is to spent eight, nine or ten hours a day, five days a week in some stinking, rackety factory or mind-deadening

office in order that they can earn enough money actually to *live* for perhaps two evenings a week—*living* being understood to mean drinking oneself into oblivion in a sweaty bar or hunting in packs at discotheques. 'My life is over before it's even started', protested one bewildered unemployed school leaver speaking on behalf of the Right To Work campaign at Glasgow. I didn't like to invite a Clydeside fist in my Home Counties mouth for suggesting to him that unemployment might provide an opportunity for country walks and reading books, instead of an eight-to-five grind in a foundry or warehouse. Besides, it was too late to tell him so, for since the moment he was born his parents, his teachers, his school friends have all, without even being aware of it, nourished in him the idea that the whole purpose of life is to earn money in order to be able to spend it to provide jobs for other people. It is exactly this kind of pernicious nonsense which the ultra-left, with their cynical Right To Work campaign, are helping to promote.

Very few of the frustrated, anxious men and women at that Right To Work meeting outside the Stirling Library in Glasgow pretended that they actually *liked* working. More than one said, during the numerous interruptions and altercations, that they only worked to get money. It is only the lucky ones, the doctors, the research scientists, the stockbrokers, the journalists, whose work is sufficiently absorbing and stimulating in itself to seem worth doing for its own sake (which makes it doubly odd that professional people lucky enough to do such work should expect higher salaries than the poor slobs who only work because of the pay packet on Friday). At the same time most people want to feel that they have pulled their weight, that they have earned their money and done their duty by their fellows. The trouble is that our society brain-washes people into seeking this necessary self-satisfaction even in occupations like machine-operating or hod-carrying which are intrinsically degrading and dehumanizing.

Obviously it is not possible for everyone to do no work at all, for even in the subsistence society which will have become established a hundred years from now, food growing and sewage disposal will be necessary industries. But it is certainly possible for people to do less work than they do at the moment. The present one and a half million unemployed are the victims of a system which over-employs the remainder of the labour force. Our economic system prefers to pay one man a high wage for a forty-hour week, and extra rates for over-time, and another man a subsistence allowance for doing nothing, rather than pay both men a reasonable income for a twenty-five hours week. The reason for this is that the producer is now also the major consumer. Gone are the days of the Industrial Revolution when producers survived on starvation wages, in order that their social superiors could consume the fruit of their labours. This shift of roles, which has been in progress since the 1920s, has only been fully evident since the 1960s, and in fact only struck me for the first time a couple of years ago in Oxford, traditionally a playground of the rentier class and the leisured intelligentsia, when the snappiest dressed men to be seen on the streets, rough-handed, chubby-faced men who were doing rather well out of being exploited, wearing sleek light-coloured suits and bright shirts open at the

neck, were car factory operatives from Cowley, and the best dressed, most glamorous, most attractive-looking women were their wives and girl-friends. But of course it is only by paying people enough over and above their basic requirements for food, clothes and shelter that they are able to have enough to provide an adequate demand for the cars, televisions, washing machines, garish impractical clothing and cosmetics which they produce. That is why people are still able to work overtime when there are a million and a half on the dole. But because the producer is also the consumer, he needs to be paid too much to allow the goods he makes to be competitive on the world market. We are pricing ourselves out of business. This is the inevitable consequence of high levels of domestic consumption. And since, under present social, economic and political circumstances there is no way the producer can be made to stop being a consumer (our present economic system would fall apart if the attempt was made, even if there wasn't a revolution) both production and consumption will eventually be involved in a joint collapse. When that moment comes, there will be neither jobs to provide wages, nor goods to spend wages on.

There used to be a lot of talk of the Leisure Society in that swinging '60s Indian Summer, before we became the Bankrupt Society. Today it seems a pity that the Leisure Society was just a matter of talk—bankrupts tend to have more leisure than anyone, in spite of the bizarre notion that still prevails that leisure is something to do with surpluses of money. As we move towards an era of enforced idleness, we must develop a new attitude to cultural, sporting and recreational activities. They must cease to do what wage-slaves do in the odd hours given them to recover from the nastiness of the working week; they must assume their rightful place as the central object of human existence. There are those who believe that it is self-awareness and the capacity for self-improvement which distinguishes man from animals, and perhaps if these qualities could become more the focus of our corporate energies we would at last move towards the true felicity which has been the elusive goal of man probably ever since he first began to dream 350,000 years ago.

In educating ourselves for leisure we face almost insurmountable obstacles. Sport is altogether tainted by commercialization, and can only survive the collapse of the commercial ethic if it is radically reformed. Education is too much geared to short-term ends which are inimical to true education, to qualifying people for jobs they would be better off without. With regard to art and culture, the novel, drama and above all the film, we are too near to becoming a colony of the United States. The neurotic and parochial mythologies of that syphilitic super power are progressively crowding out the last vestiges of originality and relevance in British culture; instead of playing Greece to America's Rome, we seem to be content with the role of Cisalpine Gaul. Our aping of the Americans is pathetic enough when our standard of living is only half theirs, but it will be tragic buffoonry when, in a hundred years time, our living standards will be only a sixth or a tenth what they will be on the other side of the Atlantic. A whole variety of factors may liberate us from American cultural influence during the coming years, but it is a pity this must be left to the vagaries of market

forces. As with sport, our culture needs to be decommercialized in order to be certain of surviving; we have already suffered enough from publishers and film producers who, by pretending to combine good business with good art, have enforced declining cultural standards without even the excuse of managing to show profits.

Perhaps it is only a Communist regime which could carry through a social revolution involving lowered consumption and the decommercialization of leisure. There is nothing wrong with Communism—if it works. Even in Russia, where the system they have the effrontery to label Communism patently does not work, the persecution of writers like Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn is almost compensated for by such genuine cultural triumphs as the establishment of novels like *Quiet Flows The Don* and films like *Andrei Rublev* as popular classics. Perhaps we will soon have Communism in this country too—in which case we may look forward to seeing how our country adjusts to its uneasy future under the guidance of those far-sighted visionaries of the International Socialists, the International Marxist Group and the International Communist League, those self-righteous and self-deluding opportunists who invented the Right To Work campaign.

[A. D. Harvey teaches Politics, History and English at the University of Cambridge. His book *Britain at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century* will be published by Batsford early in 1978. He has contributed to *The Historical Journal, Essays in Criticism, Encounter,* and *New Society.*]

SIR JAMES FRAZER (1854-1941) AND THE GOLDEN BOUGH

by L. M. Angus-Butterworth

THE famous jurist Sir Edward Coke once said that 'When a great, learned man dieth, much learning dieth with him.' Frazer was just the type of man described, but fortunately for posterity the precious learning he had acquired on such a vast scale was not lost. When he died in his 88th year, a life of long-sustained industry had ensured the permanent recording of the results of researches that had a profound significance for mankind. In the year before his death he was spoken of in these terms by the Rev. Dr. Archibald Fleming: 'Sir James, although nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of our population never heard of him, is at the head of all Scottish scholarship of the moment.' In his great works, a new science, the study of comparative religions, had been firmly established on a broad basis. The career of such a scholar has features which may serve as an inspiration for succeeding generations.

Frazer came of prosperous Glasgow merchant stock, and through his mother was related to the Earls of Crawford. He was born on New Year's Day, 1854, at Brandon Place, Glasgow, but much of his youth was spent at Helensburgh, where his father had a charming country residence at the mouth of the Gareloch. In later years he wrote,

> Tonight, with the muffled roar of London in my ears, I look down the long vista of the past and see again the little white town by the sea, the hills above it tinged with the warm sunset light. Beyond the dark and slumbrous waters of the Loch peep, glimmering through the twilight, the low green hills of Gareloch, while above them tower, far in the glory of the sunset sky, the rugged mountains of Loch Long.

In these quiet and pleasant surroundings, so helpful to one who early showed his studious tastes, Frazer grew up, and in due course matriculated at the Glasgow University. He records:

> When I joined the University, the course of study for the degree of Master of Arts was very different from what it is now. Everyone without exception had to study and satisfy the examiners in precisely the same subjects, which were Greek and Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy (which meant Physics), Logic and Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, and English Literature. It was an excellent scheme of a sound and liberal education.

Probably the greatest of his teachers at Glasgow was Sir William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, through whom he acquired much of the true scientific outlook upon which his future researches depended.

From Glasgow, Frazer successfully competed for an entrance scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and began his long and happy residence there. Angus Downie remarks that it has been hinted that among the Cambridge scientists his reputation was respected, his person revered, but his works ignored. The University was prompt and generous, however, in recognising his quite unusual ability, for he was subsequently elected to a Fellowship at Trinity which was thrice renewed and finally held for life, the total period being over sixty years.

His set of rooms as a Fellow were situated to begin with on the first floor between the Great Gate and the Chapel, but his library became in time so extensive that the weight of it threatened disaster to those below, and he moved therefore to ground floor rooms in Whewell's Court: He writes:

> The windows of my study look on the tranquil court of an ancient college, where the sundial marks the silent passage of the hours. . . . Here, if anywhere, remote from the tumult and battle of the world with its pomps and vanities and ambitions, the student may hope to hear the still voice of truth, to penetrate through the little transitory questions of the hour to the realities which abide . . . while the generations come and go.

The early training of Frazer having been classical, it was natural that at Cambridge his thoughts should turn first in that direction. Of his purely classical works perhaps the most important is his edition of Pausanias, the Greek topographer. How thorough was his method is indicated by the several visits he paid to Greece to examine the original sites; journeys which he no doubt enjoyed in themselves. The text, translation and commentary were published in six volumes, forming an impressive early example of Frazer's patient industry. In this way, knowledge and experience were gained of which ample use was to be made later.

The enduring fame which Frazer earned in such rich measure was for his work in applying the comparative method to the study of religions. He expressed the basic considerations he hand in mind in these terms:

> The idea of regarding the religions of the world not dogmatically but historically—in other words not as systems of truth or falsehood to be demonstrated or refuted, but as phenomena of consciousness to be studied like any other aspect of human nature—is one which seems hardly to have suggested itself before the nineteenth century. Now when, laying aside as irrelevant to the purpose in hand the question of the truth or falsehood of religious beliefs, and the question of the wisdom or folly of religious practices, we examine side by side the religions of the different races and ages, we find that, while they differ from each other in many particulars, the resemblances between them are numerous and fundamental, and that they mutually illustrate and explain each other, the distinctly stated faith and circumstantial ritual of one race often clearing up ambiguities in the faith and practice of other races. Thus the comparative study of religion soon forces on us the conclusion that the course of religious evolution has been, up to a certain point, very similar among all men, and that no one religion, at all events in its earlier stages, can be fully understood without a comparison of it with many others.

To carry out his task effectively, Frazer had to obtain the fullest possible information from all available sources. In fact he accumulated material on a prodigious scale. He published in 1887 a booklet entitled *Questions on the Manners, Customs, etc., of Uncivilised or Semi-civilised Peoples.* Downie says that this pamphlet was distributed among administrators, missionaries, and others in remote parts of the world, and in this way he turned many able minds to the study of primitive man.

The work which embodies the most significant parts of Frazer's researches is *The Golden Bough.* This great masterpiece took a lifetime to produce. It was first published in two volumes in 1890. Studies continued and in 1900 a second edition in three volumes appeared. Finally, between 1911 and 1915 the great third edition in twelve volumes was produced, a monumental achievement even for a genius of Frazer's remarkable industry.

The name *Golden Bough* requires some explanation, as it does not in itself give an adequate indication of the scope of the work in the way that, for example, the title of the volume *Le Trésor Légendaire de L'Humanité* does. The latter was written by Lady Frazer in French, her native language, and was based upon her husband's work. The legend from which Frazer derived his title was that in which Aeneas, in visiting the abode of the dead, has to take with him an offering to the Queen of the Underworld in the shape of a golden bough. This classical legend attracted Frazer, and he says:

> I soon found that in attempting to settle one question I had raised many more; wider and wider prospects opened out before me, and thus, step by step, I was lured on into far-spreading fields of primitive thought which had been but little explored by my predecessors.

Thus what originally appeared a comparatively simple investigation developed beyond recognition. Elsewhere he remarks that:

> While nominally investigating a particular problem of ancient mythology, I have really been discussing questions of more general interest which concern the gradual evolution of human thought from savagery to civilisation.

Frazer wrote an introduction to *The Life of a Priest* by Albert Houtin. This introductory note is of interest because of the light it throws on Frazer's own views. Of the priest he says,

> Of a deeply religious temperament, he entered as a novice a Benedictine monastery. Always a student, his bent to reading and reflection led to his appointment as professor in a Catholic seminary, and it was in the course of the historical studies which the duties of his office imposed on him that he gradually and sorrowfully recognised the rents and fissures in the foundations of that marvellous structure, the Catholic Church, which presents to the outward eye an appearance so vast, so venerable, so imposing. In the long struggle between faith and reason, victory finally remained with the intellect; the impulse of sentiment yielded to the evidence of history; and step by step the shepherd was himself driven from the fold into which he had sought to guide the lost sheep and to carry the strayed lambs of the Christian flock. Of this prolonged conflict all Houtin's works are a precious, perhaps an imperishable record. His clear, logical and characteristically French intelligence compelled him to abandon the traditional dogmas of Catholicism, and indeed of Christianity.

Frazer himself had received a strict religious upbringing. His own emancipation from the tyranny of archaic theological convention took place early, for when once his powerful intellect was acting under the stimulus of independent thought, his powers of critical judgment did not fail him. It must not be imagined, however, that the question was merely one of discarding the lessons of early religious instruction. The knowledge gained in youth formed an indispensable basis for the work that was to come later. It seems evident that if Frazer's training had been other than it was in this respect he could not have had either the interest in theology, or the intimate acquaintance with it, that were essential for his universal survey of religions. A mind less robust might have been submerged by the conditions of his upbringing, but fortunately his mind was fully capable of transcending its early environment, and of transmuting the dross of outworn dogmas into the pure metal of a new science, with all the scientists' rigid regard for truth.

In the same way, and possibly with more reason, it might be assumed that Frazer's classical education was undesirable, but the problem is again

a complex one. The years devoted to purely classical studies could perhaps have been spent to better purpose in some branch of scientific training. Yet Frazer himself was confident that he had no cause for regret, and certainly his command of literary English was of the kind rarely acquired by the pure scientist. Again, although his editing of Sallusti and his translating of Pausanias seems arid and sterile labour, yet his other classical studies became incorporated in his main work just as his theological ones had been. The field of classical lore yielded a rich harvest under his plough.

As regards the literary quality of his work, one journal neatly expressed the position, when reviewing his *Folk-Lore in the Old Testament*, in these words:

> Sir James Frazer, than whom no scholar is more erudite or severe in his industry, has the 18th century gift of presenting the latest achievement of research in a form in which it may be read by the ordinary man for its own sake. *The Golden Bough* has been so read from its first appearance, and the faithful have followed it with increasing enjoyment through all its transmutations. *Folk-Lore in the Old Testament* has the same interest and the same charm. It does not address itself merely to anthropological scholars. Nothing more is required for its satisfactory appreciation than curiosity as to the workings of the human spirit and a love of the scholarly temperament and of scholarly prose.

As the quality of Frazer's work became known, it received warmly appreciative recognition in many lands. As Lady Frazer was French, it was natural for that great intellectual country to take him to her heart. Thus we find that by 1935 a full translation into French of the twelve great volumes of *The Golden Bough* had taken place. His friend Anatole France wrote:

> Frazer nous a donné de l'homme la connaissance la plus vaste et la plus neuve. Ce nom d'anthropologiste qui, chez nous, garde encore une signification étroite prend avec lui le sens le plus large. Il nous a fait entrer dans la pensée des barbares d'aujourd' hui et des temps lointains; il a eclairé d'une lumière nouvelle cette antiquité grecque et latine que nous pensions connaître; il a substitué aux fables que l'homme imagine pour expliquer sa propre origine les premières données d'une science rigoureuse, qui n'existait pas avant lui.

Frazer himself wrote freely in French, Spanish and German. An honorary doctorate was conferred on him by the University of Paris, and a few days after the ceremony he gave an address at the Sorbonne,—*Sur l'Etude des Origines Humaines*. One passage reads:

> Il y a un progrès lent mais perceptible, qui nous emporte d'un commencement inconnu vers un but également inconnu: l'humanité est, pour ainsi dire, accrochée aux marches d'un grand escalier qui monte depuis des abîmes sombres jusqu' aux hauteurs de plus en plus illuminées d'un jour radieux et célestre. . . . C'est l'idée de ce progrès de l'humanité qui a occupé ma pensée et dirigé mes études, et c'est d'elle que je voudrais vous parler.

Somewhat similar sentiments were expressed by Sir James in the preface to his work on *Man, God and Immortality,—Thoughts on Human Progress*, when he declares that:

> All that I have attempted to do in the past is to study some phases of human evolution, and all that I have attempted in the present volume is to crystallise, as it were, the results of my studies into an optic glass which may afford the reader some momentary glimpses of the long march of humanity on the upward road from savagery to civilisation. The march is still in progress and no doubt will continue without a halt when we are gone.

In the same preface, one of the last he wrote, he says:

> I have explained a few hard words in the notes; but here as elsewhere I have been very sparing in the use of such terms, believing that the simple ways and simple thoughts of primitive folk, with whom I am chiefly concerned, can best be described in simple language.

What deep wisdom and yet what modesty there is in such a statement.

Frazer's work was planned on the grand scale, and to complete it he needed not only good health and a long life but constant application and much labour. Given these resources of character and constiution, his fine mind could have free play to accomplish gradually the immense task before it. By the nature of things, results could not be achieved easily or quickly. An estimate of what was done is given by Dr. G. N. Gooch in these words:

> In its boundless erudition, its constructive imagination, and its wealth of suggestion, *The Golden Bough* stands forth as perhaps the most notable contribution of the age to our knowledge of the evolution of the human race.

Marriage might have been a serious interruption to scholarly research, but Sir James was fortunate in finding an ideal helpmeet. He married in his 43rd year but had no children. Lady Frazer shared his interests very fully and became his active collaborator in research. They built a house in Cambridge but moved about freely. For a time they lived in the Middle Temple, to which Sir James belonged. The two became inseparable, and as Frazer desired a very retired life his wife became his chief link with the outside world. Then, in later years, as he began to suffer from failing sight, she devoted herself more and more to helping him to overcome this tragic affliction. As blindness approached she spent many days and weeks reading to him. In this way she made it possible for him to carry on his work much longer than could otherwise have been the case.

Sir James died in Cambridge on May 8th, 1941, and Lady Frazer survived him by only a few hours. The first part of the funeral service was held in Trinity College Chapel and was taken by the Dean. The Master of Trinity read the lesson. Sir James and Lady Frazer were buried in the same grave at St. Giles's Cemetery, Cambridge.

[L. M. Angus-Butterworth is President of the Lancashire Authors' Association.]

UTOPIA: S.F.: DOOMSDAY

by Renée Haynes

EVER since the Renaissance revived and exhausted the theory that the Golden Age, in common with the aboriginal Dream Time, lay in the past, most utopias have, like the Second Coming, been projected into the future. Rousseau looked forward to the advent of the perfect state when 'the last King has been strangled with the bowels of the last priest'. The General Will, as inspired by the original virtue to be seen in the Noble Savage, would then prevail and all be well. (Read mob-emotion or crowd violence for the General Will, and Aryan or Proletarian for Savage, and doubt may enter). Shelley combined the vision of a republican and vegetarian community of perfect love with the science fiction of his time, and looked forward with thrilled anticipation to seeing paddle steamers on the Lake of Geneva; devices alas now relegated to industrial archaeology. Wells, too, fused a passion for science and technology with his vivid plans for a noble World State to come. With thought he described the progress of his age developing towards a *Modern Utopia*. With dreams he painted that State in *Men like Gods;* dreams balanced in *The Sleeper Awakes* by nightmares of a vast, technically complex society still corrupted by struggles for power, and marked by one of the earliest images of rational, sensible, chemical horror in the practice of drugging the unemployed until work should become available.

There have been few religious books over the last hundred years, on the theme of future Time. Doomsday was real enough to earlier ages. Its imminence has haunted the generations on and off for nearly 20 centuries, especially when life seemed more evil than body and soul could bear. *Tempora pessima, hora novissima,* the world must end in 999 (or some other date) . . . but the last hour was succeeded by others, however vividly, with however much relief or apprehension people thought they detected the approach of Kingdom Come. The year one thousand passed and life went on. It did so in World War One, when the battle swung geographically and imaginatively near Armageddon. It did so in World War Two, though Hitler had more than once been identified with Anti-Christ. In the 1950s, when a great unexplained darkness spread over Sunday lunch time London, women rang up their friends asking whether it meant the end of the world. Vague predictions have of course been made by various 'psychics' including the American Jeane Dixon, who saw 'cosmic upheavals' in 1999, after which a cross would illuminate the eastern sky and God would intervene on the side of the righteous. But of actual Christian writing on the future there has been very little. Even C. S. Lewis's admirable *Perelandra* contrasting a sinless planet with our own 'bent' one, laid little emphasis on what happens next!

It may be that contemporary minds cannot work on this theme because they feel too close to the verge of destruction to look at it. It may be that they are obsessed with time and are losing the sense of eternity. It may be that they are stultified by the alien imagery of the Apocalypse. This can

be translated into the words of our languages, but not into the pictures in which we think. To us for instance horsemen are the well-off who ride to hounds (wicked blood sports!) or canter in Richmond Park. They do not gallop with terror through the sky. Cities—even Freeman Dyson's cities built on satellites—cannot descend from the heavens. They would go into orbit directly they felt earth's gravitational pull. And so on. Oddly enough it is the USSR that has produced the only satisfying translation I know from Biblical story to modern myth. In this the angels who visited Sodom and Gomorrah are presented as travellers from outer space so horrified by the way in which they were treated that they arranged to leave behind and explode all their spare atomic fuel after the blast-off of their vehicle on its return journey through the galaxies.

There does exist however a piece of Christian science-fiction written in the 1900s, set in the future, and ending with the end of human time. As far as I know, it is unique; there are no others of its kind. For that reason it is worth examining in detail, a process which will show incidentally how accurately some of that detail forecasts the events of the last 70 years. It was written by Robert Hugh Benson, youngest son of the Anglican Archbishop who founded the Ghost Club. R. H. Benson was familiar with the work of early students of psychical research—William James, F. W. H. Myers, the Sidgwicks—and writes as if he himself had had that vivid capacity for extrasensory perception which can both flash home to the heart glimpses of temporal knowledge and serve as the raw material of contemplative prayer.

He produced a number of books, most of them forgotten, because they are rooted in a period sociologically so remote from our own: the Edwardian age, when the self-confidence of wealth was unshaken by any sense of guilt, the shape of the community was largely taken for granted, and change tended to be seen without foreboding, in terms of improvement rather than revolution, more technology, more civilization and more justice increasing inevitably with inevitable progress.

Haunted by intimations of strangeness, Benson wrote again and again of scenes in which the established order of things—an order which had a limited goodness of its own, producing a fair substructure for life and thought—was suddenly lit up from an unexpected angle, by a beam giving a *son et lumière* effect to the most workaday things, showing up sinister shadows, sick horror, in the apparently comfortable, or transfiguring tragedy with significance.

A collection of short stories. *The Light Invisible* illuminated individual human experiences of this kind. His long novel, *Lord of the World*[1], set somewhere in the 21st century, envisaged such experiences as they might be known, singly and collectively in the everyday life of future history. It is extraordinarily interesting in that its theme is constantly related to eternity as well as to time. Through it all echoes *crescendo* a note of contrast: between the emergent World State and the City of God: between public morality, *raison d'état* and individual awareness of truth; between God's Ape and God Himself.

Some of its precognitions are startlingly accurate. Some are still probable

though not yet realized. Some come through 'coded' as it were in the mental parlance of the writer's time. A few are just plain wrong, such as—on different levels—the picture of a Pope abolishing with a fine Chester-Belloc flourish all modern conveniences (including efficient drains) in Vatican City, and the idea that a young couple, rising, but of modest means, can employ servants.

Among the dead accurate forecasts are that capital punishment has been abolished, that England has joined the Common Market, 'the final scheme of Western Free Trade', that there are twenty-four hour timetables for travel, and that people go from place to place not only by train and car but by air (though here the image is pleasantly distorted. The aircraft, known as volors, are blessedly quiet except for an occasional 'musical call'.)

Among the vivid probabilities are that people talk an international language as well as their own (though this is seen as Esperanto rather than the worldwide bastard English which seems in fact to be developing); that the Universities have been made into schools of science and technology: that all 'Necessary Trades' have been nationalized; and that a well organized euthanasia system is now part of the social services. You can apply for it under conditions of strict secrecy, and if the reasons you give for your application—unbearable physical or mental pain—satisfy the authorities, you can enter an officially inspected 'Home of Rest' and after a week's probation receive the means of a comfortable sanitary suicide. Euthanasia is also compulsorily administered to the dying and to those thought to be fatally injured. In a volor crash at Brighton a Catholic priest rushes to the victims to give comfort and absolution as far as he can, closely followed by the official euthanasia men with their camera-like equipment.

The world is divided into three great power-blocks, Europe, America and the Eastern Empire (where China and Japan have merged and swallowed Russia). This Eastern Empire is becoming increasingly aggressive, and Europe and America live in growing apprehension of war, war in which something like nuclear weapons are dreaded, in the form of 'the new Bennenschein explosives' which can 'destroy entire towns with a single shell' and may well wipe out one hemisphere or the other. The only hope seems to live in a mysterious man, Julian Felsenburgh, who has the ear of power politicians on both sides; he also has an extraordinary charisma, as of pop-star, guru and political leader all in one.

There are also three great religions. Catholicism, which has absorbed all other forms of Christian tradition, is declining in numbers, 'explained away by psychology'. 'The Eastern esoteric religions . . . are making great strides.' 'Humanitarianism' (not far from Humanism, in title at any rate) is 'becoming an actual religion in itself'. Based on pantheism, 'it is developing a ritual . . . has a real food of a sort to offer to religious cravings . . . idealizes and yet . . . makes no demand on the spiritual faculties.'

Oliver Brand, the young politician who is one of the chief figures of the story, accepting the assumptions of his age, and interpreting events in accordance with them, leans toward this form of pantheism. He believes that 'impersonal unity is the essence of God's Being' and that 'it is (politically) treason to appeal from God Immanent to God Transcendent—

there is no Transcendent God.' He serves, in fact, a kind of theocracy of *Elan Vital* dedicated to the emergent figure of Superman: Superman soon to be personified and recognised in Julian Felsenburgh.

In practice, the Eastern esoteric religions of the book merge into the rainbow spectrum of Humanitarianism. It is fascinating that Benson should have precognised so vividly the *ersatz* mysticism of our own time, nearly sixty years after his death. Though he does not define it, he is profoundly aware of the longing for the Numinous engendered by a technological culture, a longing that sends men trekking towards its manifestations like cattle to a salt lick. Quite apart from his own beliefs, he perceives that material satisfactions, scientific achievements, and ease are not enough for the mind. It is necessary to confront mystery; the mystery of our situation, born to die; the meaning of our lives and actions, moral and even physical, from the ritual behaviour-patterns in which, like animals, we communicate with one another to the ritual behaviour-patterns which can also be a means of communication with God.

True, Benson did not foresee in detail the days when English devotees of an Eastern cult with shaven heads, brown robes and dingy white gym shoes would move with jingling dance steps along the pavements of Oxford Street; when, to the sound of conches, a *swami* would be dragged in a chariot to Trafalgar Square; when the Tube would be placarded with pictures of slack-fleshed mahatmas offering, for unspecified fees, courses in meditation not upon ideas or imagery, but on some reiterated sound. He did not foresee in detail the possibility that opium would become the religion of the people; or rather opium substitutes in the form of pot, mescalin and LSD. He did not explore the implications of his own phrase that Humanitarianism 'idealizes, and yet . . . makes no demand on the spiritual faculties'; but the words apply admirably to the attempt to obtain enlightenment by means of drugs, to use hallucinogens to induce 'an enlargement of consciousness' without growth and understanding at the centre of consciousness, the self. Even in ordinary life that self interprets what it sees in terms of what it is, in terms of previous perceptions, habitual assumptions, current convictions. How much more vividly this may happen in package trips to the Numinous is of course exemplified by the contrasts between those who have made them.

Aldous Huxley, already absorbed in the perennial philosophy, describes a Blake-like experience in his *Doors of Perception*. The Appendix to Rosalind Heywood's *The Sixth Sense* sets forth an almost religious one. An Oxford philosopher who, like her, took LSD as a medical guinea pig, was so much overcome by the beauty of the world (which he saw in terms of *pointilliste* painting) that he could only gasp 'thank you . . . thank you' . . . . The pale glaring addicts who give themselves 'fixes' in the corridors of the Piccadilly tube do not make such reports, and LSD has had very different results in the black magic cults of America, notably that concerned in the Manson murders, where the main consciousness to be enhanced was one focused on the enjoyment of power, violence and cruelty.

Benson foresaw with startling clarity the development and the nature of the totalitarian state, not in those localized versions we have known

over the years since 1917, but as ruling the entire planet on the dual bases of technological power and mass emotion. His mobs, carried out of themselves by their adoration of Felsenburgh, their secular deliverer from the dread of war, are recognisable enough. So is the way in which they flock to old buildings to enjoy new dramatic rituals designed to express and stimulate and keep aglow the community spirit of the world. So too is the exultation with which those inflamed crowds break through the thin habitual crust of justice, liberty, and freedom of speech to massacre dissentient groups.

It is fascinating to observe how, without flying saucers, or travellers from distant planets, or bug-eyed monsters from outer space *The Lord of the World* combines the recognizable reality of daily human living, personal and political, with given strangeness. It maintains also, of course, something as completely alien from most modern utopias as from the usual *genre* of science fiction however vivid and compelling and multi-dimensional this may be: a sense of good and evil, and of the continuous and ultimate importance of what are now pejoratively called 'value judgments'.

Note:
[1]*Lord of the World* by R. H. Benson was published in 1907 by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.

[Renée Haynes follows her great-grandfather T. H. Huxley as a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, though not in his view of the world. She ran the Reviews Department of the British Council, has contributed to many symposia including *Astride the Two Cultures—Arthur Koestler at 70*, and has written a number of books, the latest of which are *The Hidden Springs, An Enquiry into Extrasensory Perception*, *Philosopher King*, a biography of Benedict XIV; and, in 1976, *The Seeing Eye, the Seeing I, Perception, sensory and extra-sensory*. She also edits the Journal and Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.]

FRIENDS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

by Griselda Hamilton-Baillie

THE Royal Academy of Arts looks forward to 1977 as a year of extensive activity. Into its varied exhibition programme, the Friends of the Royal Academy was launched on January 1st to involve all those who are keen to participate in its activities. At the same time, those who subscribe will support the cause of the Academy, which is to stimulate the widest possible public interest and participation in the arts.

Fulfilling this cause to a greater or less extent for over two centuries, the Academy has been engaged without interruption upon its threefold task of mounting exhibitions, including of course the annual Summer Exhibition 'open to all artists of distinguished merit', of providing tuition in its schools and administering charitable trusts. The institution of its famous loan exhibitions in 1870 has played a major part in stimulating public interest in the arts, the scope of these being international and encompassing surveys of Italian, French, Dutch and more recently, Chinese art, as well as casting retrospective light on the work of such artists as Goya, Bonnard, Turner and, most recently, L. S. Lowry.

In extending and enlivening this association between the public and the visual arts, the Academy offers considerable incentive to join the Friends. For an annual subscription of £10 (and £7 for Museum Staff, Teachers, Pensioners, those with an address abroad and Young Friends (aged 16-25), Friends receive free and immediate admission to all Royal Academy exhibitions with a guest (or with their husband, wife and children under 16). (This means, of course, that where there is a queue for admission tickets, Friends need not wait.) They may also obtain catalogues at a reduced price and there is a Friends Room where they may sit and read in comfort and privacy. The Library and Historical Archives of the Royal Academy will also be available for their research and Friends will be given the opportunity to attend Connoisseur lectures and participate in reciprocal arrangements with other institutions. They will also receive invitations to various Private Views at the Royal Academy, including that of the Summer Exhibition.

Suitably, for an institution run by artists for artists, there is a category of Friends called 'Artist Subscribers', and for an annual subscription of £17.50 they receive not only the privileges extended to the Friends but also the handling forms for the Summer Exhibition free of charge (this year these are £5.50). In the Friends room are order forms for art materials which they may obtain through the Royal Academy at reduced prices and they may obtain the constructive help of the Academy where its experience might stand to their benefit.

A Sponsor category of Friends is included for Companies in particular, but also for individuals who wish to offer the Academy greater patronage. Corporate Sponsors are asked to subscribe £500 annually and individuals £100 annually. In return, the Royal Academy will publish the names of its sponsors in all official documents listing members of the Academy. They

will receive, of course, all those privileges offered to Friends and in addition, a catalogue of each exhibition, 2 guest tickets for private views and six tickets for their guests to visit the exhibitions at other times. It will also offer them the opportunity to arrange, when possible, evening viewings of major Royal Academy exhibitions and to reserve when available and appropriate the Private Rooms of the Academy for important functions.

These Private Apartments contain many of the Academy's greatest treasures, among which is the Michelangelo Tondo—a marble relief of the Madonna and Child with the Infant St. John, executed for the Taddei family in Florence in 1504. This is the only Michelangelo carving in the country and one of only four outside Italy. Other treasures include Queen Victoria's paintbox, Reynolds' easel and drawing tables, palettes of various artists, diaries, medals, and important paintings by Reynolds (among them his self-portrait), by Constable (the Leaping Horse, Dedham Lock and some oil sketches) and by Gainsborough.

The Academy has a category of Benefactors in addition to the Sponsors, Artist Subscribers and Friends, who are asked to donate over £1,000. Their names will appear in all official publications listing members of the Royal Academy and they will be invited by the President and Council to an annual reception during the course of the Summer Exhibition. They will be given free catalogues, guest invitations to Private Views and additional passes enabling their guests to visit the exhibition at other times.

The exhibitions planned for 1977 obviously play a vital part in people's decisions as to whether or not to enrol as a Friend. 1977 opened with the Pompeii exhibition still in progress and continuing until 13th March, showing the treasures of Pompeiian life that were buried by the eruption of Vesuvius in AD79. Pompeii is followed by an exhibition entitled 'This Brilliant Year' from 19th March to 10th July, the year this time being 1887, the occasion of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. Displayed throughout the Private Apartments of the Royal Academy, the exhibition will show the cream of Royal Victorian paintings, many from the Royal Collections at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne. They illustrate both the emotive relationship that existed between Queen Victoria and her people during the celebrations of her 50 years' reign and the extent of appreciation by her subjects, shown in the pageantry, processions and displays of the time, for the rôle she played as Head of State, Patron of the Arts and Beloved Queen.

The 209th Summer Exhibition that follows, from 21st May to 14th August, filling the 15 main galleries of the Royal Academy and containing over 1,200 works of art (most of which are for sale) is a famous annual event and inevitably attracts large crowds with many visitors from overseas. The work of any living artist may be submitted, be it painting, drawing, sculpture, architectural design or graphic (provided the handling fee of £5.50 is paid and it complies with the rules laid down in the Notice to Artists, available in February each year). Selection is then made from the 11,000 or so works received.

Admission charges (the Academy's only source of income, independent as it is from any Government subsidy) vary from exhibition to exhibition, ranging from about 50p to £1. It is evident, therefore, that the Academy is giving substantial encouragement to exhibition visitors, for those who are keen supporters may easily enough recuperate their subscriptions in 'saved' admission charges.

It is interesting that, since the membership to Friends became available in December 1976, there has been both acclaim for the venture and criticism that this has not been available before 1977. There seems to be a tremendous resurgence of interest and warmth in Academy activities at the present time and no doubt its Friends have something to do with it.

[Griselda Hamilton-Baillie is Press Officer of the Royal Academy of Arts.]

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN IRAN

by Alfred Joachim Fischer

IRAN tolerates a rather unobtrusive form of trade union movement. Like all political and social organisations, it is directed by the state in accordance with patriarchal traditions. It will certainly not gain any real power in the near future. Rather, the trade unions, like everything else, exercise only the precise function which has been assigned to them in the skilfully constructed 'divide and rule network' over which the Shah presides as an absolute potentate. Since, however, industrialisation is making surprisingly rapid advances in this 'Western Asian Japan', the spirits which have been invoked might perforce one day grow out of their present weakness.

Under Mohammed Mossadeq, Minister President and the originator of the National Front', there existed a 'Central Workers' Federation'. Since this government leader, who ruled mainly, pyjama-clad, from his bed and embarrassed his visitors with floods of tears, needed the support of the communist Tudeh, or Mass-Party and other left-wingers for many of his measures, he adopted a benevolent attitude towards the trade unions. With the help of the CIA, he was overthrown in 1953. His fall can be attributed principally to the complete failure of his strategy on oil. After nine days, the Shah returned from exile. Since then his attitude towards marxist or indeed any socialist ideas has been even more negative than before. Mossadeq's trade union federation was dissolved by the Shah and replaced by the 'Iranian Workers' Organisation'. The new organisation must, of course, support the monarchy and the constitution, and it also had to approve, not an irksome duty, of the so-called 'White Revolution', which centred on an extensive land reform. The consequent phasing-out of feudalism, and the emancipation, still less economic than social, of the peasantry were also part of Shah Mohammed Reza's carefully calculated strategy of power.

Left-wing aspirations scarcely exist among the rural and industrial workers and are at present restricted to intellectuals. It is this section of society, too, which provides the saboteurs, terrorists and occasional assassins who have made several attempts on the lives of the imperial family and once tried to kidnap them. However, it may be doubted whether the peasants and workers will retain their rather lethargic attitudes, given a gradual reduction of illiteracy and the improved general education which this produces. The distribution of wealth, income and property is still too uneven and this represents a great social danger. Despite the indisputable growth of a healthy middle class, unjust taxation laws mean that Arabian Nights castles continue to exist alongside the most primitive, overcrowded mud huts, and that some Iranians continue to make over 50,000 US dollars profit per day while the minimum wage is fixed at exactly 200 rials or about $3.

The 'Iranian Workers' Organisation' forms a somewhat limp umbrella under which are grouped the seventeen workers' federations and 620 individual trade unions. These figures are taken from not always totally reliable official sources. Official statistics also quote the probably rather exaggerated figure of two million members. In reality, it is often a question of whole groups of employees joining en bloc rather than of individual decisions. The 'Central Federation' and all its affiliated federations have their headquarters in the same building. As yet, they have not even managed to produce a journal of their own.

The position of General Secretary of the 'Iranian Workers' Organisation' is occupied by Abdulwahib Kia-Kojury. Originally, he was a civil servant at the Ministry of Labour. He later became a Member of Parliament for the big 'Iran Novin Party', which was headed by Minister President Amir Abbas Hoveyda. At first, the 'Iranian Workers' Organisation' was affiliated to this party. Later, however, the party leadership discouraged this, except in the case of certain key personalities. Now the position has changed yet again. The new unified 'National Resurrection (Rastakhiz) Party', of which Hoveyda is General Secretary, is to take all the political and social organisations under its wing. He suggested that anyone unwilling to go along with this—he was thinking no doubt mainly of those belonging to the illegal Tudeh Party—should emigrate.

Members of the 'Iranian Workers' Organisation' and its affiliates do not have to pay dues. Psychologically unwise, since in the Orient nothing is of any value unless you have to pay for it. The government places particular value on the election of trade union representatives. According to the 'Iran Alamanach', there are 2,240 of them. Candidates disloyal to the regime are disqualified.

Some of the most trade union-conscious workers are to be found in the elite of those employed by the oil industry. They make up two of the seventeen federations. The textile, meat-processing and dairy industries, together with the bakeries, have relatively efficient federations. The steel and copper industries, in the other hand, are still too new to make an effective contribution to trade unionism. However, there are great possibilities for the future here. On its own, the mammoth steelworks, built near the old cultural centre Isfahan by the Soviet Union and paid for with Iranian natural gas, employs some 40,000 people.

Agricultural workers, by far the largest contingent, are not unionised and, like the peasant farmers, are the nation's poorest-paid, socially deprived cinderellas.

The cause of improving the workers' material lot receives a great deal of sympathy from the powerful state industries (oil, steel, copper, armaments, petrochemical, some textile factories and hotels etc.). This is also true of the provision of social facilities. The oil industry, for example, has good, cheap canteens for its workers and even a well-run, comfortable holiday home, with a youth camp attached, at Mahmud Abad on the Caspian Sea. The bigger the enterprise, the more benefits are available to young mothers

and mothers-to-be. The smaller firms, which are in the majority, seldom show such understanding. On the other hand, they often employ, blithely disregarding youth employment regulations, ten- or twelve-year-old children of both sexes. There are hardly any religious difficulties. Anyone who wishes to perform the Islamic prayer rituals during working hours is perfectly free to do so.

Private entrepreneurs have formed 'Chambers of Mining and Industry' and are much more orientated towards profits and set against higher wages and social privileges for their employees than is generally the case in traditional industrial states.

Experts compare collective bargaining with a three-legged armchair. Each session is conducted by representatives of the local firm and the local company union and a government inspector, who is in practice empowered to mediate and arbitrate. He is therefore really the most important element. The Shah recently advised the Western powers to try to lose less working hours through strikes. At the same time, however, he recognised this weapon in the workers' arsenal as an ultimate sanction. In Iran, it is seldom brandished in earnest and indeed it goes against the principle of official mediation and arbitration. If, however, a strike does take place, the public hears very little about it. Even foreign diplomats generally do not get to know about it until months later, and then only by chance. Here, too, the government inspector has the last word. However, the management side also feels the guiding and often heavy hand of Father State. Price increases must be approved by the Control Commission. Often, it advises them to wait for at least another year.

Leaving aside the oil industry with its enlightened management, the Ministry of Labour fully realises that workers are not well enough informed about their rights and the relevant laws. It therefore gives them a helping hand. The 'Institute for Labour and Social Affairs' organises courses for trade union representatives on hygiene, industrial safety—there are very many accidents at work—and even family planning.

The Minister of Labour, Amit Hassan Moini, who is fifty years old and studied in the US, is pressing for the reform of the Labour Laws, promulgated ten years ago, since these have now been overtaken by the rapid economic and industrial expansion. Social benefits are to be extended on the Belgian and French models.

Iran suffers from a serious shortage of specialist workers. Under government patronage, this fact increases the bargaining power of the union representatives. A fully trained foreman in the oil industry therefore manages to earn 500-600 rials (about $7) a day, on a 48-hour week, while a good specialised worker can earn 400-500 rials. Similar rates apply in the steel industry. Building workers earn 250-300 rials per day. Their wages are therefore 50-100 rials more than the minimum wage. Happily, less and less workers have to content themselves with the minimum. All these wages are low by European standards, but are far above the average in the neighbouring countries.

Very often the building workers come from the rural areas and leave their families at home. During the long tropical summer, they sleep, wrapped in a blanket, on the building site. Scarcely anyone knows the meaning of the phrase 'use of leisure'. Even on Friday morning (Friday is the official Muslim holiday) work carries on as usual. The building industry, in the middle of an almost unbelievable boom, is running into serious difficulties. Since the government reduced the price of cement, it has become increasingly scarce on the legal market. Privileged industrial workers have longer holidays and can also raise loans to buy plots of land and houses. Nevertheless, there can be no large-scale building of socialised housing at present, because of the astronomical land prices.

It is well-known that Iran tends not to match its five-year plans to the available human reserves. These will increase by about 300,000 per year, which would mean 1,500,000 over five years. However, official planning reckons with an increase of 3.2 million in the workforce during the next half-decade. To achieve a significant increase, the number of technical colleges would also have to grow much more rapidly. Often, girls and young men are pushed through rather too hectic courses. As a result, gaps in their knowledge later become apparent. These have psychological effects and are not exactly beneficial to morale. While there are still many excellent craftsmen, there is no real apprenticeship system.

All too many workers start learning their trade actually on the machine, which leads amongst other things to the very large number of accidents at work. There is a dangerous illusion here. Technology not only means the newest, most expensive and often most complicated machines and implements, but also presupposes skill in their use. The Iranian government has had the sensible idea of allowing into 'joint ventures' only those foreign investors who bring the 'know-how' with them. It is intended that they should systematically provide technical training and gradually replace foreign specialists with trained Iranians. At present, only the excellently paid top jobs have been singled out. The middle and lower grades are still not out of the wood.

A very welcome idea is that of profit-sharing schemes for the Iranian workers. Another plan has met with less enthusiasm. Industries are to accept the participation of 'people's shareholders'. They will have a 49 per cent interest in private firms and a holding of as much as 99 per cent in state-run concerns, with the exception of key industries and the armaments producers. Precedence will be given to those working for the concern in question. The state economic sector intends to use the one per cent interest to ensure the continuance of economic control, even though this goes against international rules. In the private sector, the 51:49 ration automatically excludes the new 'shareholders' from effective co-determination. The whole scheme has two main aims. It is intended to help in the redistribution of wealth and the fight against inflation. However, the average Iranian does not have much faith in shares of changing value.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Dark Quartet. Lynne Reid-Banks. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.95. *Scenes of Clerical Life*. George Eliot. Dent. £3.50. *Thirteen*. Eva Jones. Bachman and Turner. £3.95. *Blue Skies*. Helen Hodgman. Duckworth. £2.95. *Beard's Roman Women*. Anthony Burgess. Hutchinson. £4.25. *The Fury*. John Farris. Macdonald and Janes. £4.50. *Seal Woman*. Ronald Lockley. Methuen Paperbacks. 70p.

To write a full-length novel about the Brontës is surely a new idea? So many biographies and critical studies have been published about the famous family that it would seem reasonable to suppose nothing more remained to be said about them. It could even be argued that the spate of analysis and assessment has blurred the true picture of life at Haworth. *Dark Quartet* redresses the balance and provides a new perspective. Through the freedom of narrative and dialogue, the Brontës are presented as recognisable human beings rather than as dramatised archetypes—a strikingly dissimilar group bound together by devotion to each other and their home. The distressing incidence of sickness and bereavement is seen more as a commonplace of the period than a succession of malevolent visitations; while Branwell's slow deterioration is understandable, given the domestic and social climate from which he never really wished to escape.

Relieved of the obligation to apportion literary merit among the sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne emerge in an unfamiliar order of importance. Anne is the most attractive character, courageous in her disappointment over an abortive love affair and her determination to earn her living as a governess—at which she was more successful than her sisters—and singleminded in the later ambition to become a novelist. She had her reward, for she was the family favourite and at the time it must have seemed that she would outshine them all.

Emily was the austere eccentric, unselfconsciously contributing her own brand of emotion and mysticism to English fiction, happily oblivious of the Victorian novel's conventions, while Charlotte, the manager and 'arranger', was nonetheless more vulnerable to a hostile environment than her sisters. Curiously enough, Lynne Reid-Banks is less successful when describing Charlotte's one-sided love affair with her Brussels' teacher, as though when the sisters move out of their Yorkshire setting they elude the author, as indeed they did themselves. Still, the facts are there to be interpreted as the reader wishes, and this may be to decide that although the Brussels episode made Charlotte what she was as a writer, the excursion to Belgium had virtually no influence on the lasting unity of domestic life at the Parsonage. Of course, there are many other aspects to the phenomena of the Brontës than purely personal ones and for these the reader will return to the biographies, having acquired a new understanding of the most extraordinary literary family of all time.

Equally rewarding as a means of assessing great writers is a study of their early works. The three novellas, with which George Eliot embarked on her career as a novelist, are too often overlooked. The story of how, having long

nourished a secret desire to write fiction, she read a 'fragment' aloud to George Henry Lewes is recorded in her journal in an entry dated September 1856. He is reported to have said 'You must try to write a story', and on the basis of this nebulous encouragement was founded one of the most acclaimed and remunerative literary reputations of the nineteenth century. Re-reading *The Sad Story of Amos Barton,* the reader is struck by the uneven quality of George Eliot's creative skills. Much of Amos is sheer brilliance—yet the acute portrait of the spongeing montebank who exploits the hapless Bartons and sly caricatures of local clergy throw into unfortunate relief the bathos of Milly Barton's untimely death. A growing mastery of technique is apparent in *Mr. Gilfyl's Love Story,* where the device of a story within a story provides a useful discipline.

The third story, *Janet's Repentance,* emerges as the least satisfying—a hotchpotch of themes and ideas centreing around the servile Janet and her overbearing husband. However, the stories were acclaimed by *The Times* and Dickens among others for their frank and fearless exploration of the turmoil beneath the apparently calm waters of the provincial vicarage and some scenes and situations were never bettered in the later novels.

Still, George Eliot might have been foundered. Storms soon broke over the head of the then anonymous author because some of the characters and incidents were common knowledge in and around George Eliot's birthplace. Although people did not, in 1858, resort to libel actions, considerable unpleasantness resulted; even to the authorship being attributed to a local parson, who was not above taking advantage of his unexpected notoreity.

It is unfortunate that, leaving aside a couple of errors, Grace Rhys' Introduction is not really adequate for the occasion.

George Eliot's understanding of the sources of emotion was profound, and based largely on personal experience, even though Victorian convention forbade explicit discussion of sexual relationships. It is interesting to speculate how she would have reacted to two recently published novels, *Blue Skies* by Helen Hodgman and *Thirteen* by Eva Jones, both of which have very young heroines, capable of passion yet frustrated by its misdirection. *Thirteen* is the more effective. Evalore, the only child of intelligent parents, has developed into an anti-social little monster, and is receiving treatment from the dedicated Dr. 'Tommy' Burkhardt. His cool detachment fascinates her and she tries every trick and ruse to shock him into awareness of her charms. Once she has decided to seduce him he faces the supreme problem for an analyst, for she knows intuitively how to break down his resistance. While her schemes hang fire, Evalore consoles herself with a Lesbian affair with a fellow patient, yet in the end she triumphs. Tommy succumbs to her overtures but, to extract himself from an impossibly unprofessional situation, thrashes her brutally with a leather belt.

But *does* he? Or is the whole saga of Tommy's surrender merely a figment of Evalore's imagination? Alternatively, his apparent capitulation, culminating in a physical attack, might be no more than the routine response of an experienced psychiatrist? At any rate, Evalore returns to her long-suffering parents like a whipped puppy—'cured'. It could be a squalid tale; it is certainly a frightening one; but such is the author's skill and humour in describing Evalore's headlong projection into womanhood, that *Thirteen* is consistently engrossing.

In *Blue Skies,* Helen Hodgman also presents an off-balance personality; in this case a young married woman, mother of a delectable baby daughter, and wife of a good-natured, average young man. All seems set fair for a happy

domestic merry-go-round in one of the most beautiful beach resorts of Tasmania, arbitrarily cleared of the indigenous aborigines to make way for the affluent suburb. If only the un-named narrator heroine had not found the beauty and the domesticity intolerable! To liven up the weeks' routine, during which 'numberless days . . . when the clock always said three o'clock in the afternoon' seem unbearably tedious, she has organised different 'boy-friends' for Tuesdays and Thursdays; both off-beat, unappetising personalities, unlikely to provide a much-needed stability, and one of them at least comes to a sticky end. There follows a routine visit to the doctor, who predictably prescribes anti-depressant pills, but without avail. Suppression merely provokes an onset of really dangerous hysteria, during which she cunningly murders her irritatingly talkative neighbour by causing a mishap with an electric mowing machine. No retribution follows this callous action. The 'accident causes little stir in the street', and is undetectable by the police. Helen Hodgman describes babies, dramatic scenery and cloud effects quite brilliantly She is taut and economical in conveying character with the minimum of dialogue—so economical that she deprives herself of sufficient elbow room to develop a theme, and her talents will need to be judged against a fuller work.

Anthony Burgess also is content to delve around in the limbo-land of the irrational. For his new novel, *Beard's Roman Women*, he has turned to Italy for his setting.

> 'What must I do to photograph Rome—not directly, but how would you say it?'
>
> 'Obliquely?'
>
> 'Yes, Rome in reflections. In rainwater, you see, or windows.'

A promising approach and a set of most original and evocative photographs of Rome by David Robinson are reproduced in the novel, which gets away to a dramatic start with the death of Ronald Beard's alcoholic wife, Leonora, and his first distracted attempts to adjust to widowerhood. He recovers fairly speedily from the initial shock, buoyed up by the challenge of writing a TV script about Byron and the Shelleys. Very soon, he meets a talented journalist and photographer, Paola Lucreiza Belli. Within hours they are lovers, and he has taken up residence in her flat, liking her way of living and working better than his deceased wife's more companionable pattern of drinking and swearing. But Paola is destined to evade him. She leaves abruptly to cover the 1973 Israeli-Egypt war, leaving Ronald Beard painfully aware of her professional self-sufficiency. As a consolation, he teams up with an old croney, 'Greg Greg', an accomplished drinker and talker who sees every lunch engagement as terminating in a total blackout. Then, Paola's estranged husband descends upon the scene, strips the flat even of essentials and departs as unceremoniously as he arrived, to be followed by a visitation from four 'liberated girl-rapists'—to quote the publishers' blurb—who indulge in a kind of Lesbian skirmish among themselves before mounting a concerted attack on Ronald Beard.

And then this eccentric and often degrading tale takes a surprising twist. Mysterious telephone calls purporting to come from his dead wife are received by Ronald Beard; and reports reach him that she has been seen in London. It could be a tasteless practical joke; or she might not have died and the visits to hospital and the funeral have been mere illusion. Beard returns to England and marries Leonora's sister; a pleasant woman who makes few demands upon him other than sexual ones. But there is to be little spiritual peace for this ill-fated man, for he now knows that he is dying of an incurable disease. He writes to Paola in dignified, musical prose, thanking her for all she has done for him and

then carries on for a final booze-up with Greg Greg, leaving the reader hovering between realism and fantasy, shaken, confused and conscious of a lost opportunity, despite the verve and pace of this extraordinary novel.

The English novel has gained so much from its American counterpart that the flood of novels appearing under British imprint should be an unqualified advantage—even allowing for the minor irritation of American style spelling and photographed pages. Unfortunately, the effort of identifying with an alien way of thought and life does not always seem justified. An example is *The Fury*, John Farris' fifth novel, an admittedly arresting story conveyed with such needless crudity and violence that it induces revulsion rather than shock. The basic theme is one which has attracted writers throughout the ages—the 'twin soul' by which two people not outwardly connected have the ability to communicate with each other as though by invisible radio. The wealthy Gillian Bellaver and the drifting, inadequate Robin Sandza discover that their effect on each other and the world in general is devastating. In fact, their extraordinary psychic gift seems to be exclusively a power for evil, causing domestic havoc, madness and murder. Because of the excess of brutality and hysteria it all seems to matter very little and contributes nothing to the discussion of a fascinating hypothesis.

For an antidote to this gratuitous dose of unpleasantness it is a relief to turn to a short, tranquil novel, *Seal Woman* by Ronald Lockley, notable for some outstanding descriptions of Western Eire and the seal colony which, right up to the end of World War II, had their breeding grounds there. Ronald Lockley is the author of *The Private Life of the Rabbit*, which provided much of the background for the phenomenally successful *Watership Down*. *Seal Woman* is about a girl, Shean, who believes herself to be part seal, part human. As a newborn baby she was found in a cave among young seals and their mothers; the rational explanation being that she was the sole survivor of a recent wreck. At any rate, she was brought up to accept the legend of her own mixed parentage and the belief that one day 'a prince would rescue her and take her to her true kingdom far out to sea'.

The narrator of the story, a naval officer touring the coves and inlets where German U-boats might lurk, happens on Shean and unwittingly plays the part of the 'prince'. What follows is a moving and convincing love affair between the ill-matched pair, doomed to end in tragedy when 'progress' catches up with the unexplored woods and bays. Though fanciful, this curious study of seals and humans remains on the right side of fantasy and the practical aspects of the strange marriage and mating remain physiologically credible.

ALSO RECEIVED:

The Tetramachus Collection. Philippe van Rjndt. Macdonald and Janes. £3.50. Some highly secret and incriminating documents housed in the Vatican Library provide the basis for a high powered first novel, dedicated to the faceless men and their families who engage in international espionage on behalf of—for the most part—ungrateful nation states. But despite this high-minded purpose and a really exciting start, *The Tetramachus Collections* is yet another casualty of the delusion that 'action' matters more than credible characterisation.

Great Works of Jewish Fantasy. Introduction by Joachim Neugroschel. Cassell. £6.95. In his scholarly and informative Foreword, Joachim Neugroschel makes out a convincing case for the study and preservation of stories of fantasy and folklore, particularly in times of change and shifting values. Running to over 700 pages and wide ranging in its selection, *Great Works of Jewish Fantasy* must be regarded as a comprehensive guide to the more fanciful of Jewish beliefs and fables.

A Feast of Snakes. Harry Crews. Secker and Warburg. £3.50. Witty, repellent, overwhelming are adjectives to be applied to Harry Crews' brilliant, though oppressive new novel, already acclaimed in the United States. He gives his own view of life in Georgia, USA—an existence dominated by problems of survival in which tenderness and sympathy have little place. It seems not to matter, for Harry Crews' tough, unlikeable people are never stereotypes.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

RAMSAY MACDONALD

Ramsay MacDonald. David Marquand. Cape. £12.50.

At long last, after ten years, David Marquand has completed this definitive life of Britain's first Labour Prime Minister, just at the moment when he himself has given up his safe seat in the House of Commons to join Roy Jenkins in Brussels. It is an extremely competent and careful biography and I doubt whether it will be surpassed for many years. The author has received unrestricted access to the family papers. Whether he has quite captured, from the vast array of sources considered, the enigmatic character of Ramsay MacDonald is not so certain. He has rightly depicted MacDonald, 'warts and all', as a man of his own time, facing the problems of his own time. This is a welcome change from the fifty years of denigration by hindsight.

Ramsay MacDonald's story is essentially romantic. His illegitimate birth took place at the fishing village of Lossiemouth in 1866. His early struggles as a journalist and then organiser were mingled with the traditional Scottish trait of self-education in both literature and science. In 1895 he married Margaret Gladstone, niece of Lord Kelvin; they lived at Lincoln's Inn Fields with six children and scores of social and socialist groups such as the Rainbow Circle, which included Graham Wallas, Herbert Samuel and J. A. Hobson. The death of his son David and then Margaret in 1911 clouded the rest of his life and created a desolation of loneliness. Margaret was not only the mother of a happy family; she made possible Ramsay's foreign travels to North America, Australasia, India and Europe—all of which gave him a unique grasp of foreign affairs; she also made possible his future home, the Hillocks at Lossiemouth. David Marquand not only tells this story with genuine insight, but illustrates it with over seventy well selected photographs.

The other side of the biography shows how this handsome and cultured Scot became the central figure in transforming the Labour Representation Committee into the great progressive party embracing the more radical sections of the Liberal Party, as well as the trade unions and socialist societies. His attitude in World War I attracted many dissenting Liberals, the Buxtons, Trevelyans and Ponsonbys and later such men as Colonel Josiah Wedgwood and Lord Stansgate, the father of Wedgwood Benn. He had the personal magnetism essential for a political leader and a towering oratory which dominated successive party conferences.

I knew Ramsay MacDonald and his family in London and in Lossiemouth; I fought the pioneer seats for his party at Harrow, Oxford and Worcester and finally won the only successful by-election for National Labour at Kilmarnock in 1933. Ramsay was always a cut above his contemporaries, partly because of his natural distinction and partly because of his culture. When attending an International Conference he would be up in the morning before his fellow delegates had finished breakfast, would have visited the local galleries and celebrities and written back an article for 'Forward'. Walking with him in the

hills of Morayshire, I discovered that he was more than an amateur geologist. He knew personally the Socialist and other leaders of Europe, India and America and was at his best at international negotiations. As Eden said of him: 'I was conscious at times of the touch of the master'. Because of his knowledge of science, he was always an evolutionary in politics and, as David Marquand points out time after time, he declaimed against 'Poplarism' and wanted to rescue the Labour Party from being a 'glorified board of guardians'.

His weakest spot was economics and his greatest error was rejecting Keynes's advice in 1931. My own opinion is that he was badly advised (some say too vain to accept the best advice) from 1926 onwards. He had a full measure of courage, but no first-class 'think-tank'. There were plenty of people round him who wanted 'socialism in our time'—hence his quarrel with the I.L.P. and later with Mosley. There were moments when the two 'outsiders', Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald, might have joined forces. If they had, there would have been a very different National Government, and the whole course of history would have been changed. But Labour members and Baldwin equally had no time for L.G. By 1932, if not before, MacDonald was a tired man with severe eye trouble and nervous exhaustion.

David Marquand tells the story of the 1931 crisis with scrupulous fairness, Robert Skidelsky has trodden the same ground, but nobody has told us how Britain should behave in a world depression. Surely the truth is that there was no socialist economic policy and no idea of how to use Parliament for furthering socialist aims, nor is there one today. Party governments and coalitions have presided over the economic decline of Britain since World War I. Although the relevant pressure groups and political forces today in 1977 are widely different from those in 1931, it is yet to be proved that Labour can manage a mixed economy. I have some reservations on David Marquand's treatment of the National Labour Group: in fact no adequate history of the National Government has yet been written. Ramsay MacDonald was a gallant but broken man during those early years of the National Government. As David Marquand so rightly says of the 1931 election, with a majority of 500 seats 'few victories can have brought less satisfaction to the victor'.

To those of us who had known him in his great days he remained proud but pathetic, a split personality, respected and loved by old friends like Ben Tillett, but politically isolated. Oddly enough, his last testimony to National Government was a White Paper on defence March 1935, signed J.R.M. We welcomed this at the Admiralty, but the *Daily Herald* and *News Chronicle* were vicious in their opposition. Perhaps a truer monument to his life-work, as David Marquand suggests, was 'the wide-ranging, heterogeneous Labour coalition that won the 1945 election'.

KENNETH LINDSAY

MATHIS DER MALER

Grünewald; with an essay by J.-K. Huysmans. Phaidon. £3.95.

Joris-Karl Huysmans (1848-1907) was a novelist of distinction who was also one of the most important critics to write in the form which is known as *transposition d'art*. Like Walter Pater, he expressed himself best in essay form, of which perhaps the two most celebrated examples are his piece on Gustave Moreau's *Apparition* which inspired Wilde and Beardsley in their conceptions of Salome and his account of the Issenheim altar-piece of Matthias Grünewald. This essay, which was written in 1905, is now reprinted, in an admirable trans-

lation by the late Robert Baldick, together with illustrations of most of Grünewald's presently accepted work.

The Issenheim altar-piece, now in the Unterlinden Museum at Colmar in Alsace, is undoubtedly one of the greatest works of art in the world. Despite the comparatively remote location of Colmar (less so today perhaps than it was in Huysmans' time and then it was in German territory to boot) it is one of those paintings, like the *Adoration of the Lamb* at Ghent, the *Mystic Marriage* by Memling at Bruges and Nuno Gonçalves' *Polyptych of St. Vincent* in the National Museum at Lisbon that seem to demand a pilgrimage. Through it breathes a passionate feeling of religious faith, of doubt and certainty, of terror and triumph, of anguish and redemption, which can be matched in no other comparable picture. It is small wonder that it inspired one of the most thoughtful and deeply felt operas of this century, Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*. If one looks at what had gone before, at the great fresco cycles of Giotto in Assisi and Padua and the work of Piero della Francesca and the Master of Wittingau, at the depth of individual feeling even shown in the paintings of Lucas van der Leyden, Roger van der Weyden or Gertgen tot Sin Jans even, there is still nothing to prepare us for the remarkable evocation of the human spirit which evolves suddenly at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The only real forerunner perhaps is Masaccio. Simultaneously we are faced with the expressive power of Giovanni Bellini, the young Michelangelo and of this comparatively unknown German artist.

Comparatively little indeed is known about Grünewald. He was born some time between 1460 and 1475, probably at Wurzburg. Even his name seems to be wrong: his real name was either Mathis Neithardt or Mathis Gothart and the one by which he is now known was first applied to him some hundred and fifty years after his death, in error, by the German historian Sandrart. He became a free master, opened a workshop for painters and woodcarvers and was appointed court painter to the Archbishop of Mainz. He seems to have worked on the Issenheim altar-piece at some time between 1510 and 1515 on the instructions of the Preceptor of the Abbey, an Italian named Guido Guersi. Issenheim itself is situated some 20 kilometres south of Colmar and had been the site of an Anthonite monastery since the end of the fourteenth century. The Anthonites themselves were a healing order, founded in Dauphine in 1093 and charged specially with the care of those who were unfortunate enough to fall sick of the Burning Sickness, the terrible inflammatory and wasting disease which became the scourge of medieval Europe. Grünewald's own career at Mainz was terminated about 1526, possibly because of his Lutheran affiliations, possibly because of his sympathies with the Peasant Rising against the Fürstenbund. He died in Halle two years later. Apart from his masterpiece at Colmar, his work is to be seen at Karlsruhe, Frankfurt, Munich, Basel, Freiburg im Breisgau, the collegiate church of Aschaffenburg and the parish church at Stuppach in Würrtemburg. There is also a Crucifixion in the Kress Collection at the National Gallery in Washington.

To understand Grünewald properly one needs, I think, to go to Colmar. Certainly I found my visit there to see the altar-piece one of the most overwhelming experiences of my life and something which I shall never forget. Short of the opportunity of going to Alsace, this volume from Phaidon together with Huysmans' description of the polyptych is the best introduction to it that one could find.

We shall probably not now be able to discover any more about the artist's life or his methods of working. The contents of the Phaidon volume, which is

short on a bibliography, can however be supplemented by an excellent account published under the title *Le Retable d'Issenheim* by M. Lucien Sittler (Editions Alsatia, Colmar).

In this, M. Sittler poses a number of questions with regard to the work. As he demonstrates, it is in fact in two parts, the painting which is clearly basically from the one hand and covers nine principal sections and the carved altar and reredos, which consists of a number of figures in the Burgundian-Netherlandish tradition, set in a late Gothic framework, which are obviously by a different artist. Were both parts of the work designed at the same time or separately? The reredos in fact is a curious construction since it consists of a central statue of St. Anthony, holding the tau, the emblem of the order and flanked by St. Augustine and St. Jerome in separate niches. These in their turn were evidently meant to be flanked by two painted wings by Grünewald which represented the visit of St. Anthony to St. Paul the Hermit and the Temptation of St. Anthony. At the foot of St. Anthony in the carving is a kneeling figure identified as Jean d'Orliac, of a noble family from Savoy who was Guersi's predecessor as Preceptor at Issenheim but resigned his office in 1490 although he remained at the monastery. It was from the gift to the monastery in d'Orliac's will that the whole conception was apparently made possible, though it was Guersi who commissioned the work and in fact saw it carried out. One curious aspect of the carved reredos is that the Godhead and the Trinity do not appear in it themselves, though Christ and the apostles are carved in the predella beneath it. Unfortunately the Phaidon book takes us no further with this enigma since it does not deal with any part of the altar-piece other than Grünewald's paintings which are reproduced in some detail.

M. Sittler also raises a number of other points. How did a religious house situated on the left bank of the Rhine come to commission a major project *in situ* from an artist working at Mainz? Was it because of the connections between various branches of the order in France and Germany or was it because the Bishop of Strasbourg at the time, Guillaume de Honstein, was suffragan to the Archbishop of Mainz? How much influence did Guersi, the Preceptor of Issenheim and a Sicilian by birth, have over the iconology of the picture or was the latter principally the concept of the artist himself who may well have had strong personal views in the matter? Finally, how did an Italian preceptor, on the eve of the Renaissance, come to commission work from so very strongly German an artist?

There are no clear answers to these questions or to the problems raised by the painting itself which is strikingly original in conception. As Huysmans points out, the scene of the Crucifixion is extremely unusual in design:

> The traditional arrangement is flouted and the astonishing visionary that was Grünewald asserts himself, at once ingenious and ingenuous, a barbarian and a theologian, unique among religious painters.
>
> On the right of the cross there are three figures: the Virgin, St. John and Magdalen. St. John, looking rather like an old German student with his peaky, clean-shaven face and his fair hair falling in long, dry wisps over a red robe, is holding in his arms a quite extraordinary Virgin, clad and coifed in white, who has fallen into a swoon, her face white as a sheet, her eyes shut, her lips parted to reveal her teeth. Her features are fine and delicate, and entirely modern; if it were not for the dark green dress which can be glimpsed close to the tightly clenched hands, you might take her for a dead nun; she is pitiable and charming, young and beautiful. Kneeling in front of her is a little woman, who is leaning back with her hands clasped together and raised towards Christ. This oldish, fair-haired creature, wearing a pink dress with a myrtle green lining, her face

cut in half below the eyes by a veil on a level with the nose is Magdalen. She is ugly and ungainly, but so obviously inconsolable that she grips your heart and moves it to compassion.

On the other side of the picture, to the left of the cross, there stands a tall, strange figure with a shock of sandy hair cut straight across the forehead, limpid eyes, a shaggy head and bare arms, legs and feet, holding an open book in one hand and pointing to Christ with the other. This tough old soldier from Franconia, with his camel-hair fleece showing under a loosely draped cloak and a belt tied in a big knot, is St. John the Baptist. He has risen from the dead, and in order to explain the emphatic dogmatic gesture of the long, curling forefinger pointed at the Redeemer, the following inscription has been set beside his arm: 'Illum oportet crescere, me autem minni: 'He must increase, but I must decrease.'

Thus arranged, the figures stand out against a background of gathering darkness. Behind the gibbet, which is planted on a river bank, there flows a stream of sadness, swift-moving, yet the colour of stagnant water; and the somewhat theatrical presentation of the drama seems justified, so completely does it harmonise with this dismal setting, this gloom which is more than twilight and not yet night. Repelled by the sombre blues of the background, the eye inevitably turns from the glossy fleshtints of the Redeemer, whose enormous proportions no longer hold the attention, and fastens instead upon the dazzling whiteness of the Virgin's cloak, which, seconded by the vermilion of the apostle's clothes, attracts notice at the expense of the other parts, and almost makes Mary the principal figure in the work. That would spoil the whole picture, but the balance, about to be upset in favour of the group on the right, is maintained by the unexpected gesture of the Precursor, who in his turn seizes your attention, only to direct it towards the Son. One might almost say that, coming to this Calvary, one goes from right to left before arriving at the centre.

I have quoted from this at length because it is, I believe, one of the major pieces of interpretative art criticism ever to have been written. It does not follow that other critics will follow Huysmans' view of the polyptych. For example, he sees the section of the work dealing with the *Resurrection* as one of the major elements in it:

> We witness here the revival of a Godhead ablaze with life: the formation of a glorified body gradually escaping from the carnal shell, which is disappearing in an apotheosis of flames of which it is itself the source and seat. . . . Having dared to attempt this tour de force, Grünewald has carried it out with wonderful skill.

Sir Herbert Read (*Art and Alienation*, 1967), who sees in the altar-piece an example of expressionism ('frenzied, intense, fanatic. Its purpose is not to present but to move, to give the observer an emotional shock'), has reservations about this particular panel: 'It seems to me that the head of Christ in the *Resurrection* scene, which Sir Nikolaus Pevsner finds (Pevsner and Meier, *Grünewald*, London, 1958) 'a vision of majesty and bliss unsurpassed at any time' is weak and sentimental. One has only to compare it with the head of Christ in Piero della Francesca's *Resurrection* at Borgo San Sepolero to see the difference between real majesty and its theatrical counterpart.'

The fact that two major critics disagree about this particular facet of a great work is perhaps to us irrelevant. What matters is that the Issenheim altar-piece has inspired some of the deepest feeling and some of the best writing of any picture that exists. Perhaps the last word on the subject is, in fact, Huysmans':

> It is easy to see why Grünewald's name, unlike the names of Holbein, Cranach and Dürer, is not to be found in the account-books or the records of commissions left by emperors and princes. His pestiferous Christ would have offended the taste of the courts; he could only be understood by the sick, the unhappy and the monks, by the suffering members of Christ.

ERNLE MONEY

THE NEW GNOSIS

Psi and the Consciousness Explosion. Stuart Holroyd. Bodley Head. £4.95.

The 'consciousness explosion' of Mr. Holroyd's title is the new wave of occultism and mysticism which has swept over Western Europe and America in the seventies. It has been accompanied by an astonishing recrudescence of interest in the study of non-ordinary states of consciousness and mental faculties and the paranormal interactions between man and his environment, which is the proper subject of parapsychology or psi research. Psi researchers are still deeply concerned to establish parapsychology as a science, to divorce it from its nineteenth-century image, bedevilled with rapping tables, bogus mediums and questionable 'spirit photographs': but parapsychology is notably lacking in two essential qualifications of a science: a clearly defined and delimited investigative area and a sound basis of objective and repeatable experimental method. The consequence of the anomaly is that research has shaped itself into two distinct patterns. There is the collection of data to be analysed and assessed statistically according to the principles of the probability theory, and there is the collection and collation of anecdotal material and the slightly hazy investigation of the alleged powers of sensitives and those psychic phenomena which fall outside the purview of main-stream science.

Mr. Holroyd considers the philosophical implications of this 'counter-culture', a social phenomenon which he sees as paralleling the old Gnosticism. He even calls it 'The New Gnosis'. It is his contention that the traditional orthodoxies are challenged, and that psi has evolved to the position of a supportive science of the counter-culture of the young. ESP—and that to include such controversial subjects as psychic healing and the Geller phenomena—contributes the potential for a radical new image of man in the universe, and suggests the strategy for the 'Copernican revolution of the mind'. But aside from the thought-provoking epistemological content of this book, its particular virtue lies in the contemporary evaluation it essays regarding the state of parapsychology. Progress is traced from the 'slow fuse' of mid-nineteenth century preoccupation with the survival question to the current concern as to whether there are latent psi faculties in man which can be developed to enrich and enhance life before death.

The work of early investigators, such as Henry Sidgwick, Lecturer in Moral Science at Trinity College, Cambridge, Frederic W. H. Myers, and Edmund Gurney, was a revulsion against the prevailing rationalist-materialist philosophy, and was orientated to the testing of the survival hypothesis. The trend of twentieth-century research has been a shift to experimental rather than anecdotal evidence for psi, and since telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and psychokinesis have proved the psi functions most amenable to laboratory conditions, their investigation has tended to predominate. Card-guessing and dice-throwing 'games', to the results of which the calculus of probability has been strenuously applied, have absorbed something like four decades of patient, but not especially profitable, endeavour. The work of J. B. Rhine has used methods of experiment and data-processing to demonstrate at a scientifically satisfactory level the existence of paranormal faculties, but Mr. Holroyd contends that in so doing the psi faculty has been diminished to a weak and erratic anomaly in the human personality.

This book is quietly optimistic in tone, and endeavours to absorb the latest developments of psi research into a directional framework; to point up the important contributions which a proper application of parapsychological discoveries can make to science, psychology, philosophy, ethnological studies and Western culture. Unfortunately, Mr. Holroyd's explanations fall short of

his expositions, and he is inclined to take refuge in thickets of somewhat perfervid verbiage. It is not really satisfactory to attempt to explain the inexplicable by invoking further inexplicables—such as the nature of Time and the workings of the singular and collective unconscious. Basically, Mr. Holroyd is suggesting that the need is for a 'new way of seeing', and that the vision of salvation is to be achieved through the mystical window of the 'third eye'. Theoretically, splendid. Practically, the difficulty remains in discovering a reliable chink in the curtain.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A SELECTION OF C. DAY LEWIS' POEMS

Poems of C. Day Lewis 1925–1972. Chosen and with an Introduction by Ian Parsons. Jonathan Cape and The Hogarth Press. £6.50.

As an undergraduate at Wadham, as C. Day Lewis wrote in his autobiographical *The Buried Day*, he kept changing his personae, changing his models. In this he was as all uneasy undergraduates, but his motivation was peculiar to the Poet whom he had already determined to be; there were times when the Poet could be himself only by appearing quite other than himself. He went somewhat further than the average young experimenter, too, when he practised various ways of walking and one day gave himself a fright when he found that he could not remember which gait was his natural one. So, as he practised his great skill in the techniques of prosody, always appreciating and able fluently to reproduce the shape and tone of others—Auden, Hopkins, Hardy and Edward Thomas—he sought and notionally risked to lose his own voice.

A selected edition of his poetry must, as Ian Parsons' new volume surely does, crystalise the essence of the poetry so that that voice is distinctive and recognisable. Mr. Parsons has tactfully eliminated from the not inconsiderable mass of work those poems where the pressure of feeling behind the impulse was not strong enough for the creation of wholly successful verse. He has included, as clearly he was obliged to do so, a selection of C. Day Lewis's translations from the classics and from the French poets. When the poetic impulse used to desert him, perhaps for a year or two, C. Day Lewis learnt to occupy himself with translation, being in the enviable position of knowing that the season would come when the world around him and within him would bloom again with poetic significance. It is particularly satisfying to see, in this selection, how the intellect of the young poet matures to that fusion of the intellect and feelings of the poet in middle age which shows that he was not solely a left-wing poet of the thirties, as were some whom he imitated, but, with his compassionate view of the human condition, a true and much-missed poet.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS

Détente and the Democratic Movement in the USSR. (Collier Macmillan. £9.00). Professor Frederick C. Barghoorn's penetrating study of the history of dissent in the Soviet Union and of the paradox between détente and the rigorous persecution of the fighters for human rights has already been expertly acclaimed in America; its publication in the U.K. comes at a particularly significant moment when President Carter has publicly declared his support for the dissenters, and the intelligentsia in Czechoslovakia are locked in a momentous struggle. Professor Barghoorn concludes that 'precedents have been set, by dissenters and authorities alike, the consequences of which will plague the regime far into the future unless the conditions

that led these freethinking personalities to protest are corrected.' On the other hand, the author has a less optimistic view in the short term of the conflict spreading among the mass of Russians. 'On the basis of my own experience and study' he agrees with Andrei Amalrik's assertion that 'the ideas of self-government, of equality before the law and of personal freedom—the responsibility that goes with these—are almost completely incomprehensible to the vast majority of the population.' Professor Barghoorn has concluded his study as at April 1976. In the last year the struggle has deepened and aroused greater international concern, with the prospect this summer of reviewing in Belgrade the working of the Helsinki treaty. We can only stress the need for the author to bring his notable work up to date as soon as possible after this event. We expect that he has this in mind.

The Psalms (Penguin Books. 95p). This new volume in paperback in the Penguin Classics series is a new translation of the Psalms by Peter Levi, S.J. who is a tutor in classical literature at Campion Hall, Oxford. He has followed mainly the traditional Hebrew text, that of the Stuttgart Bible (1969). He has also received help from Latin and English versions. He found Martin Buber particularly helpful. 'I have tried not to substitute without necessity new English phrases for what is old and well-loved, but unity and modernity of language, as well as the true meaning of the Hebrew, have often made changes inevitable. I thought my first duty was to Hebrew, my second to the English language.' Certainly this new translation is felicitous in language. In a volume of this size, annotation is not practicable to any degree. There is, in fact, none. On the other hand, it would be a great advantage to the ordinary reader to know in what respects and why versions in great established translations are wrong in interpretation. Why, for example, must the superb phrases in Psalm 23 of the Authorised Version be superseded? Nicolas de Lange, a Rabbi and lecturer in Rabbinics at Cambridge, has contributed a short Introduction upon the origin of the Psalms, their nature, purpose and significance.

Balzac: Selected Short Stories (Penguin Books. £1.00). In this Penguin Classic, Sylvia Raphael has selected and translated twelve of Balzac's short stories, which are not so widely known as his novels. They have, of course, the element of suspense. Some throw light upon life during the period of the French Revolution. Furthermore, many of the stories introduce characters well known in the *Comédie Humaine*. It is an enjoyable book and a useful collection.

The Jews of Russia (National Council for Soviet Jewry. Hard cover, £1.20; paperback, 80p). Martin Gilbert, perhaps most widely known as the biographer of Winston Churchill, is also well known for his historical atlases. In this brief volume of 78 pages, he is responsible for 26 maps and diagrams and also for bringing together more than 90 illustrations which tell the story in outline of the early dispersions of the Jews and more particularly from the eleventh century onwards of the Jewish movements into, and settlements in, Russia. About half the maps are concerned with the last fifty years, culminating in the contemporary Soviet oppression. It is a grim story presented with graphic intensity. The book is concerned with the facts of anti-Jewish persecution. It is not a balanced history of the Jewish people, but brings to the fore the appalling persecutions to which they have been subject over centuries.

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Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1977 Vol. 230 No. 1336

THE CHURCH DURING THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

by E. R. Norman

SINCE the later years of the 1960s—as it is now possible to realise—there have been some remarkable shifts in the centres of Christian influence and numbers throughout the world. There has been a move from the northern to the southern hemisphere. It is the tone and practical theological applications of the Christianity of the developing world which now dominate international Christian gatherings and whose appeal to church leaders and thinkers in the older churches of the Western world is proving irresistible. If the changes during the last quarter of a century seem dramatic to those of us who live and work here, therefore, it is as well to remember that we are increasingly seen to be, in the world context, something of a conservative backwater. This is even true when a comparison is made with the political activism that now characterises much European Christianity.

The changes here have, nevertheless, been fundamental ones; and it is impossible to escape the impression—which is fortified as each year passes—that organised Christianity in this country is in a bad way. Yet things were quite different in the 1950s. That was a decade of spiritual confidence and optimism. The numbers of those attending church were acually increasing; even among young people there were many signs of serious Christian commitment. The primacy of Archbishop Fisher symbolised a tough adhesion to traditional Christian values and a clear rejection of materialism and Humanism. The background was conducive to this. The Cold War atmosphere, the preceding Berlin blockade, the apparent immediacy of nuclear warfare, the surviving disillusionment with the too-easy social radicalism which had attracted the leading Church thinkers of the 1920s and 1930s—these considerations helped induce a realisation that a real global conflict of ideologies was going to afflict mankind for decades to come, and the Church had lucid and confident claims to establish its own unique knowledge of the revealed nature of God and the depraved nature of man. The Lambeth Conference of 1948 disclosed all these things with precise and pointed Christian teaching.

The Lambeth Conference of 1968 showed an immense difference. To read its stammering phrases and to draw out its secularised theological

outlook is to find it hard to credit that it is the same institution that once witnessed with such confidence. Whereas the 1948 documents had been all about the transcendence of the Christian revelation, the 1968 statements were all about the values of humanity. It is a revealing comparison. For of all the transformations which have taken place in the last quarter of a century, it has been the abandonment of the Church leaders' hostility to Humanism that has been the most surprising—not least to the atheists themselves, who have scarcely been able to believe their good fortune at finding their enemy actually disarming himself in their presence. That is what the theological upheaval of the 1960s was all about. Church leaders and divines rushed, quite suddenly, to declare the compatibility of Humanism and Christianity. In its wake—though this has been more significant on the continent and in the developing world than in Britain—came a new rapport with atheist materialism in the form of Marxism. The public had just begun to see what was on the way when, in 1963, the then Bishop of Woolwich published a short work which instantaneously earned him the title of 'the Bishop who doesn't believe in God'. That same descendant of the Apostles had earlier testified—in the prosecution of Penguin Books over the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—that the adultery described in that novel was an act of Holy Communion. Clearly such opinions required a considerable adjustment of traditionally understood Christianity before they could be regarded as theologically sound. To the astonishment of most people both outside and inside the Church, those very adjustments had been made by the end of the 1960s. In short: the most prestigious and influential (and the loudest-mouthed) luminaries of the Church had adopted the intellectual premises and the mental apparatus, not to speak of the emotional rectitude, of the fashionable Humanism of the progressive liberalism of the surrounding intelligentsia of the period. It was a very great change. Since then there has been a sort of faint recovery. But it does not amount to a formal withdrawal from the false presuppositions of the theology of the 1960s but a picking about amongst the débris, a rediscovery of the old principle here and there among the smashed fragments.

The enthusiasm with which the new attitudes were espoused within the leadership of the Church was quite extraordinary. Like the glistening eyes of children as they unwrap their Christmas presents, the bishops and dignitaries were delighted at being able to find themselves—as they falsely imagined—in touch with the spirit of the age. In fact they were simply terrified of seeming old-fashioned, particularly when it came to the traditional Moral Theology of the Church. The new idealism was vented in a sophistical assemblage of Humanist *apparat* which became known among theologians as 'situation ethics' or 'self-authenticating morality'. It had one curious feature (otherwise it was entirely recognisable and familiar, being simply the morality of fundamentalist atheism): it was obsessed with sex. Its advocates and writers dwelt at enormous length on the evils of traditional Christianity; for having made sex furtive, for not allowing for its beauty, or the maturity of mankind 'come of age' with his ability to make his own moral calculations. Indeed, they represented the past two thousand

years of Moral Theology as having been merely a kind of prurient false-start, established upon the inhibitions of those who were not yet 'truly human', as the silly expression goes. But when they had demolished the fabric of Christian moral teaching they then proceeded to reconstruct their own mansion with precisely the same emphasis on sexual ethics they had assailed the traditionalists for allegedly being obsessed with. The writings of the situation ethics school are all about sex: liberated, joyful, uninhibited sex. That same Bishop of Woolwich, by then in transit to one of our ancient universities, praised *Playboy* magazine. It symbolised a decade of collapsed values and notably poor judgment by those who were charged with the preservation of Christian truth. In their defence, it must be said that they really did believe that in adopting the main premises of the contemporary intellectual and moral culture they were merely rendering Christianity in the currency of the modern world. Their doubts and questionings of fundamentals went a bit too far for that to have a convincing flavour, however. It is difficult to avoid supposing—from the whole tone of their writings—that they were not rendering believed doctrines in a new mode so much as seeking to persuade *themselves* that they were true. Down in the parishes there was puzzlement and dismay. It is probably true that most of the decline in Church attendance, which has been one of the most publicised features of religious life in this country in the 1960s and 1970s, has not resulted from intellectual doubts about the truth of Christianity itself—as the theologians and bishops seem to assume—but from a voting with their feet by those who think the Church is not religious *enough*: whose rejection is not of Christian doctrine but of the securalised attitudes of the clergy.

This upheaval has been accompanied by another: the politicisation of Christianity. Here, again, the experience of Britain has rather lagged behind that of most other parts of the world, and we have, as yet, nothing really comparable to the Marxist priests of Latin America or the Nationalist clergy of black Africa. Indeed, the degree of political partisanship existing within the British Churches is often exaggerated and this is in part itself merely a reaction to the apparent novelty, as it seems to public opinion, of finding Church leaders so earnestly anxious to associate themselves with liberal and radical political outlooks. Even in Britain, however, the last couple of decades have witnessed a decisive shift in these matters, and while most leaders do naturally manage to avoid overt partisanship, in their writings and declarations, the politicisation of their social and moral outlook has already gone a long way. Of all institutions in the western world, it is probably the Churches which have become the most politicised, in fact. The content of their moral rhetoric, the issues in which they see the message of Christianity now conveyed, the collectivism to which they appeal for solutions to social questions, their very vocabulary, and even the nature of their theological discourse, is becoming defined by the expectations and references of the political realm of ideas and programmes.

The emphasis of the age and generation is upon social Christianity. Whoever dares, still, to maintain that Christianity is properly directed to the

individual soul and its preparation for eternity, rather than with the fight for political equality and an equal distribution of goods on earth, is swiftly dismissed as a reactionary advocate of what is sneeringly described as 'other-worldly piety'. The content of the Christian social message, of course, is not derived from the Bible (except by some fatuous re-interpretation) or from the Christian tradition, but from the surrounding political culture. Similarly, the view of man now suggested in most Christian thought is exactly the same as the mankind described in contemporary secular moral seriousness: autonomous, given to rational calculation about his social conduct—except when oppressed by class or economic enemies—and apparently capable of giving expression to a natural goodness. Modern Christians are optimistic about human nature. This, too, is a marked contrast to the pessimism central to the doctrine of Original Sin—a doctrine still upheld in the Lambeth documents of 1948. But the notion of Original Sin set a severe limit to the extent to which social or political reforms could transform human nature or create the good life—it showed, on the contrary, that false expectations and individual selfishness would reduce any and every system to the usual mixture of virtue and sin. It was a doctrine which required to be discarded if the optimism of the contemporary political outlook was to be accommodated; and so it was discarded. Throughout the world, Christians today are able to join the sanctions of religion to large members of quite frankly political enterprises in the belief that they are helping to create the Kingdom of Heaven on earth through the achievement of such indifferent and ephemeral devices as excite the interests of political parties. It is a fatal delusion. Yet the entire weight of respected Christian opinion within the British Churches now shares it. The support given by the World Council of Churches—a body well known for its partisan obsessions—to guerrilla movements in Southern Africa has symbolised, amidst much unfavourable publicity, what has happened. That support has been rationalised by Church leaders with arguments which are breathtaking in their intellectual dishonesty: that it is medical and not military aid and comfort which is given to the 'freedom fighters'. Has it not occurred to them that every shot of antibiotic paid for by Western Christians in practice releases cash which can then be spent in buying bullets?

It is a curious but entirely explicable irony that the more the Churches seek to identify themselves with secular aspirations, and the more they unconsciously, in the process, espouse materialist presuppositions about human nature and society, the less respect they actually acquire with secular society itself. One of the leading features of the last 25 years has been a continued erosion of the Church's standing in national life and public esteem. References to Christianity in public life become fewer and fewer each year. In fact the Churches are institutionally quite tough—whatever the nature of the enthusiasms to which they are attracted—and there is a good deal of vitality in them yet. But in national life they are increasingly relegated to the fringe. And, sad to say, they deserve to be: since their claim to be at the centre of the nation's life resided in their upholding

permanent standards of morality and the everlasting witness to eternity—to the sanctions higher than the ambiguities of human politics. The politicisation of the Church's outlook has meant that in practice it has forfeited the rôle of guardian of immutable standards. Although the public are unaware of what has actually happened, they see not only some of the consequences, but also have a sort of unerring instinct to detect when an institution has stepped outside its proper bounds. The English have always hated 'political' parsons, and the excited enthusiasm of the bishops and clergy to speak to them of social justice, and all that sort of thing, is greeted with resentment and scepticism about their qualifications for doing so.

Internally, the Church of England in these years has undergone another transformation familiar enough to sociologists. It has been bureaucratised. In 1970, after over a century of necessary growth in autonomous machinery of ecclesiastical government—required once parliament had ceased to be an appropriate body to govern the National Church—an enormously top-heavy system of synodical government came into existence. It is still too soon for all of its effects to be plotted accurately, but some are already clear. It has lead to the great expansion of Church House in Westminster —the Church's 'civil service'. It now costs £140,000 a year just to keep the General Synod alone in operation; but more than the cost, it is a concentration of power and influence which the growth of ecclesiastical collectivism has introduced. Church House is beginning to have its own views on Church matters. It is not a neutral 'civil service' at all, but a highly partisan body of men who, by compiling the reports and papers which set the areas of debate in Synod, in practice manage to propagate their own views on a very wide range of questions. Bishops who head the various departments—men whose time is mostly, anyway, preoccupied with their dioceses—are showing signs of uncritical acceptance of the Church House view of almost everything. In the Synods themselves, the depressingly familiar dynamics of committee work are seen in operation—their effectiveness happily tempered by the extreme inefficiency of the Church House bureaucrats. But here one does not behold assemblies of men whose discourse or attitudes are peculiarly suited to their sacred tasks, but the usual cosmetic solutions and middle-ground compromises of the world of working parties and discussion groups. It is profoundly materialistic, since the governance of Christ's Church has now become just another shabby exercise in the art of the possible. Fortunately the obsession with allowing everyone to have a say in everything has a conservative effect. Very little actually gets done—which is doubtless much better than the things they would have done had they had the chance. On the other hand, the rapid social and economic changes of the last two decades, and the changes in the Church's manpower and resources, really did require some genuinely drastic reassessments. All the synods have so far provided are some crumbs swept off the tables of the compromisers.

Whatever may go on among the official guardians of the nation's spiritual welfare, it used to be supposed that at least the provision of compulsory

religious instruction in the schools would see that the continuing wish of an overwhelming majority of parents to have their children taught Christian truth and morality would be guaranteed. Alas, that, too, is no longer the case. The Church itself, in the late Bishop of Durham's Report of 1970, helped to lead the abandonment of exclusive Christian instruction in the schools. It is now extremely rare to find a lecturer in Religious Education in the Colleges of Education who still believes in the sort of teaching clearly intended by the Act of 1944. And in practice, up and down the land, the heads of schools are quietly shelving it. In its place comes comparative religion, moral education, the study of social problems—just about everything but actual instruction in Christian doctrines, in fact. Many Church leaders, evidently impressed by the existence, as they imagine, of a 'plural society', regard this development as a laudable one: it is a piece of social justice.

Judged by the sort of perspectives an historian of religion or a sociologist might apply to the religious scene in Britain today, the Church might be thought to be in the agonies of death. It has forfeited much of the unique element in its claims about human society, and it has lost confidence in its own authority and past record. It takes not only the content of its message from the surrounding culture but also the intellectual methods by which it rationalises its departure from its former understanding of its own traditional body of ideas. Everywhere you look, Christian spokesmen and leaders use individualist judgments about the basis of their faith: few seem to have any surviving sense that they are heirs and transmitters of a permanent body of revealed knowledge and spiritual wisdom. But, quite apart from the supervening fact of grace, it would be unwise, even in human terms, to write the whole thing off too soon. The institutional husks, for a start, will keep things standing up for a long time. And then, miraculously, upon the desiccated earth, there are still flowers of faith capable of opening and flourishing. The 1970s are proving a bit more stable than the 1960s, and although Churchmen are premature to speak—as they do—of 'renewal', there are signs that men are always raised up to bear witness to the truth, however evil the days. The history of the Church in the past quarter of a century has been one of sad decline and unnecessary and self-inflicted wounds. The prospects are not good either; but then the Church is on record as having survived worse things in the past. If only the leadership would start realising just how truly priceless their treasure really is, organised Christianity has a fair chance of scraping through once again.

[Dr. E. R. Norman is Dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge.]

ETHIOPIA AND THE SUDAN: THE INTER-STATE OUTCOME OF DOMESTIC CONFLICT

by Peter Woodward

THE present confrontation between Ethiopia and the Sudan reveals many of the contemporary problems facing independent states in Africa. At its centre is Eritrea, a former Italian colony now incorporated into Ethiopia but with an effective secessionist movement seeking total independence. Ethiopia has several times sought the assistance of the Sudan, which has a long border with Ethiopia, including Eritrea, in restricting the support given by Eritrean refugees to the secessionist struggle. The Sudan, which itself experienced a long civil war in the south, is aware of the damage such situations can cause within an African state, but feels certain affinities with the Eritreans and some sympathy with their cause. At the same time many of the refugees from another conflict in the Sudan, the attempted coups of 1970 and 1976, are now in Ethiopia and the Ethiopian government is accused by the Sudan of assisting them in fomenting further plots. As a result, the Sudan has now committed the cardinal sin, in the eyes of the Organisation of African Unity, of publicly supporting the Eritrean cause, thereby openly interfering in the internal affairs of a neighbouring independent state.

Behind this tangled skein is a long story of social development and state formation which needs sketching before any deeper analysis can be offered. At the heart of Ethiopia's position is her claim to be an independent country dating from the 11th century B.C. Though the country was long dominated by the Coptic Christian Amhars centred in the plateau area around what is now Addis Ababa, imperial Ethiopia sought to encompass numerous other ethnic groups on the borders of the highland fastness. For centuries Ethiopia was riven by internal struggles, but in the latter part of the nineteenth century she began to consolidate as a state and in 1902 a treaty with Britain defined her border with the Sudan. The Sudan had by then just become a Condominium, ruled in practice by Britain, though nominally in conjunction with Egypt. More importantly the area of the northern Sudan had for nearly four centuries witnessed an influx of Arabs from Egypt in the north and the Saudi Arabian peninsula in the east, which resulted in the creation of an Arabised and Islamised semi-nomadic population. Between the northernmost part of Ethiopia and the most easterly section of the Sudan lay the Italian colony of Eritrea. Founded in 1888, the attempt to expand the colony at the expense of Ethiopia had failed but it remained in Italian hands until her defeat in 1941. Its inhabitants consisted in the north of semi-nomadic peoples linked by ethnic and religious ties to their neighbours in the Sudan and in the higher ground to the south of the colony other tribes who identified more closely with Ethiopia. The complex relations between the peoples straddling the Sudan's border with Eritrea and Ethiopia have given rise to minor lawlessness and diplomatic difficulties

since the treaty of 1902, but the present dispute is the result not of the problems arising immediately from the location of the border so much as the character of political conflict which has developed within Ethiopia and the Sudan.

One important starting point is the withdrawal of European control from Eritrea and the Sudan. After World War II Britain assumed responsibility for Eritrea on behalf of the United Nations, and in 1952 it was united with Ethiopia in a federation. However, in the next ten years Emperor Haile Selassie's government steadily eroded the federal constitution, culminating in its abolition and the full incorporation of Eritrea as the fourteenth province of Ethiopia. Educated Eritrean opinion resented these moves and from 1958 opposition grew, culminating in the first acts of armed resistance in July 1962. An Eritrean Liberation Front was formed, and though it divided into two factions, armed resistance to the Ethiopian government not only continued but expanded, especially in the areas bordering the Sudan. It was obvious that assistance was coming across the border, and some of it was provided by other countries, notably Syria and Iraq. Furthermore, Ethiopia's attempts at forcible suppression resulted in a growing exodus of refugees into the Sudan and their camps became natural recruiting centres for the Liberation Front. Meanwhile a parallel situation was developing in the southern Sudan. In contrast to the culturally homogeneous Muslim and Arabised northern Sudanese, the southerners are predominantly negroid and pagan. As a result of Britain's isolation of the region contacts with the north were limited before independence, while the few educated southerners who emerged as political spokesmen were mainly Christians and suspicious of Arabism. Even before independence in 1956 there were signs that the south resented its incorporation into a unitary Sudan, but, as in Ethiopia, the response of successive governments to regional opposition was to endeavour to crush it. When this failed, a long guerrilla war got underway, beginning in 1962, while thousands of southerners became refugees, particularly in Uganda and Ethiopia. The various resistance groups found support not only from these refugees but also outside powers. After 1967, Israel sought to tie down a large part of the Sudan's army, the second largest in the Arab world, by supplying aid to the southerners via Uganda and Ethiopia. The fighting in the southern Sudan and Eritrea persistently embittered Ethiopian-Sudanese relations, and in 1967 there was considerable sabre-rattling.

This vicious circle seemed as if it might be broken in 1972 as a result of actions by both the Sudanese and Ethiopian governments. In 1969 a second successful military coup in the Sudan concentrated power in the hands of the new government to such a degree that it was able to consider political moves towards a settlement in the south, which its preceding civilian counterparts had been largely unable to contemplate. It was aided, ironically, by the Israeli assistance to the southerners which unified the various groups and made negotiations with the Sudan government possible, while the Ugandan expulsion of the Israelis after Amin came to power threatened an important supply line and encouraged the southerners to negotiate. At the same time Emperor Haile Selassie, as father figure of the Organisation of African Unity, gave discreet assistance to the negotiations

conducted in Addis Ababa which resulted in the southern provinces becoming an autonomous region of the Sudan. Ethiopia no doubt hoped that as a result of the settlement and her part in it the Sudan government would make life more uncomfortable for the Eritreans; while the Sudanese must have wished that their example of a negotiated settlement would not be lost on an Ethiopian government which had cause to be concerned with the Russian-backed build-up of the Somali army on her eastern border, and Somalia's claim to both parts of Ethiopia and Djibouti, the only port with which Addis Ababa has a rail link.

Though in 1972 inter-state relations had contributed to the cessation of the prolonged civil war in the Sudan, and there were optimistic hopes that the pattern might be repeated in Ethiopia, this situation was reversed by developments within both countries which constitute the second starting point in analysing the present confrontation. The most dramatic event has been the long revolution in Ethiopia. Liberals in Ethiopia criticised the confusion and inefficiency of the Emperor's government, highlighted by the neglect of the growing numbers dying due to drought and the lack of assistance for them; Marxist-orientated students and intellectuals complained of the class structure in Ethiopia centred on the Emperor himself, and the landowning interests in the parliament and in control of regional affairs; while in the army there was a readiness to respond to these ideas from soldiers who saw a lack of political action and a continued reliance on coercion to the detriment of the development of the country. During 1974 and 1975 the army's political leadership, the Dergue, began a step-by-step, and initially peaceful, revolution, the outcome of which was and still is, in doubt. The Dergue's accession to power has been marked by attempts at sweeping change in Ethiopia, especially in land tenure. Though designed to free the peasants from years of exploitation, the inevitable dislocation has brought widespread disturbances affecting ten of the country's fourteen provinces. Within the Dergue there has been sharp disagreement resulting in the cannibalistic destruction of many of its members, coupled with a determination on the part of those still in power to crush resistance in the countryside. The combination of opportunity, due to the distracting developments in the capital, and clumsy attempts at suppression by the army, including an attempt to send a peasant army of invasion into Eritrea in 1976, encouraged the Eritreans to step up their activities. They made persistent headway, and appear to control most of the province apart from the main towns. They received increased aid not only from their traditional suppliers, but from Libya and Yemen as well. Supplies reached them via the Red Sea and across the Sudan border. The growing Arab involvement in Eritrea, and the increasing number of refugees who have flooded into the Sudan whenever the Ethiopian army attempts indiscriminate reprisals against the insurgents, have made it difficult for President Gaafar Nimeiri of the Sudan to avoid taking action of some kind. With the southern Sudan still in mind, he urged a negotiated settlement and offered his services as a mediator. However, his efforts brought little response from either party and he has therefore increasingly identified himself with the Eritreans' aim of independence, for it is with them that the Sudanese feel most affinity.

Meanwhile in the Sudan the May Revolution of 1969 has been faced by continuing attempts to overthrow Nimeiri's regime, of which the most important have been those involving the old political parties. In 1970 the traditional wing of the Umma Party—the party of the followers of the Mahdi—staged an insurrection which was bloodily suppressed, and some six thousand survivors sought refuge in Ethiopia. The conservative Umma politicians were joined in exile by a number of Communists who escaped after a short-lived coup in 1971. The National Front they established organised another major attempted coup in July, 1976. Men were infiltrated into the capital from Libya and Ethiopia, but once more Nimeiri narrowly survived. Subsequently he reacted angrily against both countries, and at the time of his recent declaration of support for the Eritreans he alleged that Ethiopia was again providing help for his enemies and that a further attempt to overthrow him was imminent.

The confrontation between Ethiopia and the Sudan has led to consideration of their relative military strength. Both have armed forces of approximately 50,000 men, while Ethiopia has a larger navy and probably a more effective air force, since many of the Sudan's planes were damaged during the attempted coup of last year. But numbers are not the only consideration. In the event of a clash on or near the border, both armies would experience transport difficulties, with Ethiopia perhaps in the worse situation since her supply-lines in Eritrea would be constantly harassed. The morale of her troops may also be in doubt; disputes in the Dergue can have done little to encourage any sense of unity or confidence, and in a number of border towns her soldiers have recently meekly surrendered to Eritrean attackers. However, border confrontations in contemporary Africa have not escalated into open warfare, and there are pressures to draw back from the brink. Saudi Arabia, with whom the Sudan has now established close relations, is anxious to stabilise the Horn of Africa, where she fears a growth of Russian influence, and may encourage Arab states to limit support for the Eritreans, as well as urging the Dergue to pursue a settlement; the Eritreans remain divided amongst themselves and appear unwilling at present to press for a military victory, as a result of which the Sudan may limit her practical support; while before the last killings amongst the leadership the Dergue appeared willing to offer concessions to the Eritreans, though it rejected their claim for total independence. The avoidance of war would not necessarily mean any great improvement in relations. The government of Ethiopia is clearly unstable, while in the Sudan, Nimeiri's opponents appear determined to achieve his overthrow. The support which the opponents of both governments derive from the other country contributes to this instability, and hence their tense relations, while the ability of the two governments to agree to hamper their respective opponents may be politically difficult to achieve, as well as hard to implement.

EUROPE AND PUBLIC OPINION — THE VIEW FROM SCOTLAND

by Stanley Budd

WE are perhaps half-way between two events of fundamental importance to Britain and to Western Europe: the Referendum which committed the United Kingdom to continued membership of the European Communities, and direct elections to the European Parliament. What lessons were learned by the first? How well-prepared are potential voters for the second?

The Referendum seems a very long way behind us. It was in the news recently because of two books on the campaign, and several reviewers have asked similar questions: irrespective of the merits or otherwise of the referendum as a constitutional device, did it make people *think* about the European Community? What did they learn about it? Was the massive information effort worth while?

We know something of the answer from opinion polls. Of those who voted, about a third felt that Brussels meant an interfering, inefficient bureaucracy with designs on Britain's sovereignty and an obsession with food prices. About two-thirds felt in general terms that the Community was rich and strong, and a power for peace, and above all—it was there. Britain would be safer remaining inside it and influencing its decisions from within.

There were strongly felt emotional views aplenty, few opinions based on fact. At the height of the Referendum campaign, with newspapers, radio and television being heroically informative, one person in five did not know Britain was a member of the Community or was unsure of the position. (There are, in fact, grounds for believing that as many as one person in three believed that the Referendum was about *joining* the Community, not deciding to leave it or remain inside.) One person in six believed Switzerland was a member. 71% believed Britain had the best pensions and social welfare benefits in Europe. A statistically unregistrable number of people had even heard of the Lomé Convention—surely by far the Community's most notable recent achievement at that time. And 76% admitted (with justice, it would appear) that the public did not have enough knowledge to vote sensibly in a referendum.

There is little reason to believe that things are better today; indeed, they are almost certainly worse. Old myths persist, and new misconceptions have arisen to replace the old. The voices of respected political leaders are heard, no longer praising the concept of the Community, but denouncing aspects of its work which Britain finds difficult to accept, or urging bolder national negotiating stands. Among the public, ignorance is as widespread as ever.

A Community information office has existed in England for many years. The idea of opening offices in Scotland and Wales has been active since

1970. It was not an easy decision for the Council of Ministers. France and Italy felt (with much justification) that they had an excellent case for having their own information offices outside the national capital; neither does. But it was eventually acknowledged that the problems for Britain were of a different order.

Throughout the original six member countries, the Community is pretty generally taken for granted. Enthusiasm for the concept reached its peak directly after the Referendum in Britain. In a poll taken in the original six countries during October and November 1975, 68% thought the Community was 'a good thing', under 4% 'a bad thing'. Since then it has waned somewhat (recent poll figures are 60% and 6.5% respectively); but it is still strong. And if there is little detailed knowledge among the general public of the Six of day-by-day activity in the Community, nor is there any longer a regular demand for such knowledge.

In Britain there is no such backlog of acceptance or trust. Our adaptation to the Community's rules was abrupt. It took place in an atmosphere in which overworked civil servants, worried small business men and trades unionists, apprehensive housewives and an often baffled press found themselves unable to greet the event with a tithe of the enthusiasm counselled by politicians. The uncertainties of the renegotiation period made matters worse.

Enthusiasm is still lacking among the public; indeed, it has retreated very markedly. At the end of 1975, 50% of those polled in Britain felt that the Community was a good thing, 24% a bad thing; today the figures are 39% and 35%. The need for information is clearly greater than ever.

The problem is accentuated in Scotland. As much as any region of the Community, it has an identity of its own. It has its own legal system, separate educational standards, strong ties with the Commonwealth and hence a different view of Europe, and (perhaps most important in this context) its own newspapers, television and radio, directed to the Scots in Scots accents. Yet no newspaper or broadcasting station now maintains a full-time correspondent in Brussels. Stringers are overworked and inevitably out of touch with the Scottish scene. It is twice as expensive and more than twice as inconvenient to send a specialist writer from Glasgow or Aberdeen to Brussels as it is from London.

The experts (farming correspondents, industrial specialists, leader writers) are probably as well-informed on European matters as their counterparts in London or Copenhagen. But the news reporter, covering a visit to Scotland by, let us say, a European Commissioner concerned with workers' participation in industry, will come to the subject cold, and his office library is not going to offer him much opportunity to do his homework in advance.

Another problem is that the advantages of Community membership for the ordinary family are often either unquantifiable or are simply disbelieved. No one but the Great Economist in the Sky can tell with accuracy to what degree the enlargement of the Community has helped to restrain the more extreme protectionist elements in America; nor can the average man or woman even guess what a trade war might mean in

terms of his standard of living. Britain's balance of payments with Europe has improved in relative terms: yet who can say with any authority that this has had anything at all to do with our membership of the Community?

There *are* a few demonstrable facts: for instance, that the food we eat has been subsidised during the past year or so to the tune of several million pounds a week from Community funds. But try telling that to an audience of housewives and they will laugh you off the platform—provided their sense of humour is still in working order.

Something like a hundred and fifty public talks followed by lengthy question and answer sessions have given me, I think, a fairly accurate picture of what average well-informed men and women know and do not know about Community matters. In broad terms, the majority look upon the Common Market as a necessary but irksome evil. (A sizeable minority consider it an unnecessary evil!) What little they know of its achievements in external affairs is confined almost entirely to news of a negative nature —the failure to agree on energy, for example. Their knowledge of internal matters in the main relates to butter mountains, lakes of wine, the threat of foreign fishing rights up to our shores, and (occasionally) Community funds for regional development—which last are assumed to be only part return for our huge contribution to the Community budget. The overall image of the Community is one of failure to agree at Ministerial level, coupled with pointless and irritating interference in our way of life by an army of Eurocrats.

I am here describing the views of those interested enough in the subject to come and hear someone talk about it. How much more ill-informed still is the average potential voter in those direct elections promised for 1978!

The reasons for this, I believe, are two: the difficulty of presenting the real news which emanates from the Council of Ministers, and the trivialisation which too often characterises the rest of the reporting from Brussels and Luxembourg. If these are problems for the major television, radio, and newspaper outlets in London, how much greater they prove for those on the periphery.

Something like half of the enquiries which I get on Community matters are based on misinformation acquired from newspaper articles. I have, for example, a file marked 'Harmonisation'. Apart from Agriculture, it is the thickest file in the cabinet. It is crammed with cuttings from the British press on what the writers concerned fondly imagine to be the attempts by 'Eurocrats' to impose uniform standards on us all, covering everything from lipstick to the sex life of the hop. It contains more claptrap per square inch than any similar collection I have ever seen.

It is not so much that reporters get things wrong (they are a conscientious bunch) or that editors ask them to produce a knocking copy; the villains of the piece are the sub-editors, re-write men, and headline writers.

They have, to be sure, an uneviable task in the European context; an ever-changing list of names to be checked, conversions to be made into pounds from a series of different exchange rates, the problem of trying

to make sensible English out of Community jargon—what the *Daily Mirror* aptly terms 'Eurogook'.

Nevertheless, with all excuses made and granted, the headline writers in particular must bear a heavy share of the blame for the baffled anger which the ordinary man and woman feels towards the Community. Sometimes it seems as if they wield a Common Market Thesaurus, ready-set in bold italics for Council meetings: VETO, THREAT, CRISIS, FURY, DEADLOCK, WALK-OUT BAN....

For the vast majority of readers, only these emotive words will remain in the memory. Political news, particularly of the Common Market variety, is a specialised taste. Not so the mass of consumer-orientated 'news' from Brussels.

Few housewives do not 'know' that the Common Market is to blame for rising food prices. Most people have heard of the butter mountain, but not one in a hundred has any idea of why it is there. Some myths have been around for so long that they have become well-known facts. New 'Euro-laws' are going to force us to stop eating our favourite sausages, kippers and bread. The British pint of beer is doomed. Apples were never left to rot on trees before the EEC was formed. But for the Community, Scotland would have no problems ahead for its fishermen.

Every week sees a new addition to the mythology. 'Thousands of Britain's most attractive songbirds are threatened with death by the introduction of Common Market rules' (*Scottish Daily Mail*). 'Traditional fresh British chicken will have to give way to the dull, drab "Euro-bird" if Common Market rules are forced onto Britain's poultry industry' (*Dundee Courier*). 'The EEC wants to impose a single standard for ice-cream throughout its nine member countries' (*The Glasgow Herald*). 'Whitehall officials began a fight today to delay Common Market plans which will increase the price of mutton and lamb in Britain by 40%' (*Daily Mail* again). It would be easy to fill several pages of this magazine with the like—and Scottish newspapers are far from being the worst offenders.

We are dealing here with the content of a paper when news is thin: the output of a Brussels newsagency or freelance when there is no real Community business and they must earn their keep by scraping around among their contacts; feature articles which blossom, unchecked and gaudily coloured, from a 'lead' in the more obscure journals or the rhetoric of the anti-Marketeers. Most of such stories are wrong as to fact; almost all are dramatised and over-simplified.

Those to blame for the four articles quoted above, include the writer, the sub-editor, and myself. All were printed during my time in Scotland. In an ideal world I would have established the sort of relationship with news-desks whereby a five minute telephone call would have put such stories in perspective. But that is not always possible.

There is also a particular problem for those involved in government information work which I do not believe is as yet properly understood either in Westminster or Whitehall.

The information staff of a Government department have the day-to-day task of explaining that department's policies, presenting them in the best possible light, and justifying them. The Chief Information Officer will usually have been in touch with policy planning from the beginning. When the story breaks, the most junior man on the information desk will have a detailed brief, which should offer the answer to any question which a journalist is likely to ask. (The system breaks down now and then; but if the policy is sound and the work is done properly, there is no reason why it should.)

No such resources will be available to him when dealing with press questions on a story emanating from the European Community. The typical scenario develops as follows.

John Digger, one of the diligent Brussels freelances, sees a copy of a Commission draft plan which concerns, let us say, safety matches. It suggests a scheme whereby they can only be described as such in intra-Community trade, if they conform to certain agreed standards.

What Mr. Digger has seen is a discussion paper, still in the process of consideration by expert groups, and nowhere near the stage where it is submitted to the Council of Ministers for decision. In Britain, such a paper would be stamped 'Confidential' and kept in a filing cabinet with a combination lock and the Official Secrets Act on guard beside it.

Our correspondent smells a story, and telephones someone he knows in the British match industry asking for first reactions and a rough idea of what the scheme, if it were ever implemented, might cost. First reactions are unfavourable; our match expert does some sums on the back of an envelope and suggests that manufacturing costs would increase, and might double.

Mr. Digger then writes, for his evening paper, a reasonably fair piece on the scheme, explaining that it is only a proposal, and giving the pros and cons as fairly as he can in the limited time available. But space is tight, the re-write man gets at the copy, and the result comes out like this:

NOW IT'S THE EURO-MATCH — AT 4p A BOX!

From our Common Market Correspondent

Safety matches could cost 4p a box under new EEC regulations just announced in Brussels. In their quest for 'harmonisation', the Eurocrats have decided that all matches sold throughout the Community must meet their standards.

Britain, whose safety standards in the match industry are among the highest in the world, will be particularly unfairly hit by this new law. Costly quality control and inspection, badly needed in several other Market countries but unnecessary here, must be introduced.

The marketing manager of one of Britain's biggest match companies said today: 'This could mean a rise of anything up to 100% in the price of a box of matches.'

The story appears in the first edition of a chain of evening newspapers and is picked up by the agencies. The luckless information officers at the Department of Trade, the Department of Consumer Affairs, the Scottish and Welsh Offices, and the Department of Industry are likely to get no warning at all before every daily paper in the land is on the telephone

with awkward questions.

The Commission draft plan will, of course, be no secret to senior civil servants of these Departments. Extensive soundings will have been taken before the Commission put pen to paper, and the Trade Councillor in our Permanent Representative's office in Brussels will by now be one of the world's leading authorities on the safety match. A carefully argued minute will have examined in great detail the implications for our export trade (probably considerable) against the possible increase in cost to the consumer (probably ½p a box). The minute comes down guardedly in favour of the Commission proposals, but points out that there are other, complex factors involving timber quotas, company law, and trade relations with third countries, particularly Scandinavia and East Europe, which must be explored before the plan can even be considered by the Council of Ministers.

Our information officer, however, has never seen this minute because it is still classified and has got nowhere near his level. He must get some sort of answer in a hurry, and it is likely to be so vague as to be almost useless to a newspaper reporter. The probable outcome in next day's newspapers will be a re-hash of the evening paper story, with a non-commital quote from 'a Government spokesman'.

There will, however, be two extremely juicy new quotes. One is from a furious MP who has a huge match-making factory in his constituency and who has not hitherto heard of the plan. He forecasts fierce industrial action and unemployment. The second comes from a consumer affairs expert, who, having been given ten minutes to think about it, says that the end product of the new legislation will be less safety, not more, since it will mean more imports of inferior matches from the Far East at cut prices.

So are the new Euro-myths born; they take a great deal of scotching. Because such stories are individually trivial, there is a tendency in Whitehall to ignore them. I believe this to be folly. Cumulatively they are exceedingly dangerous; they stick in the memory. Add them to the real, and all too well publicised failings of the European Community, and the consequences could be disastrous.

I do not think the word is too strong. The problem for the Community, I suggest, is not that it is too bureaucratic, but that it has not been able to muster the political will to agree. In its present stage of development it depends, for its forward movement and indeed for its existence, upon agreement between national Ministers in Council, unanimous in even minor details, and thus ultimately upon the views of the electorate whose rights and interests those Ministers must represent. If that electorate is not only uninformed but regularly misinformed, the outlook must be bleak indeed for any agreement, any movement at all, for the very future of the Community.

Yet we are now part of that Community; its future is also ours. I am not sure that this simple fact has yet sunk into the minds of a vast number of British civil servants as they almost gleefully observe the Common

Market taking the blame for consumer price rises, unfavourable payments balances, or poor returns for farmers—while knowing the truth to be otherwise.

There is a widely-held belief that a directly-elected European Parliament may hold at least part of the answer to this problem. The new Parliament, it is argued, will perform two particular functions. It will tame the Eurocrats, make them more subject to democratic control; and it will knock some sense of European identity into the heads of national Ministers. By this means, the argument runs, the Community will become both more real to its peoples and more flexible and forward-looking in its policies.

There is an excellent chance that these things will happen—in time. The danger, in Scotland at least, is likely to come during the European Election campaign itself.

With constituencies well in excess of half a million people and in some cases taking in huge areas, normal canvassing will often be impossible. European Elections will, in great part, therefore be carried out by courtesy of television, the press, radio, and leaflet and poster work. With precious little air time and press space available to them, candidates must make the greatest possible impact in the shortest possible time.

There will be an enormous temptation to do this in the most simple way: by bashing the bureaucrats, and by crying for a regional voice in Europe.

To be specific: In Scotland, I fear there may be little campaigning on the theme of European unity, and a great deal on the need to keep food prices down, 'renegotiation' of the Common Fisheries and Agricultural Policies, protection for British Industries by means of import controls, the demand for a Scottish voice and veto in the Council of Ministers, and all the rest.

Thus we have the unhappy paradox: a directly elected European Parliament is essential, many believe, if there is ever to be a European Community which is real to its peoples; but the campaign for these elections could, in Scotland and perhaps throughout Britain, increase rather than diminish the misconceptions about, and the dislike for, the Community in the minds of voters.

There could be few prospects less attractive than a British European Parliament delegation consisting in great part of men and women who are, if not anti-Marketeers, at least publicly committed to oppose the root and branch policies of the Community they will be serving. That danger is real, and must be reckoned with.

[Stanley Budd is the Scottish representative of the Commission of the European Communities, based in Edinburgh. His previous posts include a year as Press Secretary to Mr. John Davies, Britain's 'Minister for Europe' during 1973.]

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II

by Sir Charles Petrie

WHEN the present Queen was born in 1926, there appeared little chance that she would ever wear the crown—her uncle David was destined for that *rôle;* when she did become Heiress Presumptive on his abdication—an event which shook the monarchy to its foundations—less than three years were to elapse before the outbreak of the Second World War, and by the time that anything like normal conditions were restored after the struggle, her father, King George VI, was a dying man. This is not to say that she was not, at any rate after 1936, educated to be Queen, but rather that she was denied the opportunity of seeing kingship work in normal circumstances. The premature demise of King George VI was as much a misfortune for his elder daughter as for his subjects: he had looked forward to spending a number of years in bringing her up to cope with her responsibilities when she should succeed him, but time was denied him. As a result she was condemned to learn by experience, which may have proved to have been the best teacher in the long run, but which was certainly the hardest.

It is indeed difficult to resist the conclusion that during the earlier part of her reign Queen Elizabeth II did not have a fair deal. For some years after her accession she was the subject of an adulation unparalleled since the days of Louis XIV, and calculated to turn much older heads than hers. Then, all of a sudden, she became an object of criticism from people whose views in many cases might have carried more weight had they not forgotten their manners, and had they remembered that the object of their attack was a woman as well as a queen. The long and short of the matter was that she came to the throne at a time when there had been no Queen Regnant for more than fifty years, and there was a natural doubt how the hand should be played.

Thus there came a time when things did not go too well between Queen and people; the honeymoon of the accession and the Coronation was over, and there were various adjustments to be made before both parties could settle down together. The Duke of Edinburgh played games, especially polo, on Sundays, and at once a howl of rage went up from those narrow-minded secretaries of whom Great Britain is particularly prolific and there were angry mutterings to the effect that the Royal Family was 'introducing a Continental Sunday', mutterings which quite ignored the fact that the main feature of Sunday on the Continent is that people go to church before they do anything else, which is the procedure adopted by our own Royal Family. Fortunately the Duke of Edinburgh stood his ground, and this particular criticism died away. Then came the rumour that the Queen spent too much of her time on the racecourse, and that she was more interested in horses than she was in her subjects. Unhappily, some support was given to this allegation when, during a residence at Balmoral, she came South for a race-meeting but remained in Scotland when, in the opinion of many people,

she should have come to London for a political event. In reality all this amounted to was the fact that, in cricketing language, 'she had not yet played herself in.'

Not unnaturally, it took some time for her to make up her mind on the subject, but it is clear that she has long ago done so. The Duke of Windsor accused his father of being perpetually at war with the twentieth century, but no such charge could be preferred against the present Queen, for it is no exaggeration to say that so far as she personally is concerned, a blend of the old and the new has been her aim. The problem that she has had to solve is that of combining dignity with friendliness—no easy task when, in this permissive age, dignity is at a discount, and when the leaders of world opinion only too often find it necessary to play the buffoon. How successful the Queen has been was summed up a few years ago by an American professor who observed, 'On our side of the Atlantic we have a great respect for your Queen. She seems to be the only person in this goddam country who is trying to keep up any standards.'

Napoleon once said that to be royal was like playing a part at a theatre, with the exception that kings and queens are always on the stage. Queen Elizabeth II moved to the centre of it at her Coronation, which was in a sense the marriage service between herself and her people, and she has remained there ever since. Her position was, from the beginning, a tricky one, for it was much more difficult to establish contact than it has been to maintain it. Nor is it merely a domestic problem, for she has to think of the 'image' of the monarchy in terms of Canada and Australia as well as in those of London. Thus the personality of a British Sovereign is of much greater importance than might appear from the mere perusal of a constitutional textbook, and he or she must always exercise the greatest care not even to appear to take sides in any of the questions that from time to time divide the country. As Charles I once rightly remarked, 'The English are a sober people', but there are occasions when they lose their heads, and it is at such moments that their monarchs have to be most careful. Nobody can say that the Queen has failed in this aspect.

It may be argued that these are the occupational hazards of royalty, but today they are much increased, for this is an age of exhibitionism. Not so long ago Queen Victoria was able to reign by remote control; once she had created the image of 'The Widow of Windsor' all she had to do was to live up to it, and she did this so successfully that by the time of her death she was a legend to the overwhelming majority of her subjects; they had never seen her, save perhaps in old photographs, and more than likely they never would. During the reign of the present Queen, hardly a day goes by that she is not seen on television or on a newsreel, while she is constantly appearing in person all over the kingdom—one had almost written all over the world. With considerable justification she might echo the words of her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth I, 'To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that did see it than it is pleasant to them that wear it.'

Amid all the trials and tribulations of the past quarter of a century, the Queen has had two sources of strength—her mother and her husband.

Until the abdication of King Edward VIII little was known about the Duchess of York, or about the future King George VI for that matter, for in those days the junior members of the Royal Family were not so much in the public eye as is now the case. Indeed, the Duke of York had acquired a reputation of being somewhat short-tempered,—and the Duchess had need of all her personality—of all her affability—in the difficult opening years of their reign. Furthermore, with all his solid virtues, her husband's approach to strangers was somewhat hesitant, whereas she was always singularly successful in removing any unfortunate impression to which this weakness might from time to time give rise.

As has already been suggested, it would be idle to deny that monarchical feeling in Britain received a severe shock from the circumstances of the abdication of King Edward VIII, and it was in no small measure due to the tact of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, that the monarchy recovered so rapidly from the injury which it had received. When that overworked individual, the historian of the future, puts pen to paper on the subject of the British monarchy in the twentieth century he will undoubtedly have to include her among its pillars of strength. Then followed the Second World War, and soon after, the tragic and premature death of King George VI. After the strenuous years she had passed, his widow would have been fully justified in going into a well-deserved retirement; but she did no such thing; rather she placed all her great qualities at the disposal of her daughter as she had formerly placed them at that of her husband. No one is likely to question the loyal way in which she has served the Queen, or the affection which she has gained in all quarters, an affection which is well expressed in the manner by which she is so widely known as 'the Queen Mum.' Above all, she so clearly enjoys life, and not even the dullest of public duties appears to bore her.

Then there is the Duke of Edinburgh, who may be said to be the same help to the Queen on the personal, as her mother is on the public, side. It is no easy task to be the husband of a Queen regnant, as has recently been seen in the case of the Netherlands, and those who have occupied this position down the ages have for the most part tended to be amiable non-entities—presumably for fear that if they acted otherwise they would lay themselves open to the charge of excessive interference in their adopted country. It is clear from the beginning Prince Phillip realised the difficulties of his position, and has taken care that they should embarrass him as little as possible. In the course of the interpretation which he has put upon his functions he has undoubtedly committed a number of very minor *gaffes*, but seen in retrospect they have not been very serious, and he has always kept before him as his goal the attempt to ease the Queen's burden of sovereignty by making a special appeal to the mass of people which for one reason or another it is not easy for her to reach. In this way he has brought himself into contact with people whom he would never otherwise have got to know, to the great advantage of the monarchy.

Many years must necessarily elapse before it will be possible—or desirable to define the part played by the Duke of Edinburgh behind the scenes, but

rightly or wrongly it is generally believed that recent modifications of the royal protocol are due to him, and that he has introduced the 'common touch' where it has previously been conspicuous by its absence, though without ever cheapening the position of the Queen. In effect, his aim has been to make the monarchy alive to the people in a way that King Edward VIII tried, but did not give himself time—or was not the man—to do.

It has of recent years also become clear that the monarchy has an invaluable asset in the Prince of Wales. A comparatively late developer, he has inherited the charm of his maternal grandmother, and, like her, he is a first-class mixer, while when the occasion arises he can show himself as no mean scholar. In the past, the Royal Family has tended to be out of touch with artists and what they are thinking. This is not to say that its members refrain from giving their patronage to the arts, which is certainly not the case; but they have not come into personal and unofficial contact with, say, men and women of letters to anything like the same extent that they do with politicians, generals, admirals, or captains of industry. With the present Prince of Wales, this looks like being remedied in the near future to the great delight of all concerned.

It is indeed fortunate that the Queen should have had such sources of strength upon which to draw, for the twenty-five years of her reign have been relatively unquiet ones both at home and abroad. When she came to the throne the British Empire was being transformed into the British Commonwealth of Nations; Mr. Harold Macmillan was an enthusiastic supporter, and he was telling the average Briton that he 'had never had it so good'; and he was right. The Queen has shown herself a devotee of all for which that empire stood, and she and the Duke of Edinburgh have never spared themselves in its service. Today all is changed, but it is not their fault.

Today the Queen and the monarchy are confronted by a new problem, namely that of the one raised by Britain's entry into the Common Market. For more than a century the Crown may be said to have been the pivot upon which first the Empire, and then the Commonwealth, turned; but that world has passed away, and in the future it will be primarily towards Europe that the monarchy must turn its face.

In this connection, however, it will be surprising if the Queen does not prove to be able to derive satisfaction from the fact that five of the states with whom Britain is now associated are hereditary monarchies. Whether the Common Market will in due course develop into a Federation of Europe remains to be seen (and there is a precedent for some such supernatural body in the history of the Holy Roman Empire), but her subjects may be sure that whatever part Queen Elizabeth II is called upon to play in the new grouping of the nations will be played to perfection.

At the same time, state visits of the old type may well have lost much of the usefulness they had in the last century. As long as fifty years ago King George V was sceptical about them for they seemed to be looking to a world which had already passed away, and the Duke of Windsor for his part roundly condemned them. What the present Queen's personal views may be

are of necessity unknown, but it must be remembered that these visits are not of her choosing, for they are arranged by the government of the day, and she carries them out as part of her constitutional obligations. They probably served, as has been said, a useful purpose in the days of King Edward VII, who played no small personal part in the foreign policy of his country, but in the altered conditions of the present day it may well be that equally frequent visits abroad by the Sovereign, though less formal, would serve the purpose equally well.

At home, in the last quarter of a century, the social revolution has by no means left either the monarchy or the Royal Family untouched, and the Queen quickly appreciated the fact, taking what she considered to be appropriate action in several directions. She did away with the Courts and the presentation of *débutantes*, which, like the so-called 'London Season', had outlived any usefulness it might ever have possessed and had become little more than a 'racket'. She also put an end to the exclusiveness connected with the Royal Enclosure at Ascot without in any way detracting from the pageantry which is associated with that meeting; with her willing consent, too, has disappeared the custom by which, on the Sovereign's return from a visit abroad, he or she was entertained in the City to celebrate their safe homecoming; this may have made sense when Henry V came back after winning Agincourt, but it was a poor compliment to their foreign hosts in the twentieth century.

Early in the reign a school of thought, if the term can be applied to what is really muddled thinking, and would apparently go a good deal further, made itself felt in certain quarters; and would have the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family behave as if they were ordinary members of the community. It is doubtful if at any time this view has been held by any save a small, if vociferous, minority of the population; there is certainly no desire on the part of the mass of the people to see the court come to resemble that of the July Monarchy or of the Second Empire in France, when the *bourgeoisie* and the shady financier were the chosen companions of royalty. What the Queen has rightly been at great pains to avoid is giving the impression that access to the Royal Family depends upon wealth. In Great Britain there is widespread respect for character, but for the mere possession of money there is, outside the so-called 'smart set', no reverence at all. Money gets, and should get, what it will buy, but nothing more, and it would be an ill day for the throne were there ever to be even a suspicion that upon the size of a man's bank account depended his reception at Buckingham Palace.

When we try to form consideration of the Queen as a personality and social figure and her position as a constitutional monarch, it is to be confronted with the fact that many years must inevitably elapse before most of the evidence upon which to form a judgment can become available. She has had seven Prime Ministers—Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, Home, Wilson, Heath, and Callaghan—and although not all of them has written at length upon his tenure of office, none has, very properly, gone into any detail covering his relations with the Sovereign; one is therefore left to no incon-

siderable extent upon appearance and conjecture.

Indeed, the difficulty of explaining the process of government in a state like Great Britain which has no written constitution lies in the fact that it depends so much on intangible relationships which are more easily felt than analysed, and that is particularly true when an attempt is made to examine its working under a monarch who is still reigning. In some ways, too, this is easier when the monarch is a man rather than a woman, for even in this eighth decade of the twentieth century, a king gets about more than a queen. Far more people, as a result of personal contact, know what sort of man he is, what views he holds, and how he is likely to react in any given set of circumstances. Furthermore, for a variety of reasons, not all commendable, the headlights of publicity are concentrated on a woman to a much greater extent than on a man, as the Queen has had cause to realise on more than one occasion.

The lack of a written constitution has made her position the more difficult, for she cannot refer to a book to see what she is to do in an emergency. There are, it is true, one or two Acts of Parliament resulting from the Revolution of 1688 which specify certain things that the Sovereign may not do, and which exclude Roman Catholics from succession to the throne, but that is all. For the rest, the business of government so far as the Crown is concerned depends on convention and precedent, while the personality of the Sovereign and his or her ministers play no small part. The man-in-the-street may be inclined to take for granted in normal times the smooth working of the constitution, but this is only achieved by eternal vigilance, not least on the part of the Crown, which often has to moderate the bitterness of party strife to arrive at this result.

It is no exaggeration to say that the smooth working of the constitution to a large extent depends upon the Crown. One has only to glance through the columns of a newspaper any day of the week to see how many things are done in the name of the Sovereign, from the appointment of a Cabinet Minister, bishop, or judge, down to a relatively minor post.

Now there is to be another Jubilee, and it will invite both contrasts and comparisons with its predecessors. The fifty years of George III in 1810 was scarcely noticed, or at any rate hardly observed, as the monarch was on the verge of a breakdown in health and the country was struggling for its existence against Napoleonic France; the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria was an international affair attended by the ruling monarchs of the world or their representatives, and seems in retrospect to have had as its main object the glorification of Great Britain as the leading Power in the world, at which it was at any rate temporarily successful; and the Jubilee of King George V in 1935, which was very soon followed by his death, was a tribute to the vitality of Great Britain after the First World War; to say all is changed is trite, but the enthusiasm for the monarchy will be the same in a very different world.

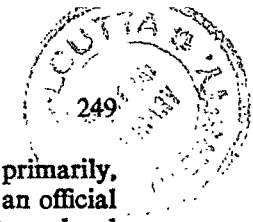
THE PYGMALION COMPLEX: A SIDELIGHT ON RELATIONSHIPS IN AID

by Michael Kelly

IT has been obvious for some time that Aid in global, national, large scale projects has had a self-image servicing factor. Aid donors want reactions or results recognised by themselves as good returns on investment. They want profits in terms comprehensible to themselves from training as much as from hardware inputs: influence or markets or progress or development. They all mean the same from one, important, point of view. And why should it be otherwise? It is not the pragmatic principle which is objectionable, it is the unimaginative limitations of interpretation and evaluation which make the ideology so blimpish and crude.

The relationships on which I want to concentrate show some of the same characteristics in miniature. But a crucial dimension of reciprocity is also in evidence which radically alters the human worth and effectiveness of the phenomena. From an examination, even an anecdotal one, of these perhaps some generalised implications for improvements of attitude, policy and strategies in large scale Aid projects may emerge.

Aid projects, large or small, are serviced by personnel. Some of these, probably the minority, actually leave the metropolitan bureaucracies of their organisations and work overseas where the implementations are supposed to occur. Some work in the field, even on the same project in the same place, for considerable lengths of time. Aid personnel differ, one from another. Some establish personal relationships of friendship, affection and engagement with indigenous inhabitants of the client society. These relationships may be marginal in the objective impersonal self-evaluations and external consultancy or agency evaluations of a project, its organisation, staffing cadres, and so on—marginal, that is to say, where they are noted at all. It is, however, a matter of observation that many of these relationships are not merely marginal in the estimate of their participants. It is also a matter of observation that those of these relationships which are matters of intensity and significant commitment, in terms of time, emotion, energy and personal expenditure, are not seen as marginal by inhabitants of the client society for the particular Aid project and who note the relationship even though they are not direct participants in it. What I am drawing attention to is a characteristic of many tropical societies: whether the objective, impersonal, efficiency-orientated, quantitative, economics-stressing, Aid organisational models of the Aid projects admit it positively or negatively, to approve or disapprove, as a functional or dysfunctional variable, it is the case that personal, emotional and cultural matters are frequently valued more in the client society than the formal priorities of Aid donors. It is not that Aid organisations in their formal aspects do not have impact: but rather that such impact is mediated, to an absolutely significant degree, through local personal perceptions of and interactions with the organis-



ations' personnel. Such perceptions and interactions are not, even primarily, in a particular society or culture, confined to local persons having an official or formal role vis-à-vis the Aid organisation. The counterpart or local director (indigenous) or secretary or driver or office cleaner or steward or baby nurse or gardener of project personnel in a personalist society are interdependent, where status is not inherited, with kinsfolk and co-tribalists at extremely varied levels of the formal and informal structures of the client society. To put it concretely, one's gardener may be the uncle of a cabinet minister, one's driver the brother of a bishop and the cousin of a millionaire contractor in the private sector, one's nursemaid the mistress of a high court judge.

In a society where such interdependence of class, role, kinship and 'friendship' networks is characteristic it would be obtuse in any Aid organisation to overlook the implications for local evaluations of any project. Persons are at the centre of local personnel evaluation, and ramifying out and back in the most complex and unpredictable see-saws of centrifugality and centripetality; and persons are at the centre of fundamental and overall local society evaluations and implementations of the total Aid project.

Where relationships between Aid organisations personnel and local nationals, formally and informally associated with the organisation, are conspicuously poor or conspicuously good, this has a direct effect on the relative success or failure of the whole project. It is not only a matter of the observed resilience of African culture in the face of Western cultural pretensions, but also of an insufficiently noted resilience of African personalist attitudes carried over into such modern sectors of local society as administrative and bureaucratic phenomena. Some Western organisation men see personalisms as irrelevant, frustrating, dysfunctional and in isolation. A more realistic assessment would appreciate personalism as a cultural feature, undimissable whatever one's private opinion in cross-cultural interactions whether in organisational or overtly interpersonal situations.

It would therefore seem that emphasis on awareness of the importance of personal relationships in tropical projects is in order. At least equally, so is encouragement to improve the quality of personal relationships. Here I would like to return to a direct concentration on some observed relationships.

My title refers to the Pygmalion-complex: this is more than a matter of informative didacticism in terms of knowledge and technologies; it is crucially a comprehensive takeover bid, intellectual, technical, psychological, physical, emotional, spiritual, of another person. The recipient or client is seen as in need of perfecting. The examples I know best occur between Aid organisation males who enter close and intendedly permanent 'monogamous' relationships with local females whose youth and level of formal education and Westernisation, according to their men, make them appropriate subjects for improvement. Such men characteristically encourage their 'wives' to study (they even send them to school), to travel, to adopt Western dress, manners, intersexual mores, language, child rearing tech-

niques, cookery, deportment. I see no reason to doubt the durability of these relationships; nor the sincerity of the Aid personnel engaging in them; nor the eager receptivity of the clients,—up to a point.

It is that point which contains fascinating potential insights for large scale cross-cultural interactions as well as for specifically personal ones. The resilience of Africans in general over Western attempts to take over, oust, discipline and reform their life-styles and attitudes is also found in these personal relationships. It is the ultimate test of the emotional health and acceptability to the client of the Pygmalion-complex whether its agent can accept positive resistance or reject it. Inter-personal relationships founder or develop like macroscale interactions, on an integrative attitude to client-initiatives or the lack of it to the emergence of reciprocity as a reality in the exchange or the destruction of the whole relationship or interaction. If a blueprint for personal development, or project achievement, does not contain a Client Initiative Parameter as a crucial but unknown variable, it is doomed to failure and disillusion.

In official, formal Aid programmes such personalist sidelights are still ignored, even if advisers and drafters of Aid projects are intuitively aware of the paramount importance of personalism in the tropics. The neglect in the literature and formal discussions of Aid is counterproductive. It is time that the relevance of personal commitment in interpersonal intimacies of Aid personnel was seen and admitted as analagous to large scale Aid achievements or disachievements. Personal relationships of Aid personnel not only illuminate larger and more general dimensions of Aid: they turn out to be a central part of effectiveness in those larger and more general dimensions. It is time the lessons were learnt, internalised and incorporated into the ideologies of Aid formally, and acted upon in the training and selection of Aid personnel, and in the planning and on-going evaluations of Aid projects in the field.

[Michael Kelly is director of English Studies in Cameroon.]

The June issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Thinking and Feeling in Contemporary Psychiatry* by Patrick Wakeling, *Political Aspects of the Relationship Between Japan and the EEC* by Roderick McFarquhar, M.P., *Edmund Rubbra at Seventy-five: Talking About Music* to Frederic Vanson and *Arms Race to Oblivion* by James Avery Joyce.

THE STATE OF MEDICINE IN 1977

by Edward C. Hamlyn

DURING the 100 years between 1847 and 1947 medical science advanced further than throughout the whole of previous recorded history. By 1947 the advance had stagnated and doctors in Britain came to be out-shone in usefulness by the sanitary engineer.

The major sources of death and morbidity with a known cause had yielded to the application of medical knowledge to the extent that doctors now held a watching brief over physically healthy patients until such time as a patient was overtaken by an incurable illness.

In a large measure the training received by the doctor had equipped him with skills which were no longer greatly in demand. These skills did not salvage patients from the disorders now prevalent.

The conquest of curable physical illness was to a great extent completed during the second world war. New forms of illness came into prominence which previously had been submerged beneath the unease of physically caused disorders. Emotional problems had not been taken seriously by patients when other more pressing matters had over-shadowed them.

After the second world war there came a period in which a relatively healthy nation began to seek remedies for conditions which the doctor was not equipped to handle. In this situation there was a declining usefulness of the doctor and the changing pattern of patient unease threatened the doctor's economic survival.

It was this economic insecurity which enabled the politicians to persuade the doctors to cooperate in running a state health service. The economic plight of the doctor helped to overcome his misgivings regarding the known risk of losing his professional independence. The doctors knew that by working for the state instead of working for their patients, their professional independence would be at risk. The doctors had little choice but to acquiesce because they had no scientific knowledge with which to meet the changing demands of their patients. Patients were now coming to their doctor with what the doctor considered to be imaginary or trivial complaints. The other major reason for which patients now sought help from the doctor was when they developed incurable illness and the doctor could only offer palliative treatment.

Complaints are never imaginary to the patient nor did patients readily accept the hopeless attitude of the doctor to what he, the doctor, regarded as incurable.

The opportunity that a state service gave to the doctor to discipline these unreasonable demands provided another inducement to risk losing his professional independence. Doctors who opted to remain in private practice were thought to be absurd that they should choose to forego protection from these inordinate demands.

Patients were quite willing to pay for help if their complaints were taken seriously and they would also pay for any remedy that gave hope of survival.

It is important to stress this particular aspect of medical practice because the demands were there and a market existed which was crying out for a product to satisfy these demands. The doctor did not see himself as the proper person to provide the required service, and it is certainly true that he did not have the knowledge or the training required to satisfy the new demands that were being made upon him.

The National Health Service of 1948 was accepted by the doctor as a means of obtaining payment for caring for patients who were reluctant to pay him when he failed to provide what they considered to be the service most required.

Many other reasons have been given for the inception of a National Health Service in Britain at the time. But the fact remains that without the cooperation of the doctors no such service could have come into existence. And the reason the doctors could be persuaded to cooperate was the reason as stated.

To explain how the doctors came to be in such a predicament it is necessary to go earlier in medical history and examine the significance of a change which had taken place in 1879.

In 1875 Prince Von Otto Bismark originated the first school of psychopolitcal warfare. He commissioned a man called Wilhelm Wundt to found the institute for experimental psychology at Leipzig University.

Wundt was appointed professor of philosophy and told to introduce a new ideology which would enable Bismark to use human forces and sacrifice human lives for the attainment of Bismark's personal ambitions. In 1879 Professor Wundt led the medical profession into the arena of politics with the announcement that he had discovered Man had no soul or mind and for the first time advanced the mechanistic and materialistic concept of Man's nature. Wundt discarded free will as a myth and the idea was born that chemical and physical phenomena within the human brain were the sole determinants of Man's behaviour. The Leipzig institute was the precursor of many similar institutes throughout the world and largely as a result of casual unawareness Wundt's discovery was accepted as scientific fact.

Wundt's research, which had been carried out on the orders of Bismark, provided the essential requirement for unlimited expenditure of human life in time of war.

Medical science accepted without evaluation the product of a man who despised humanity and included his doctrine into its teaching throughout all centres of medical learning. The acceptance of this dogma was the beginning of the end of the golden age of medicine. One of the main streams of scientific advance was blocked at that point and remained unmoving. Within another 80 years all useful progress which could be made

in the field of medical science had dried up. Doctors were unwittingly anchored to an historical event which had created a fixed idea, based upon a falsehood, and which persisted through time in a similar manner to earlier dogmas of religious origin.

The ability of medical science to master physical illness, caused by physical factors, had ultimately brought into prominence the unease of psychosomatic disorders and in this field there had been no scientific progress since 1879.

The discovery of antibiotics, under these conditions, was the death knell of modern medicine. It marked the limit to which medical science could advance whilst chained to the political philosophy engineered by Bismark, creator of the German Empire.

The advance of medical science throughout history has been marked by periods in which progress was halted by the phenomenon of the fixed idea. A fixed idea is invariably the acceptance of a falsehood as though it were a truth, and is held in place by general agreement. The brave spirit who goes to have a look to see whether in fact it *is* true, is made an outcast if he reports back that the truth is a falsehood. It can take a long time, and a lot of people going to make the same inspection and reporting back, before the fixed idea begins to crumble. 'The truth will out in time' had been a reliable dictum, but other factors now entered in upon the scene. The fixed idea implanted by Bismark was done intentionally for political reasons and it had been reinforced not only for political purposes but also by vested interests.

The medical predicament, over the past twenty-five years, cannot be fully explained without an examination of the effect of vested interest upon medical practice. The National Health Service has been described by one observer as the Golden Fleece. As soon as the State started to pay for medical treatment, business boomed for those who catered for illness.

At this point it is important to remark upon developments which were occurring in America at the time when Bismark set up Professor Wundt to change the course of medical history. A new era was opening in America which was destined to come to the rescue of the medical profession in Britain in a remarkable way. At that time, oil was coming into its own. One of the most profitable by-products of fuel oil was quack medicine. Petroleum was originally sold as a cure for cancer and the man who first persuaded his fellow men to drink petroleum, as well as to burn it, became so rich in consequence that his family would come virtually to control the world's fuel oil resources.

His ability to profit from Man's craving for something more than was offered by the doctor, is an indication that the medical profession were poor and in need of state aid, not because people could not afford medical treatment but because doctors did not offer the sort of treatment that patients were willing to purchase. Placebo type medicines did not stop at petroleum but went from strength to strength and in fact came to the rescue of the medical profession when the state service provided unlimited

funds for their patients to obtain these remedies without charge.

The politicians who had wished to win popularity from the provision of a Health Service at a nominal charge of £500 million per annum soon found themselves committed to an Ill Health Industry which was costing £5,500 million per annum. Everyone was worse off except the producers of the new medicines which were now gladly prescribed by the doctor. Palliative as opposed to curative treatment came into fashion.

These medicines provided a means of quietening the inordinate demands of patients who had no physical illness, and they were also useful in conducting an orderly retreat to the grave for those with incurable illnesses.

Although doctors were financially better off under the State Health Service than they had been, they were by no means wealthy. In comparison to the wealth of the founding family of the new medicine boom, their combined income was a pittance. The wealth that provided 2,500 domestic servants to care for the four women of one family, was incomprehensible to the National Health Service doctor.

It is necessary to appreciate these factors in order to understand the full effect created by Bismark's influence on medical history. The fixed idea implanted by the institute of psychological warfare at Leipzig University not only enabled statesmen to indulge in wars which sacrificed human life without restraint but also enabled supranational business enterprises to reap a tremendously rich harvest, from the resulting failure of medical progress. It was only natural for these business interests to use the full might of their propaganda machinery to reinforce Bismark's doctrine and ensure that the fixed idea remained unchallenged.

Secrecy in government provided the ideal opportunity to enforce their will upon those who administered the Health Service. The control of the whole medical scene by vested interest extended far beyond the sale of new medicines and is documented elsewhere. These other controls were well hidden by Official Secrecy and were virtually unsuspected by politicians and doctors alike.

In 1977 the Health Service is in danger of disintegration. Doctors have formed themselves into a Trade Union and have virtually abandoned professional status. Protection Societies are coming into existence to defend patients against medical abuses. An economic crisis has forced the State to sacrifice standards of medical practice for political expedience. Laws are to be introduced which will eradicate private medical practice, and by statistical assessment the health of the nation is deteriorating.

In the early days of the century a vast improvement of health had occurred due to the application of medical knowledge which had been acquired in the understanding of physical illness due to physical causes. A rising standard of living with improved sanitation, improvement in housing and working conditions and better nutrition had brought a standard of health never before achieved in history. In 1977 these gains are being lost.

Financial difficulties, which some claim to be caused by the Health Service itself, are causing a fall in the standard of living. Housing conditions have started to deteriorate and the standard of nutrition is on the wane. Sanitation which previously had removed the cause of much illness provides no protection from the new dangers of a polluted environment.

The men who control the world prices of fuel oil and control the world monetary systems have also contrived the development for profit of nuclear fuels as a source of energy. The waste products from this industry are threatening the health of mankind in a new and sinister fashion. The dangers are greately enhanced by the obsessional secrecy of Government which surrounds all matters relating to nuclear energy.

In 1977 the medical profession is losing ground and is about to become engulfed within a State Monopoly. Cuts in Government spending extend indefinitely into the future. The National Health Service, which now absorbs a large proportion of the public purse, will be cut back repeatedly over the coming years. There seems to be no escape from an accelerating decline.

The picture of gloom could be extended to include many other indications of Western civilisation having fallen into decay. But however broad the terms of reference, the whole of the predicament of 1977 can be narrowed down to one single factor. The inability of Man to use his wits with wisdom. If that disability can be taken as the common denominator of the predicament of 1977 it is possible to link all with the intrusion by Bismark into the path of progress of medical science. For this reason it is important to re-examine the doctrine formulated by Professor Wundt.

The Wundt-Bismark package is this. Man is an animal without soul; there is no 'psyche'. From the moment of acceptance of that package, forward through history, psychology became the study of a non-existent 'psyche'.

Progress in psychological medicine came to a halt in 1879 and since then has not advanced. From that moment in history, Man was deprived of the opportunity to increase his ability to use his wits with wisdom. No scientific progress in the field of the 'psyche' was possible once it had been accepted that the 'psyche' did not exist. Today there is official agreement that the mind and the brain are the same thing. If there is any official disagreement on this point it is in the direction of saying that the mind is a function of the brain. The official view today is that there is nothing controlling the brain, only its own chemical and physical properties. Until such time as the biochemist or the biophysicist can find a means of improving the functioning of the brain, Man is officially doomed to a disaster course.

The official authorities are the medical profession. The medical profession have accepted the Wundtian doctrine as being scientific fact and progress in this field has been nil as a result. Political and vested interest have combined forces and guaranteed the perpetuation of this myth using official secrecy to conceal the mechanics of how it is accomplished.

The value of seeing the true nature of the medical predicament of 1977 is that it shows the importance of restoring our right to know the truth. That right was lost in 1889 with the first Official Secrets Act.

The Official Secrets Act in force today was nodded through Parliament in 1911 with virtually no debate and as one member of the House remarked at the time . . . 'It upset Magna Carta altogether'.

In the following words of the Home Secretary, taken from a speech in the House of Commons on 22 November 1976, we get a succinct statement of the present situation regarding vital information needed by the people and the medical profession to resolve the predicament of 1977 . . . 'It is wrong for people to know unless officially permitted to know'. These are the words of the man who is the custodian of truth for the nation. He regulates what we are allowed to know by means of the Official Secrets Act. It is at this exact point that science is in juxtaposition to politics and vested interest. At this point the State has absolute control over scientific progress. Secrecy hides from view what is hidden from view. The manner in which information is classified is itself a classified secret. Secrecy hides from view the personnel who have access to the machinery of control, machinery which can permit or forbid the advance of medical science. Secrecy hides from view the manner in which vested interests exert suppressive control over the medical profession.

In 1975 Her Majesty the Queen promised that her Government would replace the Official Secrets Act. It is a promise which will cost nothing and if implemented with a Freedom of Information Act the chains which bind us to Bismark's doctrine can be broken. If we wish to see the dawning of a new Golden Age of medicine then doctors must speak with one voice to restore our Right to Know the Truth.

[Edward C. Hamlyn MB ChB is a member of the Executive Committee of the Fellowship for Freedom in Medicine.]

FROM FLEET STREET TO OXBRIDGE: LITERARY CRITICISM IN THE SECOND ELIZABETHAN AGE

by R. C. Churchill

IN his Cambridge lecture on Thackeray in 1923, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch begged leave to 'put in here, Gentlemen, and in parenthesis, a word of which I have often wanted to unburden myself.'

Sir Arthur wished to express the hope that some of his undergraduate audience—'some of the best of you, I hope'—might 'leave Cambridge for Fleet Street, a street which I too have trodden. It is a street of ambitions; but withal the centre of our English Republic of Letters. . . .'

When I was up at Cambridge myself in the period 1935-38, 'dear old "Q",' as we affectionately called him, was still talking in the same strain, holding undergraduate audiences fascinated by his reminiscences of Swinburne, Meredith, Hardy, Stevenson, Gissing, Henley, Kipling, Masefield, Chesterton, Henry James, and the other great men he had known and drunk with in the days when he was a novelist and literary critic round about Fleet Street, before he became (an Oxford man, at that!) the first King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge in 1912.

But already, even then, in the middle and late Thirties, just before the outbreak of the Second World War, the situation was changing. No longer did the bright pupil reading 'English' at Oxford or Cambridge automatically, when he came down, join the ranks of literary journalism in London or the provinces; much more likely was he now to stay on at college, take a higher degree, obtain a fellowship and embark on an academic career. He could hope, even in pre-war days, to do on the side some occasional reviewing for literary journals, the province almost exclusively hitherto either of professional journalists or of men of letters belonging to the now nearly extinct 'leisured class'.

The war-years scattered poets and prose writers to all corners of the martial globe, even as they did plumbers, policemen and politicians. The post-war years have seen an immense upsurge in university education, new universities coming into existence, new colleges being founded at older universities, and in general a huge increase in student numbers and a corresponding increase in the number of professors and lecturers in all subjects and disciplines.

In regard to 'English', where in my time in the Thirties there were 'a dozen' reading our native language and literature, in the late Forties and early Fifties for every dozen there were a hundred and now in the late Seventies for every dozen a thousand, spread all over the country and requiring the teaching services of large numbers of dons. The 'centre of our English Republic of Letters' is no longer 'Fleet Street', however widely interpreted, but more and more 'Oxbridge'—or rather 'Oxbridge' and 'Red Brick' combined, the university world of 'Eng.Lit.' in general, a world with

its own private language in which there are no longer any great authors but only 'major' ones.

A symbolic instance of this change of ground is our chief literary journal, *The Times Literary Supplement*. While I was occasionally reviewing for this paper during the Fifties, under the editorship of Mr. Alan Gwyn Jones, I should judge that about half of the contributors then were professional literary journalists like myself, the other half being professors or lecturers in 'Departments of English' at universities old or new. During the reign of Mr. Gwyn Jones's successor (c.1960-75) and even more during the reign of the present editor—the author (perhaps suitably enough) of a book of literary studies entitled *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters* (1969)—the situation has changed. It is still an excellent paper (with some others, a credit to the Second Elizabethan Age) but the nature of both its regular and its occasional contributors has altered considerably. No longer do the reviewers fall more or less into two equal halves of journalists and dons. The dons are now very much in the ascendant, to the tune of something like two or three to one. This is proved by the lists, in each weekly number, of the academic qualifications of the (no longer anonymous) contributors. Never before, in the history of English letters—for the *T.L.S.* is not the only example—have so many dons occupied so much space in so many journals.

I do not wish to exaggerate. We still have our Mortimers, we still have our Pritchetts, we still have several other veterans of the same class. But how much longer we shall have any modern successors at all to the Virginia Woolfs, the Middleton Murrys, the T. S. Eliots of the past, it is difficult to say. If present trends continue, it appears likely that literary criticism and reviewing will increasingly be the spare-time occupation (not to mention the spare-time source of income) of professors and lecturers at universities, not the full-time occupation of professional literary journalists or the occasional occupation of those engaged in other fields.

Publishing, to a large extent, has gone the same way. In order to meet the requirements of an immense new public of students and teachers who have sprung up during the last twenty-five years or so, the educational departments of publishing firms are flourishing as never before, are indeed in some cases keeping the other departments of the firm from insolvency. Publishers hitherto without an educational list have begun to enter the field, which may indeed get too crowded for comfort before very long.

In English literature, particularly, new editions of the classics proliferate, 'case-books' and other textbooks abound, and that useful invention of the blurb-writer, 'the general intelligent reader'—the kind of reader who used to read books for pleasure and literary criticism only to enhance his appreciation—is giving place to the student with his set-book firmly in mind who wants, not so much to read a poem or a novel or a play, as to pass an examination as easily as possible.

Consequently, this is an age of the specialist, in literary criticism and scholarship as in most other things in modern life. Specialists abound nowadays in every literary field: specialists in a period, specialists in a particular

author, specialists in a certain subject. And this abundance has coincided with a marked decline in the number of non-specialist, wide-ranging men and women of letters, of the style of Leslie Stephen, Quiller-Couch, Virginia Woolf, Middleton Murry, T. S. Eliot . . . who could command a relatively immense field of literature and life. A critical masterpiece like (for instance) the young Virginia Woolf's celebrated review-essay on 'The Pastons and Chaucer' (1904) is not likely to be written today, still less in the probable future. But there are, of course, compensations.

For, like all revolutions in politics, literature or society, the present critical 'revolution' has both its good side and its bad. Let us look briefly at each in turn.

One of the bad aspects can be amusingly illustrated by a personal reminiscence of my own. I have long been an enthusiastic admirer of a great English novelist of the early twentieth century whom we will call Brown. Some years ago I was introduced to a professor of English Literature at a provincial university who is a well-known 'authority' upon Brown. I was naturally delighted, expecting to compare notes with a fellow-enthusiast of long standing. But it quickly transpired in the course of conversation that my new acquaintance had never even heard of Brown till, a few years previously, he had been discussing with *his* professor which author among the English writers of the early twentieth century it would be advisable for him to specialise in.

'Why not Brown?' his professor suggested.

'Who', my new acquaintance courteously enquired, 'is Brown?'

On being told who Brown was, my new acquaintance went off to read him, and, quite liking what he read, he started to 'specialise' and is now an accepted authority! In other words, an author or a period or a subject is now often made an object of specialisation—for my new acquaintance is by no means an isolated case—by a don who is not so much a life-long enthusiast for the author, period or subject in question as a professional scholar anxious above all to advance his academic career by 'doing' somebody or something that has not been 'done', or 'done' too often, before.

That mention of 'scholar', however, introduces the better side of the current revolution. We were often extremely careless in the old days, even if not often outrageously and unrepentantly careless as G. K. Chesterton, who was as notorious for his misquotations and other factual errors as he was rightly honoured for his qualities in other respects. Editions of the literary classics these days are often—not always, of course—above reproach. Some of the best of them are in paperback, at a very reasonable price indeed. Penguin Books and the Oxford University Press spring to mind particularly for their quality in this connection.

And recent scholarship has corrected many past errors that badly needed correcting. It hardly seems credible, but it is a fact, that ever since 1870 the very first paragraph of *Edwin Drood*, Dickens's last, unfinished novel, has been regularly misprinted—misprinted, that is to say, till the Clarendon Edition of 1972, whose editor, Margaret Cardwell, took the trouble to

consult the original manuscript. I had been puzzled by that opening paragraph for years, as many other readers must have been puzzled. But I did nothing about it, nor until recently did anyone else.

The gain in this direction cannot be over-estimated. We are rightly proud of our literary heritage, but until recent times we have made do with some very unworthy editions of many of our favourite classics and with some very careless introductions, criticisms and biographies by the sort of old-fashioned man of letters who was not often a specialist scholar. What he gained in breadth of view he often lost in specialist knowledge. There were not many instances—George Saintsbury was one—where the two qualities were combined.

The present trend, though, is towards over-specialisation, by the evidence of many dons themselves, who speak with more intimate knowledge than I do. In the old days, we read (for instance) Dickens's novels first, before ever we got around (if we ever did) to reading any *criticism* of Dickens's novels. Dons these days are seriously worried lest in the plethora of introductions, case-books, etc., students may neglect the very works to which these other things are supposed to be mere ancillary guides. There is a humorous element in all this, to be sure, but the situation is nonetheless serious. The academic invasion of the literary world has meant great benefits, but has also raised fresh problems. Where will it all end? many dons are asking themselves, as the pile of 'required reading' remorselessly mounts, while the day at the disposal of the literary student remains obstinately fixed at twenty-four hours. There has never before, in the whole history of English literature, been so much literary criticism published. This is partly a natural development, as (for instance) the great authors of the Victorian and Edwardian eras (and some of the post-1910 authors) recede into the distant, discussible past; but partly unnatural, as criticism feeds upon itself and the old enthusiasm for literature disappears.

Perhaps when, in 1912, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch left Fleet Street to become the first Professor of English Literature at Cambridge—though London, Edinburgh and Oxford had preceded Cambridge in this respect—he took a step more symbolically decisive for the future than he realised during his long reign of more than thirty years. During the reign of his three successors, since 1944 but more particularly since the 1950s, the writing on the wall has become awfully visible to the most blinkered vision.

[R. C. Churchill has written more than a thousand articles and review-articles for forty journals, British and American, since 1936. His books include *He Served Human Liberty* (1946), *Disagreements* (1950), *The English Sunday* (1954), *Shakespeare and His Betters* (1958) and *The Powys Brothers* (1962). He revised and extended George Sampson's *Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* (1970).]

THE WORKER PRIEST IN FRANCE

by Thomas W. Kirkwood

WHEN I arrived in Paris recently to study labour relations in nationalised industries, I set up living quarters in the fifth district near the university. Class barriers being what they are in France (or, for that matter, anywhere in the industrial West), I preferred to maintain a foothold in the familiar soil of bourgeois society to assuage the unpleasant premonition that I would be received by the workers who were to be the substance of much of my research with suspicion, coldness or downright hostility. In retrospect, the decision certainly reflected an unnecessary bit of paranoia.

After ensconcing myself in a comfortable hotel room in the Latin quarter for several days, protected on all sides by books, documents and newspapers, it became impossible to evade the ugly truth any longer: I was languishing in a pleasant sea of procrastination, shying away from the crossing of the legendary 'class divide' which sooner or later had to be undertaken. Spurred on by a healthy dose of self-contempt, I got out a métro plan to locate the best route to Billancourt, an industrial suburb of the city in which the largest of France's nationalised industries, Renault, has its main plant. An *apéritif* to shore up my courage, one more walk past the academies, cafés and boutiques of the now familiar Rue des Ecoles, a stroll through my favourite bookstore and I would be on my way.

In the bookstore, a title caught my eye: *Vingt ans O.S. chez Renault: l'évolution d'un enfant du peuple prêtre-ouvrier,* or roughly, *Twenty Years of Manual Labour at Renault: The Evolution of a Worker-Priest, Servant of the People.* Since the book had appeared just two years ago, it seemed likely that the author, Roger Deliat, would still be known among some of the workers and union men at the factory. Better still, if he could be located in the Paris region, as it was not altogether inconceivable that he would agree to several interviews with a foreigner badly in need of suggestions on how to identify and make contact with the militants of the company's turbulent labour movement, men whose inaccessibility I assumed would be dictated as much by expediency as personal preference.

Boarding the Billancourt-bound subway, I felt for the first time that the barber across the street had perhaps erred when, upon hearing the nature of my intended project, he had discouraged me with doctrinaire proclamations on the impenetrability of the union organizations whose cooperation I planned to solicit. Armed with at least the name, if not the personage, of one of the more illustrious *combattants* on the postwar labour scene at Renault, the vision of being taken for a C.I.A. agent, a company stooge or a bumbling representative of middle-class academia gave way to the fantasy of being received with boundless hospitality everywhere I ventured. Lost in daydreams of the coming adventure, filled with a new exuberance tinged with anticipation and hopeful for the first time in days that my

efforts might yield some interesting results, I plunged into Deliat's book, oblivious to the bumping and clanking of the métro.

The worker-priest movement had its roots during the Nazi occupation when increasing numbers of clergymen, under the unifying discipline of the *Résistance*, came to know more intimately the deprivations of the French proletariat. Along with the new understanding of social stratification, which the uncharacteristically close cooperation among otherwise antagonistic elements afforded, many of these clergymen came to have a profound respect for the collective sacrifice which members of the disadvantaged groups—the organized working class in particular—were willing to make in the interest of a more humane postwar order. An unprecedented rapprochement between the French left, anticlerical and partially communist, and the progressive wing of the Catholic church, followed. In the party system, the new trend was reflected in the emergence of a reformist Catholic party (*the Mouvement républicain populaire*) and its participation in France's first postwar government together with communists and socialists; at the grass roots, one of its manifestations was the worker-priest phenomenon. Remarking the convergence between many of the secular goals of progressive Catholicism and socialism and deploring what was felt to be an unnecessary dechristianization of the proletariat, a vanguard of priests entered the factories to assume responsibilities as hired employees of industrial concerns. Still bathed in the idealism of the immediate postwar period, the new worker-priests in overalls perspired, lifted, twisted and pounded their way into a position of respect even among the most sceptical and anticlerical union militants.

But the flow of influence was definitely in two directions; many of the priests became inextricably entwined in the logic of anti-capitalist ideologies. With the intensification of the Cold War and the deepening rift between the Church and the Communist Bloc, the Catholic hierarchy began to question the wisdom of the worker-priest movement, which by now had attracted considerable publicity both in France and abroad. Many of the worker-priests, too, became disenchanted and yielded to the pressure of their superiors to return to more traditional forms of clerical activity. Others, such as Roger Deliat, stayed on the job, caught as they were between the Charibdis of growing disapproval from Rome and the Scylla of renascent anticlericalism among leftist workers. By the mid-1950s, the worker-priest movement, like the *Mouvement républicain populaire*, had lost much of its original élan and would gradually fade into obscurity, leaving its most devoted participants to fend largely for themselves.

At the Billancourt subway station, I emerged into a world so unlike the one just left behind that my ephemeral optimism of the last hour abruptly vanished. In place of university institutes, affluent tourists, elegant sports cars, glittering storefronts and cafés filled with leftist students ardently debating, behind a façade of feigned or temporary poverty, the kind of new order which they would shape (and no doubt occupy key positions in), I found myself swept along by a motley tide of factory employees, many of whom were *immigrés* from Spain, Portugal or North Africa. The

streets were lined with decaying buildings interspersed with rubble-strewn lots being cleared by earthmovers to make room for concrete giants, ostensibly to 'solve the housing problem'. Little shops of all kinds projected an aura of financial hardship as did the objects they offered for sale; while mobile displays of gaudy nicknacks aimed at the lucrative market of foreign workers who had drunk too much *pastis* hardly added an aesthetic dimension to the stark and oppressive surroundings. Occasional bursts of raucous laughter from one of the ubiquitous bars or cafés could not lighten my spirits as I stumbled through this unfamiliar labyrinth of the 'other Paris', begrudgingly asking myself if it was compassion for those who were here of necessity or merely my own discomfort at being an outsider which was responsible for my dismal mood.

Forcing myself through a mass of humanity into a shoddy little *tabac*, I held up the book I had just bought and asked the elderly man behind the counter if he knew or had ever heard of Father Deliat. He pondered the question a bit, eyed me suspiciously, and waited for further explanation. When he was finally convinced of my good intentions, he unleashed a torrential eulogy of Monsieur (not Father) Deliat, a personal friend of his and of everyone else in Billancourt, from what I could gather. Did he know where Monsieur Deliat lived? But, of course, in one of the only buildings still standing in the middle of a vast field of debris just down the street, a field which had once been a neighbourhood, its fabric now shredded to make way for an enormous urban renewal project to 'profit the bourgeoisie and the state at the expense of the proletariat'. As a precautionary measure, I bought *L'Humanité*, thanked him and headed nervously toward the field and the crumbling dwellings arising from its centre.

Three floors up a dirty, asymmetrical staircase, a poorly fitting door bore the name R. Deliat. An overweight Portuguese housekeeper who seemed tailor-made to the ambiance of the tenement opened and called Monsieur Deliat, leaving me awkwardly to pass the seconds in the dingy hallway. When the aging worker-priest appeared at the door, I was taken aback by the slightness of his build. He weighed not more than 100 pounds and was barely five feet tall. After the normal round of introductions, we sat down in his bedroom-study, a tiny cubicle with an old armoir, a narrow, sagging bed, a Salvation Army-style couch and chair and a makeshift desk covered with books, papers and political tracts. Not one to open up immediately to a stranger, Monsieur Deliat listened intently but with considerable reserve to the description of the project I planned to undertake. Only gradually did he begin to warm to the opportunity of sharing with a visitor from the nation which the European left so closely associates with 'reactionary capitalism' some of his experiences during his long years in the labour movement.

Monsieur Deliat, retired from assembly-line work for the past several years, still lives by a tight schedule. That day his agenda included meetings with several groups of union representatives concerned about the lagging implemenation of some promised safety measures in the factory, visits to ailing comrades in nearby hospitals, and the delivery of an article he had

just completed to one of the union operated printing offices. But he had taken a noticeable interest in my work and asked me to return early the next morning. He promised a very instructive tour through various union and works council facilities and an introduction to many of his *copains* —both labour functionaries and workers. He also insisted on compiling a list of pertinent reading materials, most of which I later noticed to my embarrassment were absent from the original stock of titles I had gathered before venturing into the milieu I wanted to write about.

Born into a family of domestics in 1907 in the village of Tarbes, Monsieur Deliat had been forced, along with his mother and sister, to abandon his father in 1920. The three clandestine vagabonds, taking nocturnal flight from a man who had become an habitual and sometimes violent drunkard, settled with an aunt in Epinay-sur-Seine. Unable to find adequate means of support, Roger was forced to begin work that same year in a Paris hotel. He recounts how a skirmish with his boss over his right to keep tips ignited within him the first flicker of a social conscience. Later, he would try his hand at several professions: jeweller's apprentice, worker in a piano factory and grocery store clerk, finally to become a master butcher at the age of 24. Dissatisfied with his work, he joined the Church shortly thereafter and was ordained during the German offensive of 1940. Eight years later, he was transferred to a new *Mission de France* in Paris which had been founded by a group of clergymen during the occupation to further contacts between the Church and the largely atheist Parisian working classes. Almost immediately, he began work at Renault in Billancourt as an *ouvrier spécialisé*, a term which the French, given their love of discretion, euphemistically employ to designate an *ouvrier non-spécialisé*. He has been there ever since.

When I arrived early the next morning, Monsieur Deliat greeted me with a vivacious friendliness which augured well for the coming day. After an hour of discussion on some prepared questions I had brought along, he began nevertheless to exhibit a bit of irritation at what he must have perceived as the sterility of our theoretical exchanges; he suggested that perhaps more could be learned in the union halls and the cafés around the factory than in his room and beckoned me out the door.

From the same streets which had appeared so depressing only a day earlier, another face of working-class life literally leaped forward to meet us. Everywhere, ebullient Spaniards in coveralls, cliques of North Africans who seemed locked in the intricacies of weaving some sinister conspiracy, and Gauloises-smoking Frenchmen greeted Monsieur Deliat with heartiness and respectful enthusiasm. As his companion for the day, I was able to share this unaffected warmth which otherwise would so stealthily have eluded me. All the talk of proletarian solidarity which monotonously exudes from Marxist academic writings seemed to have at least some kind of a basis in fact on this cheerful morning; it must, I reasoned, have its origins as a myth in the collective sympathy and graciousness of these simple, diverse people chained to a common fate, qualities for which Monsieur Deliat acted as a sort of magnetic pole.

The walk to the headquarters of the two principal labour unions represented in the plant—the largely communist C.G.T. and the Catholic but equally militant C.F.D.T.—covered only a few hundred yards. Trying to get there, though, was like gaining ground in a football game. It was as if everyone we passed invited us to *prendre un café, boire un petit coup* or at very least stop and chat on the street corner for a few minutes. When we finally arrived at our destination, it was almost lunch time. Monsieur Deliat rapidly introduced me to some of the middle-level functionaries of both unions, informed me that we were having lunch with them in half an hour at the workers' dining room and dragged me on to the office of the *Service Economique du C.E.E.*—the employees' own information centre which deals with the economic affairs of Renault. There we added to our lunch entourage the bureau's director, an outspoken young Marxist economist from the University of Paris.

Monsieur Dufour insisted on a round of drinks in the neighbouring café, looked me over with considerable reserve and then, apparently remembering who had brought the two of us together, let loose with a tactful if embarrassing barrage of questions on the American labour movement. A group of workers crowded around us at the bar to participate in the discussion, all informed, if somewhat naively, on a large variety of related issues. There was talk of the political 'apostasy' of the Teamsters when they threw their support behind Richard Nixon in the 1972 election, acerbic inquiry into the reasons for the lack of a coherent reform programme for American society on the part of our top labour leaders and a universal condemnation of the Samuel Gompers tradition among the rank and file, that is, the willingness to trade off social goals for higher wages even to the extent of accepting a social order based on class.

It was not easy to extricate ourselves from a discussion which had by now become animated and involved. Nevertheless, even if necessity is not always accepted as an irresistible argument in France, the colleagues from the unions were awaiting us in the lunch room. Besides no one wanted to miss the opportunity to witness an exchange of views on labour between these hardened veterans of many political and economic conflicts with Renault's management and a curious if uninformed American observer.

Monsieur Deliat had reserved a table in a quiet corner of the dining hall where we were cheerily served an excellent meal, better in fact than one would receive in many expensive restaurants in this country. Whether the exemplary service and quality food were what everyone got or were in response to the worker-priest's presence, I don't know.

Lubricated by several bottles of highly drinkable *bourgogne*, the conversation flowed easily. Prodded, cajoled and yet made to feel completely at home by the strangers around the table—a real talent of Latin peoples when they are so disposed—I was able to probe informally into all areas of the company's labour relations without encountering reticence or duplicity. Despite a powerful undercurrent of resentment against the class system and its defenders, everyone agreed on several points: that the management of the nationalized firm, while hostile to many of the demands

of the unions, nevertheless had something approaching a social conscience; that it was measurably less oppressive to work for such bosses than for private entrepreneurs; that the two major unions, while divided along religious and political lines, shared almost identical goals at the plant level and, finally, that relations among all concerned—the individual unions, the management, the *immigrés*—while often strained and sometimes explosive, could be much, much worse.

After the extended lunch, Monsieur Deliat and I headed for the main assembly-line unit of the Billancourt works, an enormous rectangular building almost coextensive with the island in the Seine on which it rests. Workers refer to it simply as 'the island'. Politely declining numerous invitations for a drink or a chat, we made our way to the banks of the Seine to gaze at the massive structure housing the *chaîne de montage* and its 'captives'. The worker-priest reminisced on his years of manual labour, on the changes he had seen take place (some, in the realm of accident prevention, at his instigation) and on how much remained yet to be done.

As he reflected on the nature of bourgeois society, I was struck by the standard Marxist tenor of his socio-political analyses, only infrequently interspersed with contemporary Catholic social thought. What he said was of course not without truth. There is class oppression in Western societies; certain inequalities are unjustifiable and all too often run up against the inability or unwillingness of prevailing governments to alleviate them; multi-national corporations do play a role in international politics hardly dictated by popular control; individuals doubtlessly suffer the physical and psychological degradation of being rendered commodity-like objects in a highly specialized system of production and consumption; and practices of exploitation and manipulation are visible even to the least perceptive. But his programme for salvation was—to me—disappointing. It sounded like so much grist from the antiquated mill of French Communist Party Stalinism, itself unable to solve ideologically or practically, the central dilemma of reform in our age.

How are we to return to a scale of production and leisure activity more suitable to individual participation in the arenas in which life unfolds —the neighbourhood, the factory, the school, the office, the government— without at the same time losing yet more control over our collective ability to steer the evolution of national and international politics? The creation of even larger welfare-state bureaucracies under the domination of highly centralized and hierarchically structured communist or socialist parties might help to remove some of the more blatant manifestations of inequality and some of the more disturbing injustices of capitalism. But reshaping life around smaller units in which each individual can participate and consequently resist the drift toward anonymity and alienation inherent in today's industrial civilization is unlikely to be a main objective of political forces which come to power by virtue of their skill at national-level bureaucratic organization, all promises to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as Monsieur Deliat walked me to the métro, the vague uneasiness

I felt about his seeming disregard for the equivocal impact which his reform programme might have *in praxis* gradually faded. Watching the Paris sun sink into a haze-coated skyline of roofs, chimneys and lonely trees, the memories of the day shoved aside my fatigue and mild irritation. For had not the worker-priest, in deed if not in word, demonstrated precisely the spirit and life-style from whose absence we suffer? Unassuming kindness, sincere concern for the lot of his fellow workers, a renunciation of the totally private life in order to take part in the events which fall within the boundaries of his everyday experience—these were the virtues of Monsieur Deliat. The texture of his life provided a sort of microcosm of what would be needed in much larger doses, were reform from above to change the substance and not merely the format of modern society.

That there are not more such people casts a shadow of pessimism over my hope for the future; that there are some, however, keeps that hope alive. And the reactions which the worker-priest was able to elicit from a human milieu, which had struck me on first sight as cold and depressing, give me reason to believe that somewhere within most of us the spirit which animates Monsieur Deliat lies buried. How to tap that particular human resource is one of the crucial issues facing all of us. For should we fail, all other blueprints for reform will remain but empty shells, distorted images, as it were, of the over-administered present.

[Thomas W. Kirkwood is Assistant Professor of European Politics at Regis College, Denver, Colorado.]

SILVER JUBILEE EXHIBITION AT WONERSH

The Queen's Silver Jubilee Exhibition to be held at the Leonie Jonleigh Studio, Holmefield, Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey GU5 0PL on June 4th-19th 1977 includes paintings by well-known artists, many of them specially painted for the occasion. A proportion of sale receipts and an admission fee of 25p will raise funds for the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal. The studio is situated in beautiful, unspoiled country, surrounded by gardens in which sculpture, also for sale, will be displayed. Further information may be obtained from the Studio Director, John Hudson-Lyons, telephone Bramley 3177.

POEM

LINES OF TIME

Black and white of winter
splinter against this sky
high with its irradiated light
bright from behind the hill.
Still ribs of trees stark
dark stand upright there
where Roman legions marched
parched in summer's dust,
lust of emperor
for power over picts
driving them on.

They marched among the Ochil
Hills until they camped
at Braco, stamped the straight
road lines across the plain,
again camped, built stone forts,
cohorts, even camp followers
of sorts, holding these posts
on hill tops, watched by
ghosts of men they slew
whose druids clearly knew
the tribes would triumph
in the end, and Rome send
messages of recall.

Their bridge remains in Devon Glen
(this arch their gift to Pictish men)
submerging slowly from passer's view
while contractors crew are marking time
treading lime grey concrete in the dam.
The rising water washes time away;
that vestige of a line to hill fort
vanishes. And what will scour
away our power in time to come
when turbines' hum is lost,
blacked out by outerspacial storm
that sizzles lines from grid,
does more than ever Romans
or Macalpines did
To tidy up the map?

DERRY JEFFARES

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

OPERA

MASSENET *Le Cid* Opera Orchestra of New York/Queler (3 records). CBS Masterworks 79300. £8.99.

MASSENET *Esclarmonde*. National Philharmonic Orchestra/Bonynge (3 records). DECCA SET 612/4. £11.25.

MASSENET *Thaïs*. New Philharmonia Orchestra/Maazel (3 records). HMV Angel SLS 993. £10.45.

ORCHESTRAL

GERSHWIN *Rhapsody in Blue/An American in Paris*. Gershwin/Columbia Jazz Band/Tilson Thomas. CBS Masterworks 76509. £3.49.

BARTOK Concerto for Orchestra/Hungarian Pictures. Israel Philharmonic Orchestra/Mehta. DECCA SXL 6730. £3.50.

PROKOFIEV Violin Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Chung/London Symphony Orchestra/Previn. DECCA SXL 6773. £3.50.

SCHUBERT Symphony No. 9. Concertgebouw Orchestra/Haitink. PHILIPS 9500 097. £3.50.

TIPPETT Symphony No. 1/Suite for the Birthday of Prince Charles. London Symphony Orchestra/Davis. PHILIPS 9500 107. £3.50.

VIVALDI *The Four Seasons*. Perlman/London Philharmonic Orchestra. HMV ASD 3293. £3.50.

VIVALDI *The Four Seasons*. Galway/Zagreb Soloists. RCA RL 25034. £3.49.

CHORAL

VIVALDI *Stabat Mater/Nisi Dominus*. Bowman/Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood. L'OISEAU-LYRE DSLO 506. £3.50.

FAURE Requiem. Soloists/Maitrise St. Pierre aux Liens de Bulle/Orchestre Symphonique de Barne/Corboz. RCA ERATO STU 70735. £3.49.

INSTRUMENTAL

DOWLAND Lute Music. Julian Bream. RCA RL 11491. £3.49.

I DARE say that when my colleague Elizabeth Forbes wrote her fascinating, well researched article *Massenet—An Apologia* in *Contemporary Review* two years ago, even she, for all her enthusiasm, did not appreciate the sheer scale of the Massenet revival that was taking place. Not only have we recently had the advantage of a splendid new production of *Werther* by the English National Opera, but the record companies have been ensuring that Massenet's operatic output is seldom far from our minds. Over the past few months three of the composer's 'heroic' operas have appeared on record, two of them as a result of live performances. *Le Cid*, the earliest, and perhaps the least distinguished of the three works to be issue, was first performed in Paris in 1885, and in March last year was given a concert performance at the Carnegie Hall with the Opera Orchestra of New York under their enterprising and energetic conductor, Eve Queler, a lady who specialises in the resuscitation by concert performance of unjustly neglected operas. This one was recorded during its performance, with, one gathers, a certain amount of tidying up in the recording studio thereafter. Eve Queler's system is to gather 'stars' for the lead parts and to use promising young American singers for the rest of the cast. Thus, here Placido Domingo sings

Rodrigue—*Le Cid*, written originally for the great Polish tenor Jean de Reszke, and Grace Bumbry, in resplendent voice, takes the part of Climène. Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar lived in the 11th century and was one of Spain's great heroic figures in the fight against the Moors. The opera is in fact based on Corneille's well-known 17th century play, *Le Cid*, and is sung here in what passes for French. It is this lack of linguistic competence which lets down the set, for the opera is performed by all with considerable verve and enthusiasm. Eve Queler clearly believes heart and soul in it and induces her orchestra to feel likewise. But even Placido Domingo, for all the heroism of his tone, sings *'O souverain, o jure'*, instead of *'O juge'* throughout the work's best known number. Despite this, and the fact that the recording, presumably as a result of being made in Carnegie Hall, has a somewhat boxed-in quality, this is a persuasive account of an opera which remains minor Massenet, but enjoyable for all that.

Esclarmonde appeared in 1889 and was written, like *Thaïs*, for the beautiful young American soprano, Sybil Sanderson, who had a quite remarkable range from low G to G in alt—three octaves—and who was only 24 at the time of the first performance. The composer described his work as an *'opera romanesque'*—in the style of mediaeval romance. The story of the young princess who must never show her face has here a Byzantine setting, but the style of the opera comes closer to Wagner. As Camille Bellaigue said, 'at the same time a small French Tristan, and a small French Parsifal'. That comment, however, does the work less than justice, for Massenet not only incorporates Wagnerian *leitmotivs*, but benefits from mature Verdi, as well as looking forward to Puccinian verismo. This is a most striking opera, full of magnificent music and makes intensely dramatic listening. The recording came as a result of the revival with Joan Sutherland, Giacomo Aragall and Huguette Tourangeau under Richard Bonynge at the San Francisco Opera in October 1974. The production was also performed at the New York Metropolitan, and this recording was made in London at the Kingsway Hall. It is a fine achievement: superb sound, refined, idiomatic playing by Sidney Sax's National Philharmonic Orchestra, and highly sensitive handling of the music by Bonynge, who makes one believe in the work's greatness. Joan Sutherland is in resplendent form in the title role, Giacomo Aragall displays less than perfect French and intonation, as Roland, but has his ringing moments, and the rest of the cast is immensely strong. This set should not be missed by lovers of 19th century French opera.

Sadly my recommendation for *Thaïs* must be less whole-hearted. It is a fine work, and the story of the love affair between the Alexandrian courtesan and the Cenobite monk, Athanaël, is a compelling one. But this recording, for all Lorin Maazel's committed conducting of the New Philharmonia—and his own admirable solo violin in the famous 'Meditation'—is let down by a cast that turns out to be far less convincing than it looks on paper. Nicolai Gedda is no longer capable of sounding right for the young Nicias, and neither Beverly Sills nor Sherrill Milnes, despite pleasing moments, has the degree of involvement one obtained from Anna Moffo and Gabriel Bacquier

in the recording which appeared two years ago. Miss Moffo was then in far from perfect voice, but there was greater seductiveness in her approach, and I consider this earlier RCA issue, under Julius Rudel, to be the more rewarding.

A large number of important recordings of orchestral music have appeared recently. One of the most fascinating is of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* in a unique verson. What CBS have done is to take the pair of Duo-Art piano rolls that George Gershwin himself made of the work in 1925. As these included the 'orchestral' accompaniment, the holes relevant to that had to be covered so as to leave Gershwin playing only the solo part. Then a grand 'reproducing' piano was found and restored, and finally the Columbia Jazz Band was assembled with the same forces of 19 players as Paul Whiteman's band in the original Ferde Grofé arrangement, and, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, accompanied the 'playing' of Gershwin's piano rolls. The result is startlingly successful—true high fidelity sound from both piano and orchestra and very little to tell that it is not entirely a modern performance—a certain lack of resonance in the piano tone perhaps. Gershwin's playing is amazing, his speeds quite breath-taking, and the jazz band provides a far more stimulating and lively accompaniment than the symphonic orchestral version to which we have become accustomed. This invaluable piece of music research should not be missed.

Zubin Mehta conducts Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West* at Covent Garden at the end of this month, and is perhaps best known here for his work as Musical Adviser to the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. His performance with them of Bartok's fine Concerto for Orchestra shows what a degree of empathy he has with his band. There may not be quite the same *stürm und drang* as one obtains from Decca's recording with Solti and the LSO, but there is an integrity and a flexibility about this performance which bring their own rewards. The orchestral tone, particularly the strings, is magnificent and the recording, made in London, is first class. The Hungarian Pictures—orchestrations of early piano pieces—make a slight, but pleasing, fill-up on the second side. Another strong association between conductor and orchestra comes with André Previn and the LSO. The young Korean violinist, Kyung-Wha Chung, also has strong links with both, and so it is hardly surprising that her performances with them of Prokofiev's immeasurably beautiful 1st and 2nd violin concertos offer unalloyed pleasure. Somehow this young Korean transmits onto record a feeling of identification and involvement that gives one the impression of hearing the performance 'live'. Her playing of the Andante of the second concerto verges on the sublime. Another familiar and highly successful combination is that of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam with their conductor, Bernard Haitink. They can be heard at their very best in a new recording of Schubert's 9th Symphony, 'The Great' C Major. This extraordinarily fine performance makes its effect not by any conductorial mannerisms or over-expressiveness, but by the utter scrupulousness of Haitink's approach. He plays the symphony as the great work it unquestionably is, faithfully observes every marking, and draws from the orchestra playing of total

commitment. The result, by stripping away extraneous 'interpretation' produces a moving experience. The orchestral tone is lustrous and the recording impeccable.

In July, Sir Michael Tippett's new opera *The Ice Break* has its world première at Covent Garden and recently Phillips issued a fine recording of his early first symphony which dates from just after the last war. This work was thought 'difficult' when it appeared, but heard now against the spectrum of Tippett's output appears seminal and compelling. From it one can see at once the development of his marvellous first opera *The Midsummer Marriage*, as well as the later 2nd and 3rd symphonies. The music is full of life and expressiveness and already has all the hallmarks of Tippett's style. It is eloquently played by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the admirable Colin Davis, who complete this rewarding record with the attractive suite of dances Tippett wrote to a BBC commission in 1948 to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Wales.

Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* are a favourite set of baroque concertos, and in a new recording by Itzhak Perlman with the London Philharmonic Orchestra are played with immense brilliance and fidelity. No exaggeration or undue prominence of the soloist, just first-class music-making. James Galway's recording with Zagreb soloists, however, offers something rather different. For this fine Irish flautist has transcribed the solo violin part for his own instrument, and produces effects of breath-taking virtuosity. Some of the bird sounds seem particularly apposite. But taken overall the effect is wrong. Vivaldi did not write these concertos for the flute, and played on it homogeneity is sacrificed to mere display.

For all the abundant quality of the performance another mistake has been made in using James Bowman as a counter-tenor soloist in Vivaldi's wonderful *Stabat Mater*. The composer wrote this work for the girls of the Conservatory of the Pietá in Venice where he taught, and with a particular female soloist in mind. For all the excellence of Bowman's singing, and the accompaniment of the Academy of Ancient Music under Christopher Hogwood, the mood and purpose of the work are diminished by the timbre of the counter-tenor voice. The *Nisi Dominus* suffers to a slightly lesser extent and admirers of James Bowman and the Academy will doubtless be undeterred and will enjoy this record. Fauré, on the other hand, did write his moving, deceptively simple *Requiem* for a boy soprano soloist, and in this splendid Erato recording Alain Clement shows in the *Pie Jesu* how right it is to perform the work accordingly. This is exquisite singing and the accompaniment of the Choir of Saint Pierre-aux-Liens de Bulle and the Berne Orchestra under Michel Corboz is of a similarly high standard.

One of the richest treasures in our own musical heritage is the work of John Dowland, and these lute pieces written at the end of the 16th century give boundless pleasure. They range from the gay to the introspective, even tragic, and are all played quite consummately by Julian Bream. Thanks to the engineers, *My Lord Willoughby's Welcome Home*, written for two lutes, has both parts played by Bream. This is a record of which one will never tire—a constant source of joy.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A NEW LOOK AT THE OLD TESTAMENT

God B.C. Anthony Phillips: with a Foreword by the Bishop of London. Oxford University Press. £2.50 (paperback, 95p).

According to St. Augustine, 'In the Old Testament the New lies hid: in the New Testament the meaning of the Old becomes clear'. And, now that Bible study in schools is either yielding to a half-baked discussion of contemporary politics or disappearing altogether, Dr. Phillips performs a timely service in producing a convenient summary of Old Testament thought on the relationship existing between God and man. When Gideon was invited (Judges VIII, 23) to assume leadership of the Israelites, he declared: 'I will not rule over you neither shall my son rule over you: the Lord shall rule over you', and the point which Phillips very reasonably makes is that the legislation contained in the Ten Commandments and the closely related 'Book of the Covenant' reflects ideas which the Hebrew people entertained concerning the nature of Jehovah as being a God of order and charitable impulse. However, the section of the Book of Exodus which contains these laws was built up by a series of revisions extending over four or five centuries so that the earliest form is to be disentangled, if at all, with great difficulty. Phillips is entitled to claim that there is a deeper concern shown for persons than for property but he enters the realm of speculation when he seeks to restrict the injunction 'Thou shalt not steal' to what he calls man-theft—the sale by Israelites of their fellow citizens as slaves to invading foreign powers. A similar, and again perhaps unnecessary, elaboration causes the command 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house' to be interpreted as 'Thou shalt not deprive a man of his house and thereby deprive him of his rights to exercise his legal role within the community'. Both commandments admit of a simpler understanding in line with the appeals for generosity of heart and absence of greed made by the Prophets who flourished just about the time when these Codes were being compiled.

The method used by Phillips is the mediaeval one of producing a catena of quotations from Scripture and interspersing them with commentary. Thus, when dealing with Deuteronomy and later writings, he clearly notes the juxtaposed *motifs* of fierce exclusiveness, in the interest of truth and purity of doctrine, and a kindly universalism which reflects the wider horizons reached through the providential calamity of the Exile. But he devotes his keenest interest to the problem posed by the Book of Job: why, in a world controlled by God, should there be irregularity and indeed unfairness in human fortunes? God provides an orderly system and, as the author of Proverbs indicates, the good boy, usually, gets the prizes. Sometimes, however, this is not so, and the pious, dutiful Job finds himself bereaved and lying, covered in boils, on a dungheap. Phillips offers no clearer answer than Job did to this particular riddle. He rejects the wistful pessimism of Ecclesiastes and recommends what he calls 'agnostic belief' on the lines of William Cowper's

> Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
> But trust him for his grace:
> Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face.

Personal immortality, with the complete transformation of the picture which that provides, is not invoked here, and rightly. It would, however, be in place to

indicate that the orthodox Hebrew view of man's destiny was not that he suffered annihilation but that he continued a dreary half-existence, like Homer's heroes who resembled 'bats twittering in a cave', from which, however, as the Book of Daniel in the end proclaimed, God might grant to any a miraculous resurrection 'some to everlasting life and some to shame and contempt'.

Phillips omits any reference to the Wisdom literature in the Apocrypha and moves on to consider the fulfilment of Old Testament ideas in the Gospel and the parallelism between Job and Jesus. There are one or two surprises. Future life in Christ, the triumphal cry of the Church from the days of St. Paul down to the Victorian hymn-writers, is somewhat muted—'it does at least seem reasonable'—and here allusion to Christ's answer to the Sadducees (St. Mark XII), with its argument for personal immortality as necessarily resulting from the fatherly care of God, would have been in place. Then the doctrine of the atonement is dismissed by Phillips as being 'meaningless as Chinese to a Brazilian peasant'. Atonement is, however, obvious enough to any Brazilian peasant who finds himself able to decipher, say, a war memorial tablet. The patent, even if disagreeable, fact is that some people find themselves called upon to suffer death or disablement for the sake of others who may be less worthy than they. This costly adjustment in the balance of things is precisely what atonement means, the question for fuller debate being whether God, who encourages his servants to such unselfish behaviour, can or will participate himself. Again, it is odd to find, in a book proposed for Lenten reading, a resolute scorn for self-denial and sacrifice, with Ibsen's 'Brand' offered as a cautionary tale. Jesus, we learn, 'was called a glutton and wine-bibber. He enjoyed his Father's creation, luxuriated in it'. What Phillips omits is the call, less popular and less 'contemporary', but, all the same, part of the full Gospel: 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross'.

Phillips, having exhorted his readers to a faith which 'affirms love in the very guts of its belly', whatever that may mean, concludes with the good Stoic precept 'Let God be God, and get on with being man'. Each section of his book, crisply and neatly expressed, provides material for a lecture or a sermon and, though its narrow compass precludes full discussion of the issues, it clearly indicates the cultural loss suffered by those whose nurture is the ephemeral hotchpotch of newspapers and television rather than the lasting, if elusive, grandeur of the Old Testament.

R. L. P. MILBURN

REFORM AND DEFERENCE

The Politics of Deference: A Study of the Mid-Nineteenth Century English Political System. David Cresap Moore. The Harvester Press. £15.50.

For several years historians have been waiting for this book. To many historians of nineteenth century Britain it was known in its earlier form as a doctoral thesis. Almost all students of the period are acquainted with Professor Moore's many learned articles which deal with the same topics as this book. Therefore the conclusions are not new but it is welcome to have them assembled in one work.

Basically the book is a study of the operation of the English political system between the First Reform Act of 1832 and the Second Reform Act of 1867. It attempts a new explanation of why these Acts were passed and the effects they had upon the electorate and those they elected. The author's main concern is

the system of deference as it prevailed in the constituencies, particularly the rural ones. He is determined to show that within these constituencies whole groups of voters behaved in a certain way because of the behaviour of their leaders who were usually their landlords.

In the first section of the book great use is made of poll books (published lists of voters and their votes) for Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire and Northamptonshire. Professor Moore provides a detailed analysis of voting behaviour in these three counties in the mid-nineteenth century. His analysis and statistics for this are impressive, although some may find the tables and maps overwhelming. Indeed, their bulk at times hides their results. The general reader might be wise to avoid this section or leave it till the end and go right to the main part of the book.

Professor Moore's main contribution to the history of this period comes from his deep understanding of the technicalities of the various reform bills, the many amendments, and the subsequent Acts. In addition, he has traced the inevitable litigation that resulted from such complex legislation. There has been a good deal of writing on both the main Reform Acts in recent times. On the First, we have Michael Brock's *The Great Reform Act* (reviewed here in January, 1974) and John Cannon's *Parliamentary Reform, 1640–1832*. Professor Moore takes great exception to these books, particularly the latter. Those who desire a concise criticism of Moore's earlier work can find one in Cannon's book. On the Second Reform Act, there have been important works by F. B. Smith and Maurice Cowling (unfortunately Moore ignores Cowling's interesting account). Professor Moore does not accept the traditional view—what might be called the Whig view—of either Act. This view holds that these reforms were wise 'concessions' to the growing liberal spirit of the age. The aristocracy, according to this view, decided, in the words of Lady Belgrave, 'a good deal must be sacrificed to save the rest'. Whereas Dr. Cannon endorses Lady Belgrave's summation of the Act, Professor Moore scorns it. He holds that the two Acts were not a 'concession' to a rising democracy but rather a 'cure' to an already present democratic threat. In the period before both Acts, many town dwellers cast their votes in the county rather than in their own borough. This incursion of urban voters imperilled the leadership of the landed interest in their natural area of deference. Thus, Moore argues, both Acts were an attempt to exclude the urban voter from the county constituency. The 1832 Act succeeded for some time but the 1867 Act was unable to stop this trend as suburban voters spread out into the country.

Five years after the Second Reform Act, a Ballot Act put an end to open voting and consequently there are no more poll books. This deprives Professor Moore of his favourite evidence. He sees the Ballot Act as a significant factor in the decline of deference and the rise of mass political parties. It is this explanation of the development of the mass political party that may prove of the greatest interest to general readers of this important book.

What is one to make of all this? It must be said, first of all, that this book is a considerable scholarly achievement. No one will be able to discuss or study the formation of modern British politics without reference to it. As such, all students will long remain in debt to Professor Moore for his scholarship. However, the work has several flaws. Many have criticised his style of writing in the past. The book is much clearer than his articles and is, on the whole, intelligible. Yet one is still occasionally caught in a 'nexus' of sociological jargon and theor-

etical speculation from which one emerges quite confused. This is most unfortunate, as unlike many modern historians who employ this ridiculous language, Professor Moore has much of value for the reader.

Perhaps inevitably, he over-stresses his argument that the main point of reform was to remove the urban voters from the counties. He does not provide sufficient evidence to convince us that this was the main intent of the framers of both Acts. Professor Moore is not enamoured of that school of historical writing that is based upon close and exhaustive study of the private papers of politicians. However, if he had been able to search through the Grey Papers, for example, perhaps he could have shown that Earl Grey's intent was the same as Professor Moore's theory. Indeed, one would have thought that he could have used the papers of the Duke of Buckingham at the Huntington Library in California and thus close to Professor Moore in Los Angeles. As Buckingham (when Marquess of Chandos) was important in the attempt to strengthen landlord power in the counties, one would have thought the effort worthwhile.

Another limitation is that the nearly exclusive interest devoted to the counties obscures the politics of the boroughs: many of which remained under the influence of local magnates. This is perhaps best seen in the many by-elections in 1846 occasioned by Peel's 'betrayal' on the Corn Laws. Three great landowners changed the M.P.s for their local boroughs: the Duke of Newcastle at Newark, the Duke of Marlborough at Woodstock, and the Duke of Richmond at Chichester. Nor were they alone in this. Here we have clear examples of the deference 'nexus' at work which could well have been considered by Professor Moore.

However, the book remains well worth careful reading and considered thought. It presents challenging views of many hitherto neglected subjects. Unlike many histories of the period it is more concerned with rural politics and thus the reader gains an insight different from so much traditional history which concentrates on urban issues. Three topics, in particular, are worthy of note. Moore shows that the role of the Ultra-Tories was crucial to the triumph of the 1832 Reform Act. He explains their motives better than any previous historian. Secondly, the many clauses and amendments in the bills and the judicial interpretations are well presented. Finally, his consideration of and, on the whole, scorn for the theories of Bagehot and the two Mills should prove of value to students of political thought. For the general reader anxious to see a new view of the development of modern British politics, this is an important work.

This is just the latest in a series of books upon British history in excellent editions brought out by a relatively new firm: The Harvester Press. They have provided seminal works such as the present one and *The Governing Passion* by A. B. Cooke and John Vincent which deals with the Home Rule crisis of 1885-86. In addition, they have reprinted useful reference books for historians. One must be grateful to both the author and the publisher for this latest addition to a distinguished collection.

R. F. MULLEN

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF HEMINGWAY

How It Was. Mary Hemingway. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.95.

This is the third major biography of Hemingway to appear since his death. First came A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway*, a book of buddy-buddy recollections which was exceptionally readable if not wholly accurate. Then came Dr.

Carlos Baker's 'definitive' biography and now we have the master's fourth and last wife; Mary Hemingway's, version of the last seventeen years of his life. In addition we also have the first 36 years of Mrs. Hemingway's life during which time she was a reporter and war correspondent. She, of course, publishes this book on her connections with her husband rather than on her own merits.

Mary Welsh came late into Hemingway's life in wartime London and it would seem to have been love at first sight. Martha Gellhorn—the third wife—had defected at the time and Hemingway met Miss Welsh when she was hunting with Irmin Shaw—a man Hemingway disliked intensely. Whether it was because of his previous association with Mary or because of his success is not made clear. Certainly there is a description of a quarrel with Shaw but as with so many things in the book the issues are never made clear. This is one of the deficiencies of her story. What had Shaw written which caused the blow up? Where had Martha Gellhorn got to when Mary came into Hemingway's life? There are too many gaps which could and should have been filled.

The first one hundred pages are Mary Welsh growing up and Hemingway admirers can safely start at page 94 and stop on his death at page 503. The question is whether the intervening 400-odd pages make the purchase price worthwhile. The answer is simply how devoted you are to a 'true life' woman's own story of life with the master.

By the time she met him, Hemingway's literary life was almost done. The great novels had been written; there only remained *A Moveable Feast, Across the River and Into the Trees* and *The Old Man and the Sea.* After the Second World War he wrote, with one possible exception, nothing of the stature of his earlier novels. Indeed, Miss Welsh's position seems to have been a literary cross between the second Mrs. Driffield in *Cakes and Ale* and the second Mrs. de Winter in *Rebecca.*

Reading her account of Hemingway's decline and comparing it with the version according to Hotchner, one is surprised at the difference. In Hotchner's version he met him in the Florida bar in Havana and they became master and adapter, if not pupil. One would think from reading it that he was Hemingway's right hand—taking part in so many of the travels and adventures. Not so, according to Mary Welsh. In her version, 'Hotch', as he was known by Hemingway in *Papa Hemingway,* is relegated almost to footnote status. Instead of being the great buddy he is placed firmly and literally in the back seat. Probably as with most things the truth lies somewhere in between.

What is certainly clear is that even in the 1940s Hemingway's past life was catching up with him. He was drinking heavily, quarrelling violently and the signs of insanity were starting to show—when his son was captured by the Germans he was seriously trying to mount a personal commando raid to release him.

It is always sad to read the story of the decline of a great vivant but this is the tale written in a girly girly style. Hemingway wanted the suppression of his private letters but Miss Welsh titilates the reader with selected extracts. They do not make edifying reading. Without doubt she did what she could with and for him. There were good times but the overall mood is one of sadness. Re-reading Hemingway, his writing now seems sugar under the he-man style which spawned a thousand imitators. Miss Welsh brings out not only the sugar but also the saccharin.

JAMES MORTON

WRITERS IN THE 1940s

Inside the Forties. Derek Stanford. Sidgwick and Jackson. £6.95.

There was a period, during and after World War II, when it was generally accepted that no post-war cultural upsurge was likely to affect the literary scene. Unlike the spate of poetry following the 1914-18 war, a significant new school of writing failed to emerge and Thirties' writers continued to dominate the stage—the 'pink' triumvirate of Auden, Spender and Day Lewis; the still 'young' Gascoyne, Barker and Dylan Thomas and a host of popular novelists and playwrights. Until, unobtrusively at first and then swiftly gathering momentum, a number of talented and progressive writers gradually gained a foothold, consolidating their position in readiness for the early Fifties, when they injected into poetry, novels and plays a completely fresh dimension.

In *Inside the Forties,* Derek Stanford is concerned with the beginnings of the new 'movements' rather than with their ultimate fruition. For himself, as an aspiring author whose hopes and ambitions had been cruelly interrupted by the War, the future might have yielded anything or nothing. Fortunately, modest openings led him to find congenial company and opportunities to pursue his literary objectives. There were the editors of the 'little' magazines—Tambimettu (*Poetry London*) and Charles Wrey Gardiner (*Poetry Quarterly*) and a number of enterprising though under-financed publishers who bravely launched 'collections' of verse onto rough seas of hostility or disregard. Energy and enterprise on the part of the poets was essential for the marketing of these slender volumes, by whatever ingenious means they could devise.

There were few guidelines in this period of change and readjustment but gradually the dust settled. Young writers, like everyone else, shed their post-war idealism or disillusionment and settled down to the business of earning a living and finding a congenial *niche*. This Derek Stanford contrived to do at least as successfully as any of his associates, many of whose names are now well known to the reading public.

One of the main influences in his life at this time, and one to which he devotes a lion's share of *Inside the Forties,* was the then incipient novelist, Muriel Spark. He does well to remind the reader that she was first and foremost a poet, and it was on this basis that their intellectual sparring and cooperation rested. In those early days, fairly sparkling with creative energy and confidence, Muriel Spark must have been an inspired debater on religion and literature and there can be no doubt that they provided each other with valuable stimulus.

Yet even without it, Derek Stanford would have been successful in forging his own literary career; for the impression which emerges from this ruminative and carefully recollected 'memoir' is that from the start he was equipped to become one of the *literati*, and it is good to know that he carries his dedication to the art of 'letters' into the late nineteen-seventies. ROSALIND WADE

PRO-CHINA ALBANIA UNDER HOXHA

The Albanians: Europe's Forgotten Survivors. Anton Logoreci. Gollancz. £8.50.

An enigma of the international scene is Albania's strange alliance with China since 1961, her rejection of Soviet influence. Mr. Logoreci—educated at an American school there and at the London School of Economics, commentator on East European and Chinese affairs for BBC External Services—probes its ideological workings in this comprehensive survey of the country's recent history. The alliance, he says, was Enver Hoxha's bid to escape from total isolation and its dangers to his regime. 'In some respects China is the best protective power Albania has had after Austria-Hungary. It is thousands of

miles away, it has no special interests in the country and is relatively free from any desire to dominate it unduly'. In short, it is a marriage less of love than of convenience.

A picture emerges of a state in which liberal ideals and principles cannot breathe. Everyone over 18 must belong to the powerful Democratic Front to get work, ration book when needed, and shop at government stores. A youth movement with a quarter of a million members is dedicated to work on industrial and farming schemes and even guides children between seven and fourteen. The 30,000-strong trade unions are not free bargaining bodies but must fulfil the government's economic plans and maintain labour discipline.

Rule is enforced by the *Sigurimi* secret police, frontier guards, people's and auxiliary police, the task of the first being to eliminate all opposition to party and government and prevent counter-revolution. To most Albanians and visitors from abroad, Logoreci states, the *Sigurimi* have 'the fearful reputation that Haiti's Tontons Macoute had during Doctor Duvalier's rule'. The legal system and judiciary are under strict party control, not merely to deal with crime but to educate the working people to 'respect and implement socialist law'.

In an exposé of the labour camps and prisons for political and other offenders the author cites *The Prison Notebook* of Arshi Pipa, Albanian poet, scholar, who spent ten years in them. A typical punishment at Durrës was the 'waistcoat torture' in which the prisoner, bound hand and foot in a heavy peasant waistcoat with pole thrust through it, was hung up 'like trussed poultry' perhaps for several days. Other tortures described by a farm worker who escaped from Albania in September 1975 included placing sharp axes under each armpit, then tying a rope to the body; burning with hot irons, inserting hard splinters under the nails, placing fleas on a shaven head and tying the hands to prevent scratching. 'Within a few hours of such treatment most people are driven berserk and will do almost anything that is asked of them'. Hoxha firmly believed that without secret police methods his regime could not function.

Logoreci's testimony is impressive even when most critical and possibly slanted politically. The writing is sure, the style rational, the historical retrospect vivid, supplementing skilfully Professor S. Skendi's *Albania* and *The Albanian National Awakening*: 1878-1912, and Professor N. Pano's *The People's Republic of Albania*.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. First Series. Vol. XX. This recent volume of official documents has been prepared and edited by Professor Douglas Dakin. It is in two parts. The first, consisting of 352 documents, deals with German Reparations and Allied Military Control of Germany during the whole of 1922. It continues the documentation in Chapters III to VI of Volume XVI. The method of dealing with the German default in Reparations was a continuing issue between the British and French governments. The Fifth London Conference in August 1922, documented in this volume, ended in failure, with the threat by France to use coercive action. The eventual invasion of the Ruhr is to be documented in Volume XXI. The second part of this volume covering 230 documents is devoted to Russian relations from the Anglo-Soviet Trade Agreement of March, 1921 until the end of 1922. It includes the problem of Russian famine relief, and linked with it the recognition by the Soviet Government of Russian pre-Revolution debts. This part on Russian relations follows the documentation in Volume XII, Chapter V.

Victoria and Disraeli (Cassell. £5.50). Theo. Aronson, who has written a great deal on the history of the European royal houses, turns in this volume to 'a study of the growth and flowering of a remarkable relationship between two remarkable people'. This 'romantic partnership' reached its height during Disraeli's premiership, 1874-1880, shortly before his death in 1881 at the age of 76. There is no doubt that there was a reciprocal warmth of friendship between them. In this sense there was sincerity in the flattery and flirtatious outpourings from Disraeli. He cast a spell which the Queen loved. What was his purpose? Mr. Aronson writes: 'In Dizzy's imagination, this plump, homely, middle-aged constitutional monarch was transformed into a second Queen Elizabeth, a second Catherine the Great'. This is surely an exaggeration. Disraeli was determined to govern; he was not, as he told the Queen, her Grand Vizier. He never gave way on any matter which he considered of political importance. On the contrary, he was able to use his personal relationship with her as a means of pursuing his policies in the easiest and pleasantest way. Gladstone worked the hard way. This is a very readable book.

The Penguin Book of American Verse (Penguin Books. £1.75). This very welcome anthology is successor to Professor Geoffrey Moore's *The Penguin Book of Modern American Verse,* published in 1954. In that volume Professor Moore included 58 poets 'to represent the period between Emily Dickinson and W. S. Merwin'. Now he has added major poets of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, starting with Anne Bradstreet. He has introduced selections from 101 poets, of whom fifteen new additions are poets contemporary with or post W. S. Merwin. Anthologies always, of course, involve the personal choice and preferences of the editor. On the other hand he has brought together a comprehensive and valuable collection of American poetry, preceded by a useful Introduction. It will be widely appreciated.

Melmoth The Wanderer (Penguin Books. £1.95). Penguin English Library extends its excellent collection with this volume. Charles Maturin, a Dublin clergyman, published this early example of the school of Terror Romance in 1820, four years before his death. Although it was by no means popular at the time, it is his only enduring work and influenced such diverse writers as Pushkin, Poe, Mazzoni and Oscar Wilde. The eponymous hero is a direct descendant of the Flying Dutchman and Faust, striving to pass on his burden. Throughout the book — originally planned as a series of separate tales— Melmoth is depicted as a tempter until he finally undergoes a metamorphosis. By no means the most important novel of the time, it is nevertheless a most interesting link between the Gothic and Romantic novel.

Uniforms of Trafalgar (Batsford. Casebound £4.50; Limp £2.95). The authors, John Fabb and Jack Cassin-Scott, have turned their attention from military costume history to describing in this informative volume naval dress during the early years of the nineteenth century in the British, French and Spanish navies. The book also provides information on swords and decorations worn by officers. There are 88 illustrations, mainly monochrome, all taken from contemporary sources. British naval uniforms were first instituted for officers in 1748: the seamen had to wait until 1857 for a regulation uniform. There is a useful glossary and a very small bibliography, but there are few source references given to the illustrations.

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Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON

by the Oxford University Press
Press Road, Neasden, London, NW10 0DD

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD, 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

112th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JUNE 1977

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1977 Vol. 230 No. 1337

POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE EEC

by Roderick MacFarquhar, M.P.

DURING a recent visit to Japan I was privileged to take part in a Euro-Japanese conference in Hakone attended by about ten people from each side, during which we discussed the outstanding problems that concern us. Our group included businessmen, academics, journalists and politicians and our discussions were characterised by an informed frankness that all agreed made our meeting a remarkably fruitful one.

My first purpose in this article is to report frankly on my findings of the mood in Japan about the trade disputes with the EEC. But what perhaps I can best do is to illustrate how those Japanese viewpoints filter into a European consciousness. I would then like to put over the British and to some extent the European point of view. And finally, I would like to make some suggestions for improving the framework within which the argument between Japan and the EEC takes place.

I think that the main characteristic of Japanese thinking about the present trade crisis is a mixture of insecurity and defiance. Those words sound perhaps a little harsh, but I said I would try to be frank. Let me explain what I mean by that characterisation.

There can be no doubt but that the findings of the Doko mission to Europe last autumn caused a considerable shock in Japanese business and government circles and among the media. Mr. Doko, I was reliably informed, had virtually no warning of the storm of protest he would encounter when he got to Europe. Perhaps he anticipated some complaints from Britain, but he may well have felt that Japan had already taken steps to appease British sentiment. What he certainly did not expect was that the protests would be universal and would come even from the strongest economy in Europe, that of West Germany.

The Doko 'shocko' aroused considerable antagonism in the media, and there were even allegations that European attitudes on the trade question were racist in tenor. Some of us pointed out that Japanese perhaps misunderstood the way Europeans set about solving international trade problems. We assume confrontation and dispute as part of the bargaining

process, whereas Japanese may seek for consensus while maintaining a polite front. It was suggested that if a colour film of the wine war between southern Frenchmen and northern Italians were shown in Japan it would soon be appreciated how Europeans looking totally alike could become extremely embittered over trade matters. Racism is not the origin of Euro-Japanese differences over trade.

Another allegation is that Europeans have lost the work ethic, that we don't try hard enough; an allegation that is, of course, often bandied around within Europe too. I think there is an element of truth in the suggestion. Leisure is perhaps regarded as more important in Europe, though there are signs that the Japanese are seeking to emulate us. They are certainly among the world's most ubiquitous tourists, and when one sees those driving ranges with their immensely high fencing dotted throughout Japanese cities, one could be forgiven for thinking one was in the land of the rising golf ball.

There was also a very strong feeling in Japan that it was unfair of Europeans to teach them the free trade system and then want to change its rules when Japan started to win by them. To this the response of Europeans was that, leaving aside non-tariff barriers for the moment, it was only relatively recently that Japan had, in fact, begun to operate the system and that until then Japan had been highly protectionist.

In terms of the practical issues that face us today, many of these arguments are debating points. But the attitude they have engendered among Japanese is that their country is being made the scapegoat for Europe's economic ills. I heard former Foreign Minister Miyazawa put this quietly but firmly, but others have put it far more strongly and Britain is sometimes accused of being the ringleader. It is this feeling of being unfairly cornered by the Europeans that is producing the defiant reaction of which I spoke. The new trade minister, Mr. Tanaka, seems to personify this attitude and his decision to take the EEC to the international court over the question of ball-bearing tariffs is the most important concrete expression of this attitude. Let me say immediately that I am not at this point trying to praise or blame Japan's action, merely to note its significance.

The insecurity I referred to as the other Japanese reaction is the reverse side of the coin. One or two of our Japanese colleagues said, in effect: 'We have been good pupils; should we not be praised instead of being awarded a dunce's cap; where have we gone wrong; what do you want of us?' These questions were not just politeness; even less were they hypocritcal. They were genuine expressions of puzzlement and concern. If I am right and there is, underneath the defiance, some insecurity I would suggest it may spring from a number of factors.

Strange though it may seem to Europeans, I believe that the Japanese still think poor. The economic growth that has made Japan one of the world's greatest consumption societies is a relatively recent phenomenon and I would suggest that the pervading if subconscious folk memory of the Japanese is the desperate times in the immediate post-war period, just as the most important folk memory of the working people of this country is

still the unemployment of the 1930s.

Secondly, I would guess that Japan's isolation for most of her history has not yet given her a built-in sense of her own place in the world. European peoples have been dealing with each other for millenia and through their dealings have developed a sense of themselves, to some extent in the mirror of other people's perceptions of them. Japan has only had that experience for barely a century and I have a sense of an intensely proud and rightly self-confident people who, when international crises occur, suddenly wonder if they have totally misjudged themselves.

Thirdly, there is the fact that, among the industrialised democracies, Japan is the only one that is not of European origin and perhaps feels isolated in lacking the multiplicity of cultural and family ties that bind the others in intangible but nevertheless powerful ways. Added to this may be Japan's uncertainty as to what a century of hectic absorption of foreign culture, in all senses of that term, has turned her into. Japan is clearly in Asia, but is she now in any sense Asian? Japan is clearly an industrialised society; does this mean she is a Western society?

Japan's conception of herself is further complicated by the fact that she is the world's first economic superpower not to carry what might be considered the equivalent military punch. While I was in Japan I was presented with a new book by some of the country's leading social scientists. It is called: *The Silent Power; Japan's identity and world role* and its preface refers to 'a state of questioning among Japanese themselves that is recently so relentless as to constitute a national identity crisis', while the introduction points out that Japan has recently experienced what it calls an 'introspection boom'. Apparently in 1972 alone more than 40 new books were published on the theme 'What is "Japanese"?' The introduction carries the examination of Japanese feelings of insecurity further than I have time to do here, but I recommend this chapter and the book as a whole for Europeans who want to increase their understanding of contemporary Japan and I recommend it especially to those who have the responsibility of taking decisions that will affect our Japanese friends. What I am sure is that any Briton who reads the book will have a sense of *déja vu* because, of course, for very different reasons and unfortunately in a far less favourable economic climate, we British have been engaged in our own postwar introspection for even longer than the Japanese.

I think that in Britain we have indulged in too much introspection when we should have been getting on with the job and I hope the Japanese will learn something from our experience in this regard. Certainly I think Japanese should stop worrying about what others think about them and decide what they are for themselves. I am sure we will accept them as they are for we ask only to live in a friendship that is mutually profitable.

Let me now turn to the concrete problems that affect Anglo-Japanese relations as well as Euro-Japanese relations.

The facts are simple and the most important is this: manufactured goods account for over 50% of the imports of all the major industrialised democracies except Japan. In the case of Japan the figure is only 20%. To a

limited extent that massive discrepancy can be accounted for by Japan's virtually complete dependence on imported raw materials. But I believe it reflects far more a totally different approach to the whole concept of international trade.

To Britain it meant that in 1976 we bought Japanese goods to the value of £796 million, but were only able to sell Japan £359 million, less than half what Japan sold us.

Now I do realise that one has to incorporate our invisible earnings into the picture, but I do not accept the calculations that these result in a virtual wiping out of the visible deficit.

Now, if it were just Britain that was so heavily in the red to Japan, I expect that there would be a tendency for the British to suspect that the fault was all ours—that it was salesmen, or our productivity, or our management, or our industrial relations that prevented us from keeping in balance with Japan. But it isn't just us. West Germany's deficit on visible trade is about the same as ours and no one would accuse the Germans of falling down on the job, certainly not in European terms. The total EEC deficit is of the order of 4 billion dollars. Now these deficits are not caused by high Japanese tariff barriers or by import quotas, though Britain is affected by the quota for leather and leather goods retained by Japan in order to protect the employment of the outcasts who work in these trades in Japan (the Doa).

There have been a number of what might be called informal barriers to imports—stringent safety and testing requirements for cars, marine equipment and pharmaceuticals which are particularly serious for importers since they normally have a lower volume in which to absorb the extra costs than local manufacturers have. The pricing and distribution policy of the Japanese state tobacco monopoly have also caused difficulties for our tobacco manufacturers. But it has to be said that as a result of representations from Britain and the EEC there have been a number of significant modifications in Japan's policies on imports: the pharmaceutical testing requirements were modified last October; a three-year grace period for the application to foreign cars of the 1975 emission standards was announced in January; it has been agreed in principle that cars to be exported to Japan will now be tested in Europe to bring Japanese practice into line with British; a more liberal distribution policy for foreign tobacco products was promised last November.

There are still, however, a number of specific concerns that Britain would still like to see adjusted: the level of customs duty and alcohol tax on Scotch whisky, for which Japan is our second largest export market, worth £30 million; additional concessions on emission standards for heavy cars such as Rolls-Royce and Aston Martin; we need final acceptance by Japan of European testing procedures for cars being exported to Japan; we are still concerned about the tobacco monopoly's pricing policy, the quotas on leather goods, the import procedures for chemicals and the high tariff on imports of confectionery.

I don't want to go into details about these individual commodities, about

which I cannot claim to be an expert. But what I do want to emphasise is that it is not just a case of Britain sitting on its bottom and asking for trading concessions. I do not believe the Europeans have tackled the Japanese market in the way that the Japanese have the European one. But in recent years Britain has certainly put considerable effort into penetrating the Japanese market. The Export Marketing Centre in Tokyo, which I visited last year, is our only trade centre anywhere in the world and provides an unceasing panorama of British capital and consumer goods. More than 500 British companies have participated in about 40 officially sponsored exhibitions and plans for future exhibitions stretch to the end of the 1970s.

Back here in Britain, the BOTB's Exports to Japan Unit, which is staffed by experts on the Japanese market, serves as a rear link for the Tokyo centre and as a source of specialist advice for British exporters. A major exhibition of British medical equipment has just closed at Tokyo's science museum; 18 trade missions will visit Japan this year; and Britain will participate in seven Japanese exhibitions. Perhaps the most encouraging sign of all in recent months—particularly encouraging because it is a joint Anglo-Japanese effort—was the establishment here in December of the Japan Task Force, composed of representatives of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce and Industry in London, Jetro—the Japan External Trade Organisation, the BOTB, the CBI, the Department of Trade and the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

I believe that this intensive British effort will be rewarded by increased sales, particularly in those lines which Japan regards as growth sectors—for instance, equipment for environmental protection and pollution control, oceanic equipment, leisure goods and medical equipment. But in the short term, in the next two to three years, during which Britain hopes to double its exports to Japan, we need some breakthrough sales, for instance of aircraft like the BAC 1-11 or of defence equipment.

But none of these hopeful developments will bear full fruit if there is not a new approach on the part of Japan towards importing manufactured goods. I am aware of and very appreciative of the considerable efforts made within the Japanese bureaucracy by officials who believe strongly in the need for Japan to make trade concessions as part of her strategy of promoting better relations among the industrialised democracies. I am aware that in order to make those concessions Japan has had to modify important national policy objectives. For instance, officials concerned with the environment are desperately anxious to reduce pollution. The car emission standards were framed with that idea in mind, not with the objective of keeping out European cars. In view of the fact that it is Europeans among others who have commented scathingly about Japanese pollution, such Japanese officials are understandably unhappy at having to modify their standards for diplomatic reasons.

So I don't want to minimise the value of such concessions often arrived at only after intensive argument within the Japanese bureaucracy and between Japanese ministries. But all these concessions and the intensive British trade effort will amount to far less than they might if there is not a policy decision

within the Japanese cabinet: namely, that if Japan is to continue her policy of selling intensively over a limited range of profitable goods in European markets—cars, consumer electronics, steel, ships, ball bearings—then she must encourage the import of foreign manufactures.

Of course, there are cultural, historical and geographical reasons for Japan's reluctance to purchase abroad much more than luxury consumer goods. But I believe that with the considerable informal consultation and co-ordination that takes place between MITI and the great Japanese firms, a hint that it would be beneficial to Japan to encourage the import of foreign manufactures would soon bring results. And when I say beneficial to Japan I am not speaking idly. Japan is far more dependent upon its exports to Europe than vice versa. And if there is not a reciprocity of willingness to open one's markets—as there is, for instance, among the EEC nations—then I have to say that I foresee that the kind of restrictions placed on ball bearings recently will probably be applied on other Japanese products. Precisely because Europe sells so much less to Japan than she does to us, we have much less to lose from a trade war in the long term.

But I think I have explored sufficiently the difficulties that exist between us. I want to turn now to some suggestions for improving the atmosphere between Japan and the EEC.

First, it seems to me quite evident that we must take steps to avoid the kind of shock waves that resulted from the Doko mission and that means that there must be far greater and far more regular communications at all levels and in many fields of activity between Japan and Europe. I think the foundation of the Japan Task Force as a joint Anglo-Japanese venture is a splendid example of how to establish means of communication between business and government in both countries. I hope that similar organisations are being set up in other European capitals—though perhaps it would be nice if they were not so efficient as ours.

Equally, an appropriate institutional arrangement should be set up with the EEC. I am aware of the hard work that, for instance, the small EEC office in Tokyo has put in on the trade dispute, but clearly the advance warnings of the EEC officials in Tokyo did not have sufficient impact on Japanese official thinking. Both sides will have to consider how best to avoid that in the future.

It has been suggested, and I think it well worth considering, that the existing organisation of the OECD should be used as a framework for ongoing and, indeed, almost continual contact on economic prospects. If the shipbuilding crisis makes anything clear, it is that no major industrialised democracy should make plans for massive new investment in an area of international importance without consulting with others and attempting to reach agreement on how to set about it.

By investing heavily in new equipment for shipbuilding a few years ago, Japan has now decisively spreadeagled the competition. But the industrialised economies are too interwoven for such action to be tolerable in the future. We do not have to envisage an end to international competition, but I think we may have to work towards a system of managed markets, in the

sense that certain gross calculations as to the size of the market will have to be made and investment intentions will have to be co-ordinated to ensure that there is not to be massive over-capacity in the world. In the case of shipbuilding, warnings were given to Japan but these were ignored and the industry is now a major cause of the crisis between Japan and the EEC.

Secondly, I think there should be regular meetings between the EEC Council of Ministers and Japanese leaders. True collaboration and mutual understanding will only be built up by instituting the habit of consultation. Besides, regular meetings will enable discussions on critical problems to be held without a crisis atmosphere.

Furthermore, I think it might be worth exploring how President Carter and his foreign policy team intend to put into practice their trilateralist ideals. All senior Carter foreign policy advisers as well as the President, the Vice-President and the secretary for the Treasury and Defence were members of the now three-year-old Trilateral Commission, a private organisation designed to foster understanding and a joint approach to problems among the industrialised democracies in Europe, North America and Japan. Now that they are in power, it is to be hoped that the former trilateralists will be able to make good their aim of strengthening the bonds between their allies. But there is no need to wait for President Carter to act. Our mutual problems require joint action now.

One issue that could be discussed at top level meetings, be they Euro-Japanese or trilateral, is the European belief that Japanese economic performance is greatly facilitated by Japan having only a minute defence budget in percentage of GNP as compared with the NATO allies. I am not suggesting that Japan should reverse her current defence policy. But I would suggest that Japanese policy makers, when considering this grouse, might ponder assuming an equal burden in some other sphere. For instance, Japan is as bad as most and worse than some of the industrialised countries in the provision of overseas aid. The percentage is something like .2% of GNP. Now if Japan rethought her aid policy and raised it rapidly over the next few years to, say, 2% of GNP, that would help remove European resentment, help people in the third world and add considerably to Japan's international status. I was delighted to hear Ambassador Nakayama hint that Japan would consider this kind of policy.

I am very conscious that most of the proposals I have made involve action by Japan rather than by Europe. So I should stress my very strong conviction that it is Europe rather than Japan that should bear more of the blame for mutual misunderstanding, for it is Europe that has failed to take the trouble to try to understand Japan, whereas Japanese have been only too good students of Europe and the West.

In the 1960s, American scholars of China decided that if the West was to form a balanced appraisal of contemporary China, it was necessary for there to be a European component in what is vulgarly known as China watching. They persuaded American foundations to invest considerable funds in European universities for the purpose of developing China studies.

I believe that only if we have a similar act of will on the part of outsiders

—and in this case it would have to be a Japanese act of will, Japanese investment of money—will there be a development of Japanese studies at least equivalent to that of Chinese studies in Europe.

Strangely enough, Japan has invested millions upon million of dollars in helping develop Japanese studies in America where the domestic investment in the field was already very large, but relatively little in Europe where the domestic investment is very small. That imbalance of investment should be remedied if Japan *sincerely* wants to help Europeans understand her.

Concretely I would propose the creation of institutes or professorships of Japanese studies at three or four of the premier universities of Europe, whose prestige would boost the launching of a new phase in Japanese studies in the way, for instance, that Ambassador Reischauer has done for Harvard.

I would also propose that Japanese funds should be provided to set up an institute of Japanese studies at Oxford University and that it might be named after Sir George Sansom, who did so much to interpret Japan past and present, not just to Britain but to the whole Western world.

But let me say immediately that the object of this institute would not be to train just Japanese specialists in literature and classical history, who might talk only to each other. We want to train in Europe economists, political scientists, sociologists, modern historians and lawyers who will subsequently take their place as members of conventional academic departments in other universities, as well as members who happen to specialise on Japan and who very definitely have Japanese language competence. Again this will only happen if there is money provided, *from Japan, specifically* for such posts in various universities. There will be few students at a Japan Studies Institute if there is no subsequent prospect of jobs. I would hope that such an institute would also train non-academics, students who would seek careers in business, journalism and politics, thus diffusing knowledge of Japan even further.

I made this suggestion in Japan and proposed then that the Gaimusho, the Keidanren, and those great Japanese companies that export in large quantity to Europe should discuss this proposal and, I would very much hope, act to implement it. I think it fair to say that the proposal was received with interest and, in some Japanese quarters, even with enthusiasm.

I hope that the suggestions I have made may be of some use. But all my proposals will be of no use if the determination to co-operate is not there. There must be a political will and it must not be confined to politicians. Euro-Japanese trade relations will continue to deteriorate with incalculable economic and political consequences for all of us.

[Roderick MacFarquhar is Labour Member of Parliament for Belper.]

CYPRUS IN PERSPECTIVE

by William Hale

AS this article was being written, in March 1977, Greek and Turkish Cypriot delegates were preparing for a journey to Vienna to discuss proposals for a new constitutional order in Cyprus. The writer has shied away from predicting the ultimate outcome of these talks, nor has he attempted a resumé of the entire Cyprus problem since its birth in the late 1950s. Instead this article concentrates on two aspects of the Cyprus story which have played a major part in producing the present situation: firstly, the events which led to the breakdown of the power-sharing constitution of 1960, and thus the effective division of the island into two mutually hostile communities and, secondly, the factors behind the second Turkish offensive of 1974, which split Cyprus geographically as well as politically. If this approach appears to focus more on the Turkish than the Greek side of the story, then it is mainly because it is the former which has generally received less attention in Britain.

The aim of the Greek Cypriots' struggle against the British during the 1950s was to secure not independence but *Enosis*, or the union of the island with Greece. Nevertheless, it was independence which Cyprus received in 1960, with an elaborate constitution designed to protect the interests of the Turkish Cypriots, who constitute around 18 per cent of the population. By international treaty, Britain, Greece, Turkey and Cyprus undertook to 'guarantee the independence, territorial integrity and security of the Republic of Cyprus, and also the state of affairs established by the Basic Articles of its Constitution'. If these terms were broken, then the guarantor powers undertook to consult together to ensure their observance; if such concerted action failed, then each guarantor 'reserves the right to take action with the sole aim to re-establishing the state of affairs created by the present Treaty'.[1]

The 'Basic Articles' were the cornerstone of the Turkish Cypriots' protected constitutional position. They contained six important elements. Firstly, the President and Vice-President were to be elected separately by the Greek and Turkish communities respectively, and were both to have final veto powers over laws and decisions concerning foreign affairs, defence and security. Secondly, offices in the public service were to be divided into the ratio 70-30 between Greeks and Turks, with a 60-40 ratio in the army. In the 50-man Parliament, Greek and Turkish representatives were to be separately elected, again in the 70-30 ratio. A similar division was to be applied in the Cabinet. Bills affecting the electoral law, the municipalities or tax-raising were to require separate majorities of both the Greek and Turkish MPs for ratification. Lastly, separate municipalities were to be established in the Greek and Turkish quarters of the five largest towns of the Republic.

During the following three years (1960-63) the Greek majority showed the greatest reluctance to implement the privileges which the Turks had

won in the Constitution, while the Turks attempted to use their rights to the full. The course was thus set for rapid constitutional breakdown. The 70-30 division in the public service was not effected, and proposals for a common army were vetoed by the Turkish Cypriot Vice-President, Fazil Kuchuk, following inter-communal disagreement on its internal structure. Irked by the failure to implement other provisions of the Constitution, the Turkish Cypriot MPs refused to pass tax legislation, so that at the end of 1962 the government was left without legal means of raising revenue. From the start, the Greek Cypriots attacked the proposals for separate municipalities, which they regarded as an embryonic form of partition, so that this constitutional provision also remained a dead letter.

1963 saw the virtual decease of the 1960 Constitution. In November of that year President Makarios proposed 'Thirteen Points' of constitutional amendment which threatened to eliminate most of the special rights of the Turkish community. The Vice-President's veto power would be withdrawn, as would the provisions for separate parliamentary majorities in certain spheres of legislation. Laws for a unified army and unified municipalities would be passed, and Turkish representation in the public service would be determined 'in proportion to the ratio of Greek and Turkish Cypriots' (i.e., roughly 80-20).

Needless to say, the 'Thirteen Points' were vehemently rejected by both the Turkish Cypriot leadership and the Turkish mainland government. On 21 December, 1963 serious intercommunal fighting broke out which lasted until the following March, when United Nations forces arrived to insert a thin blue line between the Greek majority and what were by now separate Turkish enclaves. These enclaves, which were scattered around the island, covered about ten per cent of the territory of the Republic, but housed about half the Turkish Cypriot population. After 1967, when more intercommunal fighting further divided Cyprus, it was estimated that about 30 per cent of the Turkish Cypriots were refugees, forced to live on relief (approximately the same proportion as that of the Greek Cypriots made refugees by the Turkish invasion of 1974). Within the Turkish enclaves effective control was exercised by the Turkish Communal Chamber, originally established to deal with Turkish religions, educational and cultural affairs and a limited range of municipal and economic functions. The Chairman of the Chamber was Rauf Denktash, who was regarded as more hardline in his attitude to the Greeks than Kuchuk. Makeshift defences were organised by irregular Turkish forces in reply to the 12,000 man National Guard established by the Greek Cypriots, which had officers from the Greek mainland.

Looking back on this sorry story, some Greek Cypriots now admit that Greek-Cypriot actions during the 1960s helped to push the Turkish Cypriots into the hands of mainland Turkey. A crucial factor in this process was the ambivalent position of the Greek Cypriot leadership on *Enosis*, which was still the ultimate dream of many Greeks, and the nightmare of the Turks. Makarios, of course, benefited from the independence which the 1960 settlement gave him, but he preferred not to risk the displeasure of many of his

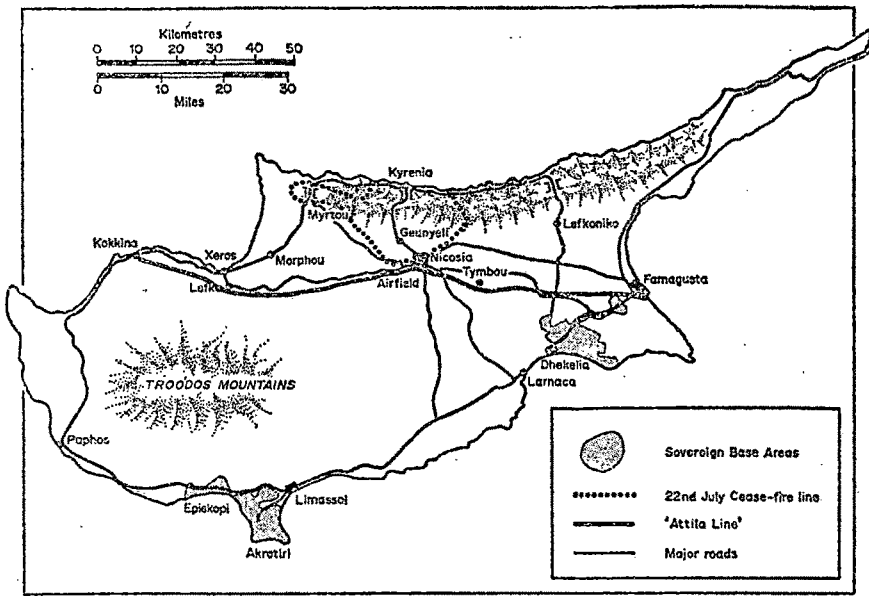
supporters by categorically denouncing the dream. The *coup* in Athens of April 1967 which brought the Colonels to power reduced the attractions of *Enosis* for democratically minded Greek Cypriots, but in October 1967, for example, Makarios still told a Greek Cypriot newspaper that 'the real victory will be achieved when Cyprus will be annexed to Greece without any concessions whatever'.[2] Attitudes of this kind encouraged the Turkish Cypriots to seek constitutional recognition of the physical separation of the two communities under some sort of federal relationship, rather than go on pressing for their rights under the 1960 constitution.

The events which led to and followed the Turkish invasion of 1974 can be briefly recapitulated. On 6 July 1974 President Makarios published a letter he had sent to the Greek President, General Gizikis, claiming that the 650 Greek officers with the National Guard were working with Greek Cypriot terrorists of EOKA-B to bring about his downfall. The Athens junta struck back by ordering the National Guard to launch a *coup* which replaced Makarios with Nikos Sampson, an ex-EOKA gunman. Makarios was dramatically rescued from the southern town of Paphos by a British helicopter, and transported to London via the British base at Akrotiri.

The Sampson *coup* was bound to provoke a vigorous reaction from Turkey. In practical political terms, *Enosis* had now been brought about. In view of the new President's rabidly anti-Turkish attitude during earlier disturbances, his new claims of goodwill towards the Turkish Cypriots had as little credence as those of the Colonels that they had had nothing to do with the *coup*. On 17-18 July the Turkish Prime Minister, Bülent Ecevit, visited London in a vain attempt to persuade the British government to take joint military action under the Treaty of Guarantee. Following this diplomatic failure, Turkish forces were landed in northern Cyprus on the morning of 20 July. By the time a ceasefire was arranged two days later they held a corridor of territory between Nicosia and Kyrenia, which contained about half the Turkish Cypriot population. In Athens, the Colonels' regime crumbled; Constantine Karamanlis was appointed to the head of a civilian government on 23 July, while Glafkos Clerides took over in Cyprus as Acting President during the absence of Makarios.

Two conferences, involving Britain, Greece, Turkey and Cyprus were held at Geneva on 25-30 July and 8-13 August. The first conference confirmed and elaborated the shaky ceasefire, while the second was supposed to prepare guidelines for a new constitutional settlement in Cyprus. On 13 August, however, it broke up in deadlock. Within hours of the breakdown Turkish forces began a second advance which took them forward to the 'Attila Line' running from Kokkina in the west, through Nicosia, to enclose Famagusta in the east. Some 150,000 Greek Cypriots formerly living in the north now became refugees. *De facto*, if not *de jure*, Cyprus was now divided into two mini-states.

The Turkish invasion marked a watershed in the seemingly unending Cyprus tragedy. How had the government of Bülent Ecevit, who claimed nothing but goodwill for the Greek people, allowed itself to embark on the second offensive which led to countless human sufferings for the Greek



Cypriots? The writer must confess that, at the time, he gloomily concluded that the whole operation was carefully planned and that the Geneva conferences were simply treated by the Turks as a device to gain time to build up their forces for the second 'peace operation'. These first impressions may turn out to be correct. Subsequent reflection suggests, however, that there may also have been more confusion and miscalculation on the Turkish side than he earlier allowed for.

Commenting on earlier Cyprus crises, a Turkish academic writer has alluded to 'the fact that the Turks didn't have a definite Cyprus policy and their proposals have undergone many changes'.[3] In the crucial interval between the first ceasefire of 22 July and the beginning of the second offensive on 14 August, the Turks were probably presented with three military-cum-political options: (1) to take over the whole island, and then divide it into two political entities, either independent or else annexed to Greece and Turkey separately ('double *Enosis*'), (2) to seek a bizonal federation, with two separate Greek and Turkish cantons, linked by a common federal government, presumably with weak powers, or, (3) to establish a multi-cantonal federation, with separate Turkish cantons scattered around the island in those areas inhabited by Turks before the invasion.

An important factor in the choice between these options was the domestic parliamentary situation of Ecevit's government. In October 1973 the indirect military regime which had ruled in Turkey since March 1971 withdrew, and general elections were held. The results, however, were unfortunately indecisive. Ecevit's Republican People's Party (RPP) emerged as the biggest party in the new parliament, but it lacked an overall majority and it was not until January 1974 that Ecevit was able to patch together a coalition

government with the National Salvation Party (NSP), led by Necmettin Erbakan. Ideologically, the two parties were poles apart. The RPP inherited Ataturk's secularist political outlook, to which it had now added moderate socialism; the NSP on the other hand drew votes from those who refused to accept the divorce of Islam from politics and was fervently hostile to the left.

The differences between the coalition partners also showed through in their approach to the Cyprus problem. Erbakan, it appears, personally favoured the first of the options outlined above—a rapid military takeover of the whole island to reassemble the Turkish Cypriots in the north, which would then become a separate state completely independent from the Greeks (though whether it would be independent from mainland Turkey remained unclear). The RPP, however, originally favoured a federal scheme which would probably have been multi-cantonal. From a statement made by Ecevit on 4 August it appears that he supported the multi-cantonal proposal, although in another interview, published on 21 August (i.e., after the completion of the second offensive) it seems that he was still keeping his options open as between a bi-cantonal or multi-cantonal federation. It was later reported that on 5 August Turan Günes, his Foreign Minister, won the NSP over to the principle of a 'geographical federation', but it is not clear that Erbakan agreed that this would be a multi-cantonal one. It would be completely consistent with Erbakan's character, moreover, that even after reluctantly agreeing with Günes, he would have continued pressing a fiercely hawkish line. Finally, there was a third political factor on the Turkish side in the person of Rauf Denktash, who publicly rejected the multi-cantonal solution, as a continuation of the 1963-74 situation.[4]

These differences on the Turkish side were demonstrated at the second Geneva conference. The first three days of the conference (8-10 August) were wasted in procedural delays, and it was not until 11 August that the two Cypriot representatives, Clerides and Denktash, met to consider the constitutional future of their country. On the morning of 12 August, Denktash reportedly handed Clerides a bi-cantonal federation plan in which the dividing line approximately followed that of the subsequent Turkish advance, except that it left Tymbou (later the site of the Turkish Cypriot airport) on the Greek side and divided Famagusta so as to leave the Greek suburb of Varosha outside the Turkish control. Clerides, while agreeing to the principle of 'geographical federation', firmly rejected this scheme, saying he would be dismissed by his own people as a traitor if he accepted it. At 7.00 p.m. on the same day, however, Günes presented Foreign Secretary Callaghan with a second federal plan, prepared by the Turkish Foreign Ministry. This provided for a main Turkish canton in the north, whose southern frontier followed roughly the same line as the Denktash proposal between Nicosia and Famagusta. West of Nicosia it turned north-west to Myrtou and the coast. The north-eastern 'panhandle' of Cyprus would have constituted a Greek canton, but for a small Turkish enclave between Kuruova and Kaleburnu. South of the main canton there would be separate small Turkish cantons around Larnaka, Paphos, Polis and Lefka without,

however, including the whole of these first two towns. The Turkish cantons would have covered about 34 per cent of the territory of Cyprus (approximately the same percentage as in the Denktash proposal) but the separation of the cantons would have made them far more dependent on Greek goodwill for the maintenance of trade and communications. The direction of foreign policy, communications and finance would be left to the federal government. There is no clear evidence that Denktash had personally accepted this plan in advance, and it seems that the Turkish side as a whole had not definitely decided what sort of federation they wanted.

The difference between these proposals was not, however, the main reason for the failure of the conference. Neither Clerides nor George Mavros (the Greek Foreign Minister) was prepared to reject the multi-cantonal plan outright, but on 13 August they asked for 36 hours' delay to put the plan to their respective governments. This was refused by the Turkish government and Turkish forces thus began the second offensive the following morning. This raises a crucial question: why did the Turks refuse even an ostensibly short delay as an alternative to renewed fighting?

In the subsequent heated debate the Turkish side put forward several arguments aimed to defend their action. In the first place it appears that the Turkish military commanders feared that their forces would be in an exposed position if they remained concentrated in the Nicosia-Kyrenia pocket. As Ecevit was said to have told Günes on 6 August: 'You know that the [Greek Cypriot] units have begun to lay mines round [our positions]. It's impossible to wait long. . . . A surprise air attack at this juncture would lead to the loss of thousands of troops.' There was also the fear that if the Turkish troops stayed behind the first ceasefire lines, then the thousands of Turkish Cypriots outside them would remain at the mercy of the Greeks.

How real were these fears? Against them it can be argued that the Greek Cypriot forces showed no signs of being willing or able to launch a direct counter-attack. The fear of air bombardment seems far-fetched, granted that Cyprus is beyond the operational range of front-line aircraft from mainland Greece or Crete, and that the British 'planes on their base at Akrotiri restricted their role to protecting their Sovereign Base Areas. Turkish fears for the safety of Turkish Cypriots in the south seem a good deal more genuine, though it should be noted that a particularly gruesome massacre of Turkish Cypriot villagers occurred after, not before, the second offensive began.

It has also been suggested in Turkey that even if the 36 hours delay had been granted, it would have made no difference to the success of the conference, since the Greeks would have rejected the multi-cantonal plan anyway. On 13 August the Karamanlis government issued a statement calling for the re-establishment of a unitary state, the recognition of Makarios as the Cypriot President and the withdrawal of Turkish forces as a first step. It is quite likely that Makarios, a longstanding political rival of Clerides, would have rejected any plan which he had not personally negotiated. But such considerations do not really undermine the argument that

Turkey should have given the Greeks 36 hours to reject the multi-cantonal plan (which Callaghan, for one, appears to have regarded favourably) before resorting to force.

It seems likely also that part of the motivation behind Turkish policy at the second Geneva conference was psychological. On 24 July Ecevit had written an exceptionally warm letter to Karamanlis congratulating him on his appointment to the Greek premiership and concluding: 'I am sure that, by paving the way for a bright future for both nations, we can easly bury the bitter memories of the past.' The following day, however, within minutes of arriving at Geneva for the first conference, Mavros started some tough talking. The proposal of a federation, he said, 'is not a solution. It is excluded by the Greek government.' This failure to pick up the proferred olive branch may have caused the Turks to suspect that Greek policy had not really changed with the overthrow of the Colonels, and that the only way to make it change was to launch a new attack.

Whatever were the reasons for the Turkish decision, its results were clear enough. In March 1977 the two sides met in Vienna to discuss a probably bi-zonal federation—something Makarios would probably have rejected in principle at the time of the Geneva conferences. But this limited rapprochement has been achieved at a mountainous cost in Greek Cypriot suffering and wearying delays.

Before ordering the second offensive, did the Turkish government carefully consider what would happen to the 150,000-odd Greek Cypriots living on or north of the 'Attila Line'? Did they foresee that their action would lead to their virtual diplomatic isolation, and that support for the Greek Cypriots in the United Nations and elsewhere would encourage the Greeks to refuse to return to Geneva? How did they forecast the effect of the second offensive on their relations with the United States, almost their sole arms supplier and the home of a large and influential Greek community? The evidence suggests that, if they did consider these factors, then they discounted them, and were prepared to take a leap in the dark, regardless of such bitter consequences.

NOTES

[1] Treaty of Guarantee, Article II, in *Cyprus*, Cmnd. 1093, H.M.S.O., 1960, p.86.

[2] *Ethniki*, 1.10.1967. Quoted by Zenon Stavrinides, *The Cyprus Conflict: National Identity and Statehood* (Nicosia, n.d.) p. 50.

[3] Suat Bilge, in Kemal H. Karpat, ed., *Turkey's Foreign Policy in Transition*, 1950-1974, (Leiden, 1975) p.180.

[4] The information in this and the subsequent paragraphs is based on the following sources: Mehmet Ali Birand, 30 *Sicak Gün* (Istanbul, 1975), esp. pp.220-21, 253-58, 264-66; Mümin Islamoglu, *Erbakan Ecevit'e Karsi* (Istanbul, 1974) pp.54, 63; Republican People's Party, *Ak Günlere* (Ankara, 1973) p.221; contemporary British and Turkish press reports. I am also much indebted for advice on various points to John Norton and David Barchard.

The accompanying map is reproduced by permission of the International Institute for Strategic Studies.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE SCOTTISH ASSEMBLY

by Duncan MacLaren

WITH the Scottish National Party coming nine points ahead of the two major parties in a recent poll in Scotland and achieving a sustained 30% plus of the vote over recent months, devolution is most certainly still on the minds of Callaghan and Co. at Westminster. Separate bills for Scotland and Wales are to appear soon on the business of the House. It is therefore still timely to speculate on what effect an Assembly will have on Scottish life.

Amongst the many hundreds of amendments to the original *Scotland and Wales Bill* was a cheeky one from the Tories to force the incipient Assemblies to accept a Bill of Rights compiled by them. 'Cheeky' because the Conservatives' abominable track record on civil liberty matters is well attested. In a recent NCCL survey of MPs' showing on civil liberties, not one Tory appeared in the top thirty. They made up for it at the other end of the scale with twenty-eight out of thirty coming from either the Conservative Party or the Ulster Unionists.

Cheek and paternalism notwithstanding, it does give those interested an opportunity to scan the state of civil rights in Scotland as a guide to what might happen in a Scottish Assembly.

In May 1975, Sir Geoffrey Wilson, Chairman of the Race Relations Board, said in Edinburgh that, in matters of race, the Scots were probably more tolerant than most. Even taking into account Scotland's comparatively small coloured population, the facts generally bear out this view.

According to the 1971 Census, there are 30,765 people of 'New Commonwealth' origin resident in Scotland (i.e. 0.6% of the total population). Between 1968 and 1975, only 127 complaints from Scotland were made to the Board and only 16 proved justified. As a comparison, in 1974, 112 complaints were received from North London, 161 from the West Midlands and only 9 from Scotland.

Very often, racial prejudice arises less through the actual number of coloured people than through how frequently the two communities meet in workaday situations. Most of Scotland's coloured population lives in or around Glasgow. Despite the fact that the average Glaswegian sees members of the Asian community in particular every day on the public transport system, according to one survey,[1] 69% of those interviewed in no way imputed Glasgow's high and sustained rate of unemployment to the Asian presence in the city. Professor Richard Rose of Strathclyde University was obviously taken aback by the results of the survey when he stated in the foreword that 'notwithstanding the traditions of religious sectarianism in the city, there is only limited prejudice against coloured immigration.'

This view has recently been reinforced by a move by Glasgow District Council to build into their personal records details of place of birth, sex and ethnic origin for their 16,000 employees so that they will be 'recruited,

trained and promoted on the basis of ability, job requirements and fitness for work' only.

Women's rights are another story entirely. The Daddy of them all, John Knox, wrote in his *First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* in 1558, 'To promote a woman to beare rule, superioritie, dominion or empire above any realme, nation or citie, is repugnant to nature, contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reveled will and approved ordinance . . . ' With a heritage like that, things could only improve.

And, in public life at any rate, things are improving, as more and more women assert their right to take an active role in the running of Scottish institutions. The line-up of the Scottish National Party's MPs and office-bearers is a case in point. Of the SNP's eleven MPs, two are women (50% of all Scottish women MPs!) and the posts of National Secretary, Senior Vice-Chairman (*sic*) and head of strategy, and Executive Vice-Chairpersons of policy and publicity are all held by women. While Knox does not rule O.K. in Scottish public life, the arrogance behind his dictum pervades Scottish family and social life.

Repressive laws are gradually being eased in Scotland. Divorce law reform finally reached the statute book last year and a marriage bill, introducing a new code for the constitution of marriage, should have received its Royal Assent by the time this article is published.

Not so homosexual law reform. The 1967 Sexual Offences Act legalising homosexual acts between consenting adults in private applied only to England and Wales. Theoretically, 'gay' lovers can be arrested, but in practice the Lord Advocate (the Scottish equivalent of the Solicitor-General) instructs law officers not to prosecute under the circumstances in which homosexual acts are legal in England with the result that there have been no prosecutions in Scotland in the last ten years.

Parliament had the chance in November of last year to exclude a clause updating the 1885 anti-homosexual Act but declined on the Lord Advocate's grounds that the Sexual Offences (Scotland) Bill was a consolidation measure, not a useful way to change the law and a dangerous precedent. A law which is not enforced and a consolidation measure which does not consolidate all Acts relating to sexual practices in Scotland, might be thought at least confusing, if not 'dangerous precedents'. As one MP was heard to remark that he did not think Scotland *had* many homosexuals, perhaps more discussion, especially amongst our law-givers, is indeed necessary.

The most widely-known aspect of Scottish intolerance is religion, the Rangers-Celtic syndrome. Dating back to the influx into the Glasgow area of cheap Catholic Irish labour at the beginning of the century, bitterness between Catholic and Protestant persists, though inter-marriage, prosperity relative to former times and sheer common-sense are beginning to dilute what bitterness there was.

The situation is not aided by the Government's immoral insistence on

recruiting the young unemployed from the slum areas of Central Scotland, where most prejudice exists, and then sending them with guns in their hands to the sectarian strife in Ulster to act as a 'peace-keeping' force.

The situation is, however, aggravated in Scotland principally by the presence of separate schools for Catholics in the urban areas. There have been projects aimed at integrating pupils outside the hours of religious instruction and these were by and large received with goodwill by many parents. In fact, there would probably be little opposition from most parents towards 'mixed schools' which catered for separate religious education. There might then be enough real theologians to go around the schools rather than having, as is now very often the case, nominal Catholics forced to teach a subject which they are not qualified to teach. All political parties in Scotland would like to see the climate created where schools would be integrated but, apart from one rather arrogant attempt by the City of Glasgow Labour Party some years back, all parties realise this can only be done with the consent of the Catholic parents.

The old days of religion dictating the voting pattern have largely disappeared. Seldom does anyone nowadays approach a canvasser and enquire what the candidate 'is', meaning orange or green. The supporters and vote sources of the SNP are indicative of the disappearance of sectarian voting. A population-wise disproportionate 18% of the Nationalist MPs are Catholics and poll after poll has shown that the SNP's votes come from both sides of the religious divide.

It remains perhaps Scotland's greatest and most delicate 'civil right' problem, but on past political form no credence can be placed in the views of some anti-devolutionist MPs that sectarian violence à la Belfast would occur in Scotland with a lessening of the benign influence of Westminster. Those who propound such a view have forgotten that Scottish society, in common with that of Western Europe generally, has changed radically in such matters, sloughing off in the process some of the excesses of its Calvinistic past—just as Sweden and Norway have all too clearly cast off some of the extremes of their Lutheran heritage.

Lastly, we come to the civil right that is always neglected in Scotland—that of language. The legal position of the 81,000 Gaelic speakers is obscured by the fact that, unlike Welsh, it had not actually been proscribed. The 1872 (Scotland) Education Act came close to it by totally ignoring that Gaelic culture and language existed. It set back the movement towards Gaelic literacy by decades and produced generations of Gaelic speakers who placed no value on their culture and language, in which, except by self-taught method, they were illiterate.

Lost ground is rapidly being made up through the establishment of various bodies promoting bilingualism in island schools, publishing Gaelic books and so on. The fact remains that there are no official forms printed in Gaelic (in 1971, Census forms were available in Welsh and Urdu, but not in Gaelic); a Gaelic speaker, unless a proven monoglot, would be expected to speak in English in a court of law; there is no sustained use

by Government authorities and agencies of the language in the Gaelic-speaking areas; there is no policy by any Government of aid towards the language except a grant to *An Comunn Gàidhealach* of *circa* £69,000 since 1965 to save the language. It is only within the past year that the BBC which, by its contract, should cater for the various cultures in the UK, has increased broadcasting in Gaelic from a couple of programmes a week to several a day, albeit largely on VHF which is frequently not readily receivable in large tracts of Scotland. Much remains to be done till Gaelic achieves parity status with English, in the *Gàidhealtachd* at the very least.

What, then, of the future under a devolved or sovereign Assembly in Scotland? Will such a Scotland plunge into the barbarism feared, apparently seriously, by some unionist MPs? Scots are patently not angels, but we gave up woad a long time ago, even before the Union.

On a more serious conclusion, it is generally acknowledged that much needed reform of the laws of divorce, licensing, sexual offences, marriage, etc. have been delayed by the lack of a legislature in Edinburgh. At worst, therefore, a Scottish Assembly would have the time which an over-burdened House of Commons has not, to bring in these reforms to alter Scottish society for the better and, at best, it would usher in a fresher, more vigorous and, above all, freer society in Scotland.

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[1] *Attitudes to Coloured People in Glasgow* by Peter Baker, Strathclyde University Survey Research Centre, 1967.

[Duncan MacLaren is Press Officer for the Scottish National Party.]

The July issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Population Patterns in the E.E.C.* by Dr. John Loraine, *Freedom of Information* by Arthur J. Lewis, M.P., *Quebec* 1977 by Kevin McCourt Cross and *Caravaggio* by Ernle Money.

THINKING AND FEELING IN CONTEMPORARY PSYCHIATRY

by Patrick Wakeling

THERE is a ghost within the psychiatric machine. This ghost is 'feeling'.

The history of psychiatry resembles the life of a man: an uneasy, confusing, crisscross of thinking and feeling. A dazzling, flickering sun and shade. Psychiatry has not attracted the greatest minds. It has therefore not profited from that fusion of thought and feeling possible only in the furnace of creative genius. There have been no discoveries in psychiatry comparable in greatness with those of science. Indeed, there may well have been no real discoveries at all. In a sense all that is known has always been known. Further, if all the present knowledge and experience were truly applied then more 'discoveries' would be unnecessary. The means to help, to alleviate, lie around us in profusion. Greater ends than these are vain.

Yet some would have us believe otherwise by reminding us that during the last twenty-five years psychiatric practice has been transformed by the introduction of the 'major' tranquillisers, the Phenothiazines (of which Largactil is one of the best known). Undoubtedly many schizophrenic patients have benefited from these drugs, but the prevalence of schizophrenia remains undiminished. Within the same period 'breakthroughs' in our fundamental understanding of schizophrenia have been promised, but they have not occurred. The scourge and main psychiatric preoccupation of our society has, in any case, shifted from schizophrenia to depression and here the pharmacological industry's contribution to symptomatic relief is not a triumph worthy of unreserved celebration. Indeed, our collective dependence upon medically authorised drugs is not of the stuff from which glorious history is written.

During the development of science, feeling has received insufficient acknowledgement. An allegory of the mind would cast feeling in the role of one who is scorned unjustly, but whose presence cannot be dispensed with, if riches and power are to be won. In this allegory thought's humiliating dependence upon feeling would be inevitable. It would lead to a hatred of feeling except when feeling flattered: for feeling must placate, and even deceive, in order to advance itself. If reason could be tolerant of feeling, and acknowledge its unique powers, then feeling could be honest with thought, and a happier, more stable kingdom of the mind be made.

The great historical failure to unite the feeling-aspirational side of man's nature with the scientific, measurable aspect within research and within the notable theories that have been so influential, is mirrored in the daily diagnosis and treatment of patients. This failure is based upon a simple fallacy—the fallacy of the observer.

The objectivity of the psychiatrist is spoilt by a recurring experience: the

mirroring of himself in the person of his patient. The sentence, 'the psychiatrist observes the man' is simple in grammar only. Its actual complexities lie beneath the surface waiting to assail and torment the psychiatrist who is reflective enough to say to himself, 'Yes, and the man observes the psychiatrist'. All this is well known. Well and truly out in the open. Yet is it? The average psychiatrist, of the kind employed in our general psychiatrist hospitals, continues consciously to strive towards 'objectivity', which means that he is trying to see his patient, and to evaluate what he is saying, according to traditional scientific notions of the truth. Alas, the more objective our psychiatrist the more remote his perception becomes from the truth about people. Objectivity as a guiding principle is no less romantic than the quest for the holy grail, and it has—with regard to the assessment of human needs—about the same chance of success. The objectivity really needed by the psychiatrist is of a different kind. It is that which encompasses 'subjectivity'. This subjectivity is derived from self-awareness, being the attempt to be objective about oneself, while recognising that the other man is a subject to himself and not merely an object to oneself. In other words, feelings have relevance for both the observed and the observer.

Unfortunately our numerous average psychiatrists adopt a less humane strategy. In the first place the psychiatrist is 'distant', deliberately denying the patient the opportunity of discovering what he, the psychiatrist, is feeling and thinking. Secondly, he dismisses his feelings, regarding them as irrelevant. If it were suggested that he was protecting himself from the painful discovery of finding himself mirrored in his patient he would be irritated: 'I am a physician in psychological medicine', he might well retort. 'It is my business to ensure that my judgement is not swayed from the path of objectivity in order that my patient shall have the benefit of an unclouded assessment'. It is certain that subjectivity would have given him the chance to see his patient more clearly than ever before. To achieve that special vantage point requires that he should look at those very feelings he is—perhaps even in being a psychiatrist at all—at pains to avoid. Yet in a sense he is trying to see himself but in a way ensuring that the reflection is an indirect one. This achievement lies in using the patient in a very subtle fashion. Just as actors enable ordinary people to express their repressed feelings, so does the patient provide the same opportunity to the psychiatrist. But instead of ambitions, dreams, the patient vicariously fulfils the psychiatrist's depression, weaknesses of personality, and so on. One thing, however, must be upheld if this symbiosis is to continue. The dividing line between psychiatrist and patient must never become blurred. The split between thinking and feeling is reflected pretty faithfully in this arrangement, this myth. Unfortunately, myths are apt to become confused, but happily for patient and psychiatrist the confusion is seldom identified.

Confusions are avoided by collusion between doctor and patient. They tacitly agree to pretend that things between them are not as they might seem if mutual honesty could prevail rather than the following 'arrangement': the psychiatrist, within the privacy of his mind, feels, while interviewing patients, anxiety, anger, success, failure, etc. A large notice marked

'Keep Off' is firmly planted in full view of the patient. This notice comprises a desk piled with medical records, and other tokens of the doctor's rôle as healer-in-a-hurry-so-please-stick-to-what-is-important. The patient is helped by one means or another to learn that his doctor's feelings are private and of no interest to him. If visible the patient must pretend they are not there. In fact, he must pretend (contemporary psychiatry is all about pretending) that his doctor has no ordinary existence as a person. His existence rests solely upon his professional role which, because it is 'good', means that the doctor's existence can only be a good one—as an inscrutable archangel might be seen. He must believe, or pretend, that the doctor can only be a good one. The doctor on his part having been exempted from ordinary existence has no reason to suppose that what he sees in his patient has anything to do with himself. Hence the patient's emotional state can only have meaning in terms of his illness. Further, if the doctor experiences feelings after all—anger, say—he can safely assume this to have been a response to what the patient said or did. The possibility that the patient is reacting to the doctor's reaction to the patient is a complexity too distracting, and dangerous, to contemplate. The doctor who responds naïvely to the reflection he sees of himself in his patient is on the level of sophistication of the cat who paws his own image, or the robin who takes his own reflection to be a rival. Many psychiatrists today possess the intellectual sophistication of the curious cat, or angry robin.

Let us consider the interview. It is surprising how brief it can be when one has removed the polite gambits. The more experienced the psychiatrist the fewer his questions. His professional confidence is in strong contrast to the anxious patient who must discover within the space of minutes what is required of him. First he must know that his doctor is a physician in psychological medicine: one who approaches the patient in exactly the same way as would a specialist in general medicine. Yet his patient persists in supposing that his psychiatrist will be interested in the 'meaning' of his symptoms, or in the interpretation of dreams. This is not so, The psychiatrist will probably know less than his client of such matters: his exclusive concern is form not content; the sleep disturbance not the dream; the diurnal variation in mood, not the patient's feelings about life. The good psychiatrist will therefore mask his impatience as best he can while his patient rambles on about his family, his job.

Naturally, impatience will often out, convincing the client that he is wasting the doctor's time, or that he is a fool and not really ill. And yet the patient is right. His symptoms cannot be understood apart from his feelings about them. To isolate symptoms from their rightful context is to serve the interests of the psychiatrist and not the patient. The facts do not speak for themselves, and unless the patient is the spokesman the facts have worth only for the doctor and are, therefore, worthless. A diagnostic interview is an encounter between two people. If one of them—the psychiatrist—has not examined his feelings then he cannot help the other one to do so. The insistence of most psychiatrists upon form to the detriment of content enables them to bring order into their state of professional role-playing, but

the patients' needs are thereby sacrificed to the higher, sanctified processes of diagnostic reasoning which demand that labels be affixed rather than patients be understood. In contrast the subjective approach is followed by adherents to the existential school and by others humane and insightful. The subject is seen as he sees himself. His illness, and what it means to him here and now, is assessed according to his experience of life so far. 'Meaning' is not ignored.

'But there is no time', it could be objected, 'for this subjective approach. There are thirty patients waiting to be seen. If you miss a psychotic, or someone about to kill himself, then your professional standing will suffer. After all, patients are patients. All are grist to the medical mill.'

Unfortunately the psychiatrist has largely brought this situation upon himself by the steady overplaying of his hand. He has tried to become 'one of the boys'—medically speaking—and has succeeded beyond his hopes: he has become indistinguishable from them. There was a time when the psychiatrist blew his trumpet merely to be heard. Twenty-five years ago—in what was still a post-war world—psychiatry had to go on fighting to survive. The war had demonstrated the need for different psychiatric techniques, and had helped to establish psychiatry as a useful specialty. But psychiatry's continued development could only be secured by its acceptance as a respectable branch of medicine. The existence of a relatively new National Health Service, the increasing stature of the Maudsley Hospital as a centre for scientific, statistically rigorous, psychiatric research helped to create a climate in which despite—or possibly because of—the paucity of treatments the future of this vulnerable specialty was felt increasingly to rest upon the sustained professional confidence of its practitioners, research workers and those who sat on committees. All those, indeed, who could point to a bright future.

Now the sound of the trumpet is so insistent that what was once the expression of an understandable enthusiasm, and a commendable wish to be needed, has become a strident, overweening blast denoting a professional exhibitionism of the kind betraying a deep, underlying lack of confidence. The psychiatrist believes that he must rush about dealing with mental illness with the same urgency and sense of his own pragmatic worth as the casualty officer at a motorway pile-up. When one is caught up in a whirl of work it is only too easy to lose sight of one's actual worth: believing that the task is equal in value to the effort required in its fulfilment.

The habitually busy psychiatrist is an unreflecting psychiatrist, who readily forgets that he is not society's conscience, nor its remedy against all maladies. He comes to value health more than people: very much as the theologian saw a multitude as so many souls to save. Perhaps the psychiatrist is not entirely to be blamed. He is, after all, the child of his time who therefore colludes with others in supporting the myth that health is supreme as an end in itself. Much of the 'illness' that comes his way may stem from a need to hide from the spiritual emptiness of our society. Yet it may be asserted that the problems of being human are not the province of the psychiatrist. It is difficult to agree without introducing the irony that the

training of the psychiatrist must be singularly exclusive as not to equip the psychiatrist at least to listen to those who are unhappy. What then is the psychiatrist for? The idea that he is there to listen to your troubles dies hard. He is almost certainly overworked looking for evidence of 'mental illness'. If he fails to find those symptoms described by the best authorities then your problem is not for him to waste his time upon. Yet the patient assumes that every psychiatrist is a psychoanalyst who knows what everything 'means'. On the contrary, what our run-of-the-mill psychiatrist—the one you and I are most likely to meet—actually dispenses is an amateurish brand of passive listening and direct advice based upon an insufficient grasp of the patient's real problem: all provided in the relatively brief interval between jotting down an outline of the 'history' and signing yet another prescription.

It is indeed remarkable that such unremarkable psychiatrists continue to satisfy the great numbers who visit them. But unhappy, depressed, tormented people are bereft of their critical faculties.

There can be no other explanation. And they continue to expect too much. They expect to have their thoughts read; to be 'sorted out'; to get things straight once and for all. They believe there is a great unity of knowledge at their disposal. After all, is not the outpatient clinic in a hospital? And is not a hospital a place full of 'experts' who are, needless to say, 'highly trained' and know just what you should do? Perhaps a few will have heard of the Royal College of Psychiatrists and will think, as they sit there waiting to be 'seen', of all those clever professors devoting themselves to the understanding and treatment of mental afflictions. Surely they will have come up with something by now? Indeed, you would have thought so, wouldn't you?

It's a different matter when you're once inside with a rather tired psychiatrist looking at you over a pile of casenotes. 'Leave your depression with me' or 'Come into my unit for a spot of treatment . . . the pills may make you feel dizzy at first . . we all get depressed, old chap, could have happened to anybody. . . . No,your marriage has nothing to do with it—you see we don't really know what causes your trouble, but we will one day . . . ' Trite phrases revealing the bankruptcy of contemporary psychiatry.

Not that the psychiatrist is supporting unaided this inflated valueless psychiatry. In fact, he is by now a very small part of a huge bureaucratic organisation, the D.H.S.S., that uses all doctors as a final justification—if one were ever needed—for its existence. A bureaucracy should have no values, but merely serve those who do. Today, bureaucracy is honoured and served for its own labyrinthine sake. Its administrators are as uninformed about psychiatry as is the general public.

What is to be done? We need a view of man that treats him as a whole, and not in a medical vacuum. The matter of fact, scientific school of psychiatry as exemplified by the Maudsley Hospital has gone too far along the road strewn with the dust and ashes of dead experimental fires. We must abandon the notion that Man will one day take shape from the careful

assemblage of 5 per cent significance levels, or that his illnesses can be given cause and effect in the same way. It is clear that we now have no view of Man—i.e., of ourselves—that is independent of scientific relativism. Nowadays wisdom is provisional: indeed, old-hat, while the knowledge that has supplanted it is as profound as the electronic device giving us those 'facts' which for a year or two at most are the staple diet of our shrivelled spirits.

Within psychiatry the subjective approach should be more widely adopted. Psychiatrists should somehow develop the courage to stop playing at doctors and become less professionally pretentious. The whole white-coated (either as a garment or an attitude)—Royal College—aura of infallibility game should be dropped. If more is needed then the professors and research entrepreneurs could well direct their talents to people rather than symptoms. A perusal of the learned journals will discover a preoccupation with the superficialities of mental disturbance that would be amusing were it not so sad. A vast, organised, respectable, career-making expensive waste of time is the essence of psychiatric research in this country today.

It really comes to this. Without a belief in ourselves incorporating the best that the human mind or spirit has said about itself we are lost. To find ourselves will be a great task, and a small but important part of that work will be to bring together thinking and feeling in psychiatry.

[Dr. Patrick Wakeling is consultant children's psychiatrist for North Lincolnshire. He has contributed to *Marriage Guidance, Social Work Today, World Medicine, The Practitioner, Health and Social Services Journal, Residential Social Work, Journal of British Psychiatry,* etc.]

TORMENTED ISLAND

by Mervyn Horder

THE Portuguese Admiral Don Pedro de Mascarenhas, cruising the Indian Ocean in 1528, is credited with the first European discovery of the three islands still known to geographers by his name as the Mascarenes, though they were certainly known earlier to Arabs. For us the First Mascarene will always be Mauritius, under British rule for 150 years up to its independence in 1968. The Second Mascarene—though in point of size it is larger than Mauritius, 968 square miles to 720—is the French island of Réunion. The Third Mascarene—Rodriguez—smaller and more remote than the others, has only in the past five years found itself dragged forward into the twentieth century, with the institution of a thrice-weekly scheduled air service from Mauritius. All these inhabited volcanic scraps figure in the Indian Ocean strategic machinations of Russian and American 'defence ministries' (as they are so absurdly called); and it is the purpose of these notes to take a closer look at the second of them. How are things on Réunion today?

Réunion—or Margabin, Sant' Apolonia, Mascareigne, Ile Bourbon, Ile Bonaparte, as it has been alternatively known at various times—must be the least typically tropical of all tropical islands. A 10,000 ft. mountain, Piton des Neiges, encircled by four volcanic craters, one of them still occasionally active, forms the central massif, from which a four-mile wide coastal plain slopes gently down to the sea all round; ending in beaches of large grey tufa pebbles with black sand, where there is any sand at all, fronting a sea, the breakers of which are never still. On one or two isolated stretches of coast a rudimentary coral reef deposits a niggardly covering of white sand over the grey; but the sea is too rough for sea bathing ever to be one of the star attractions of the place. In the coastal plain the climate is hot and humid, in the central massif temperate and cool; between the two almost every plant known to man can be, and has been, grown successfully, and—unique among tropical islands—there is a flourishing dairy industry. The little towns strung out round the coast are nearly all named after saints, the following doing duty clockwise round the coast: Sts Denis (the capital, population 85,000), Marie, Suzanne, André, Bénoit, Rose, Philippe, Joseph, Pierre, Louis, Paul. Irreverent inhabitants have a saying that with so many saints on the island there is no room for God.

The tourist pamphlets speak of Réunion as *'l'île tourmentée'*, referring to its wild jagged volcanic landscape; but they might as well be referring to the ups and downs of its history. For the first hundred years after its formal French occupation in 1663 by a landing party of two Frenchmen and seven Malagasy, the island was run by the French East India Company and given over with some success to the cultivation of coffee, for which the Company held a monopoly of sale in France.

In 1738 an energetic Governor, Labourdonnais—he was concurrently Governor of Mauritius, 100 miles away, then in French hands—established

the island's capital at St. Denis where it is today, and developed it as a base for victualling the ships engaged in support of French military operations in India. These came to a halt in the 1760s, leaving France with no more than six precarious toe-holds on the Indian continent; at about this time the French East India Company also collapsed and the island was purchased from them by Louis XV, whose administration began to diversify the coffee crop with clove, nutmeg and vanilla plantations. The development of French coffee estates in the West Indies, so much nearer France in sailing time, later placed Réunion coffee at a great disadvantage.

In 1806 and 1807 the worst cyclones in its history hit the island. Rain fell without stopping for two periods of eleven days each, washing all the topsoil down into the sea. Famine and drought followed, with fern roots for some months a prized article of diet, and from these disasters—metropolitan France being busy with the Napoleonic Wars—the island could call only on its miserable resources for recovery; thus it was in no state to resist when in 1810 the British landed 2,000 men on either side of St. Denis and occupied the place. They had occupied Mauritius the same year, mounting the operations in Southern India, with Rodriguez as launching point. English official thinking at the time was, as usual in our history, predominantly naval: Mauritius had in Port Louis a fine natural deep-water harbour, while Réunion had no harbour at all—so after a few years, Réunion was returned to France, who resumed possession under the Treaty of Paris in 1814.

Successive French governors picked up the pieces slowly, basing the island's future on sugar, for which there was a brisk demand in France now that the whole Mauritius output went to Britain. By 1850 something like prosperity had been achieved again, and to these years belong the large influxes of immigrant labour from every possible source which are responsible for the astonishing variety of face and physique to be see in the island today. (The variety even includes golden hair and freckles, descendants of Breton fishermen-settlers.) Largest of all, as in Mauritius, was the intake of Indian labour temporarily indentured for work on the sugar estates, but finding it easy to stay on when their indentures had expired. Two other smaller, more self-contained colonies also took up residence at this time—of Chinese from Canton, who quickly cornered the food distribution trade, and of Gujerati Moslems who came in as tailors and have since diversified into the taxi business.

A bold public works programme was hampered by lack of money and by another severe hurricane in 1873: for these reasons the handsome railway suspension bridge across the Rivière de L'Est, begun in 1866, took nearly thirty years to complete. For shipping, the best of a bad job was made in the construction of *'Le Port'* at Pointe des Galets, an awkward windswept harbour limited to ships of 10,000 tons, but nevertheless used by some 300 ships a year today.

A metre-gauge railway round the coast from St. Denis to St. Bénoit—perhaps two-thirds of the island's circumference—bankrupted the company responsible for constructing it and had to be taken over by the government

before it finally opened in 1882. This line included nearly nine miles of tunnel, with a break or two, through the cliffs to the west of St. Denis; but it could not stand up to road competition and finally closed in 1963. Little more than a tramway, it was never among the world's most athletic railways, taking an hour and twenty minutes for the twelve-mile journey from Le Port to St. Denis; but the last few miles of the tunnel into St. Denis are still kept serviceable today, and a few superannuated red Michelin railcars nestle in a siding awaiting their summons to action again if ever landslides close the new coast road at this vital point.

The opening of the Suez Canal in 1870 still further isolated Réunion, which overnight found itself no longer a key point on the French round-the-Cape shipping route to the Far East.

In the First World War Réunion supplied 14,500 troops to the French forces, of which 3,000 were killed. In the Second War the island ahered to Vichy in 1940 and was taken over by the Free French in 1942—the Rue du Maréchal Leclerc is a more important street in St. Denis even than the Rue du Général de Gaulle.

In 1946, along with four French West Indian islands, the status of Réunion was changed from that of colony to that of a Department of France governed direct from Paris; this formal link with metropolitan *liberté/égalité/fraternité* still seems to satisfy the modest political aspirations of the island's notably mongrel and individualist population, and a local Communist Party makes but little headway. One of the island's deputies in Paris, many times re-elected, is Michel Debré, Premier of France 1952-56. An enormously costly building programme of houses, roads and schools has recently been carried out with French money; lip service is paid, as everywhere to the benefits of industrialisation, and at least in the capital there is today an air of sober prosperity (though nothing much in the way of night life): but prosperity has always been a chancy matter here and is no less so now. Living costs are high, labour and power expensive; all the island's exports (never more than half her imports) are at the mercy of world price fluctuations; too much of the cultivated land is in the hands of too few large landowners; too many smallholders live below subsistence level; the birth rate, one of the highest in the world, is still increasing. And there is always the next cyclone round the corner; how, one wonders, will those huge new concrete blocks of workers' flats stand up to it when it comes?

Réunion has exported two famous Frenchmen to metropolitan France. The romantic poet Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894) was the son of a retired naval surgeon and a local farmer's daughter. (The name de Lisle has, however, nothing to do with the island of Réunion—it derives from his father's Normandy forbears.) It is ironical today to pass the huge modern Lycée de Lisle outside St. Paul, since in fact as a boy he was taught almost entirely at home by his father, and played truant from his only short period of formal schooling, to be found curled up with the novels of Walter Scott in the house of a friendly uncle. He left the island before he was 20, trained unsuccessfully in France as a lawyer and settled in Paris as a man of letters

de métier. Long verse epics of a granitic melancholy which seem to be drawn direct from his native cloud-capped mountains form the main part of his work; he proudly claimed to celebrate 'the non-existence of the gods, the insignificance of man and the indifference of nature.' Such was the despondent atheism of his poem *Cain* that the Archbishop of Réunion petitioned successfully for a tiny pension paid to him from the island's Civil List to be stopped altogether. There is, however, a very much warmer, more lyrical note in a few of his shorter poems—*Nell* and *Les Roses d'Ispahan* among them—which have been immortalised as songs by Fauré and Debussy. White-haired and handsome, he married a long-suffering Créole wife, refused all formal employment, and in his old age became something of a hero to the younger generation of romantics such as Mallarmé and Verlaine.

Of equally heroic stature in quite a different field was the early aviation pioneer Roland Garros (1888-1918) who won an air race in 1912 at the spectacular speed of 45 m.p.h., several times held the world height record, and on September 23, 1913 made the first air crossing of the Mediterranean, from St. Raphael to Bizerta, 500 miles across open sea. In the Great War he was shot down in air combat, taken prisoner, escaped to rejoin his unit and was finally killed in air action in 1918 at the age of 30; but not before he had devised and perfected the timing system by which a cannon could be fired through the blades of a rotating airscrew. Garros was born in St. Denis, where a memorial with an account of his life dominates the sea-front promenade. A sports stadium in Paris was also named after him.

Réunion of whom, where and when, one might ask. In fact the name, first used in 1893, celebrates the fraternal reunion of the citizens of Marseilles with the French Army in 1792 at some tricky point in the French Revolution. The French offer no package tours to it from London, and no cheap fares by Air France, which operates at least one flight daily from Paris by Boeing 707. The only reasonable thing for us to do is to take a British package tour to Mauritius and book on from there. The inter-island flight is only half an hour; and when I made it recently I was alone on the 707 with ten holiday-making Chinese grocers.

Much misinformation about Réunion prevails in Mauritius, few people in either island ever having visited the other—somewhat absurd since the islands complement each other in all sorts of ways, and are only 100 miles apart; but on one point all Mauritians were unanimous, that the cost of living on Réunion is very high. This is entirely correct: the average short-term tourist who wants to move about a bit will find himself spending at least £15 a day. The realistic French habit of charging the same for a bed however many sleep in it means that a husband and wife might effect some saving on this figure, but not much. The cheapest bed and breakfast in the main tourist hotel in St. Denis is £8.00 single, £11.00 double, with the cheapest dinner menu £2.50. A haircut is £1.25.

Car hire of the smallest available Renault is £4.00 a day, plus a mileage charge, plus petrol, plus insurance. By car is undoubtedly the best way to enjoy the island's not too accessible delights; not only are the roads well

engineered and maintained, and devious enough in the hills to be perpetually challenging; but you can enjoy disputing their possession with many throttle- and horn-happy locals driving with consummate dash and skill. And if you have an accident, do not expect the newspapers to be restrained by any nonsense about libel or *sub judice* considerations—the first reports will not be afraid to declare outright 'the driver was drunk' when that was clearly so.

Unduly modest about its charms, Réunion has a great deal to show the tourist, particularly rock-climbers and those well up in botany or geology. If you have only a limited time, spend at least one day making the complete circuit of the island by bus—about £1.75 in all. The services are frequent enough to permit stopovers en route, and the road crosses, on the south side of the island, *Le Grand Brulé*, the desolate overspill of ancient eruptions from the main volcano *La Fournaise* (The Furnace), now in the process of being slowly tamed by nature's regenerative growth, but how soon to be overwhelmed again in a new eruption? Allot another day to climbing up to the crater lip of *La Fournaise* and taking a look over the top at the fantastically contorted basin of wrinkled lava below you; but most days this spectacle disappears under cloud about noon, so that a dawn start is essential. And do not forget the St. Denis Natural History Museum which boasts a coelocanth, some dodo remains, and a display of the infinitely ingenious and delicate arrangements for artificial fertilisation of the vanilla plant—Réunion vanilla having the strongest flavour of any in the world, and vanilla punch being one of the most congenial of the local alcohols.

If you have time for a walk into the hills up behind St. Denis, don't be surprised to find the smart new white Riviera-style villas in exquisite gardens rising straight up out of casuarina thickets sheltering some of the most debased rural slums imaginable. Ankle-deep in refuse of every kind, from cigarette packets via broken bottles to whole twenty-year-old car bodies, these tumbledown hutments accommodate hundreds of families in squalor conveniently and completely invisible from the grand middle-class villas springing up behind concrete walls in their midst. Their only advantages over similar shanty dumps in Indian towns lie in the perpetual shade of the trees and in the frequency of fresh water hydrants, by the side of which generations of old and young alike wash themselves and their clothes happily in the sun.

Dawdle away your evenings under the holm-oaks by the marine promenade du Barachois in St. Denis, with a dozen rusty old cannon pointing vaguely out to sea, the local boys and girls with their motorcycles (all Japanese and Italian, never a British one in sight) and brilliantly coloured clothes ranged along the sea wall, and their seniors gravely preoccupied with that universal and eternal French evening amusement, *les boules*. As much might be seen any summer evening in any of the smaller French Mediterranean towns; but St. Denis has the advantage over them of facing north-west, and the sunsets that deploy themselves for your benefit across the sea—these at least are of genuinely tropical magnificence.

ARMS RACE TO OBLIVION

by James Avery Joyce

ON 11th January, 1952, the United Nations General Assembly in New York set up the Disarmament Commission, which held its first meeting in Paris on the following 4th February. For twenty-five years since then it has proliferated numerous meetings and negotiations, and produced a mountain of reports and expert documents. One of its offshoots, the Conference of the Committee on Disarmament (CCD), is holding its 736th session in Geneva as I write these words.

The Secretary-General opened the session with an obvious understatement: 'Despite the conclusion of a number of limited arms control agreements in the last decade, there has been no significant breakthrough to stop the ever-accelerating growth of the world's arsenals of weapons, whether nuclear or conventional'. The result, he said, was an accumulation of arms far beyond legitimate 'defence' needs. This not only endangered world security, but absorbed about 350,000 million dollars a year, at a time when the struggle to alleviate the hunger, poverty and disease which afflicted hundreds of millions of people suffered from a lack of resources.

As far as the facts and figures are concerned, the U.N.'s collective record has been one of total failure. The arms race, frantically pursued by its members, though deplored by all national speech-makers in the nineteen-fifties, has become a monstrous scandal as we near the nineteen-eighties. The cause, course, and consequences of this spiralling threat to all life on this planet, this outrage to normal human intelligence, cannot be capsuled in under 3,000 words. But every firm believer in the U.N.'s declared role as the earth's last hope for survival is entitled to ask 'Why?'.

One of the closest and most consistent observers of this insane race to oblivion is also one of the outstanding women of our century. Alva Myrdal's new book, *The Game of Disarmament*,[1] is a definitive account of the arms race and the militarisation of our world. This sobering and objective account by Sweden's former Minister of Disarmament, details the reasons why twenty-five years of disarmament discussions have failed. Mrs. Myrdal masterfully explains how the awesome cost of an arms race has brought less and less security the faster it has escalated. Neither of the superpowers has ever seriously *tried* to achieve disarmament. Power politics have never been more ruthlessly exhibited. She reveals the forces within each country whose interests are served by an arms race. She documents how the two superpowers have used their alleged strategic superiority to reduce other nations' independence of action by means of threats, bribes, and military alliances.

The challenge has come not a moment too soon, as the U.N. prepares for its 1978 Special Session of the General Assembly on Disarmament. In analysing the history of international discussions on disarmament in the postwar world, Alva Myrdal mounts a devastating attack on our present-day idolators of the modern war-machine, whether in politics or the mass-

media. She reveals how *détente* and SALT, despite all their carping rhetoric, have served to institutionalise the arms race, rather than stop and reverse it. She shows why the Non-Proliferation Treaty could not prevent the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries and thus magnify the risk of an accidental nuclear war, since too many sovereign governments and commercial interests now believe that nuclear dearth can somehow work for *them*.

Underlying the interminable debates over how many missiles—their sizes and shapes—each side should have, are the lies and spies, and hypocrisies of foreign policy, outwitting the genuine disarmers. Analysing the nature of their warheads, the unpredictability of their submarines and airplanes, and their frantic attempts at verification of each side's weaponry, Alva Myrdal explains why real security is pushed further and further off. The cold logic of her explanation makes the current speeches of our alleged 'defence' ministers and NATO apologists sound plain silly. At least, the unchecked acceleration of our competitive weapons systems proves her to be absolutely right. The race goes on and on, though either side can now destroy practically all living creatures on this planet at least six times over.

If the sham doctrine of *deterrence* had any meaning, the race would have stopped when the first nuclear bomb went off. Deterrence is counter-productive and becomes more and more irrelevant. It has spread the peril from the big powers to the little powers. It is not a Russian *blitzkreig* across Europe that sensible people have to fear, but what happens on Israel's makeshift armistice lines, or with Cuba's build-up in Angola, or through Libya's arms commitment to Uganda.

There must be many ordinary people, who are not international authorities like Alva Myrdal, who share her deep misgivings. She confesses that her book 'has grown out of a gradually increasing feeling of near despair, after twelve years of participating in multilateral disarmament negotiations. There the superpowers have indulged in subterfuges and half-truths, with their closest and usually most dependent allies following suit or keeping silent. On balance, there has been no real advance towards limitation of armaments. The competitive race between the two superpowers has steadily escalated, and the militarisation of the economy and national life of almost all countries has intensified.'

Only with the passing of years, she says, did she come to realise how hollow was the rhetoric about 'the will to disarm'. This book is founded upon crucial personal involvement. She did not start out with a critical attitude or a missionary zeal, but with a rationalistic bent, 'hoping that by using diplomatic professionalism and advice from experts in many fields, it would be possible to advance the progress of disarmament.'

The present writer confesses that he *did* start out with a missionary zeal, when a student before World War II in Geneva. Looking back on half a lifetime spent on the fringes of diplomacy, this writer experiences not 'near despair', but a feeling of near incredulity that men and women who have grown up with him are willing, after all that has happened, *to accept* arms

programmes and war preparations that are so totally at variance with everything he has learnt from those halcyon days when he sat in the press seats of the First World Disarmament Conference in Geneva, under the chairmanship of the (then) British Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson. It was at that very Conference, incidentally, that some wag had fixed up one morning on the wall behind the chairman's seat two identical rifles, one labelled: '*defensive* weapon'; the other: '*offensive* weapon'. Since then, rifles have become nuclear; but the lying labels remain.

One of the writer's professors at the Geneva School of International Studies was none other than Salvador de Madariaga, who was then head of the League of Nations Disarmament Section. Señor de Madariaga's lectures were published in a book bearing the simple title: *Disarmament*. This thesis was clear: disarmament is not a technical question—sizes and quantities, budgets and costs, alliances and strategies—but a *political* question. As one of the League's top officials (and also one-time representative of his own country), Madariaga, like Mrs. Myrdal, believed in only one remedy for the arms race—and that remedy was an ever-stronger League of Nations.

To Madariaga, disarmament was not a negative process of bargaining, least of all a bargaining between military men whose national careers depended on this ability to outwit the other fellow; but a positive programme of building the institutions of peace through international co-operation. He argued, with unassailable logic, just as Alva Myrdal has done fifty years later, that security between nations cannot be attained by out-topping their rivals with weapons of incalculable death (another name for 'deterrence'); but by establishing, step by step, an international order based on the principles of the League Covenant. In fact, I recall Lord Robert Cecil, our Government delegate and inspirer of the international disarmament campaign in the mid-thirties, insisting that reliance on arms for national safety is like men sheltering in a thunderstorm under a tree—for it was there that the lightning would strike first.

Santayana, who had a good deal to say about the moral equivalent of war, reminds us that those who will not learn the lessons of history, will suffer its penalties. What, then, can we say about the moral content that is reflected in a press news item from Brussels that appears under the fitting caption: 'Scene-setter for Doomsday'?

> Subversion and sabotage throughout Western Europe are part of the political background drawn up by NATO experts for military exercises that *assume the start of a third world war* (our italics). NATO sources admit the scene-setting is perhaps somewhat far-fetched. The trouble is triggered by an aggressive demand from Moscow for Denmark and Norway to leave NATO. That is followed by arson attempts in sensitive industries, the blowing up of military installations, strikes at newspapers and arms factories—*and war.*

It is not surprising that the NATO chiefs, who *assume* these self-fulfilling prophecies of a Last (Third) World War, should now be protesting against the so-called 'cuts' that some statesmen have ventured to propose, because of the world economic crisis. For example, a few weeks ago NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns wrote a strongly worded complaint to the Dutch Premier protesting at proposed Dutch defence cuts, including the

scrapping of a guided-missile cruiser, the largest ship in the Netherlands fleet, and the withdrawal of 13 sea-patrol aircraft assigned to his Alliance.

I will not take this point further, since my *End of an Illusion*[2] analysed the mischief that NATO has done in dividing Europe, followed as it soon was by the Warsaw Pact, and a yet more rapid arms build up. What is more appalling than this beggar my neighbour (i.e. Russia) game, are SIPRI's revelations in its report: *World Armaments and Disarmament for 1976*. A vast 'defence' spin-off is now flooding the Third World with tanks, aircraft, ships, and missiles, where our modern merchants of death are developing their most flourishing market. According to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI):

> . . . the explosive growth in the arms trade since the 1973 Middle East war was among its most dangerous aspects with 95 countries importing major weapons. . . . In the Middle East, where the arms trade had been most conspicuous, nearly 16 per cent of the region's gross product was being spent on the military in 1974 or 135 dollars for every man, woman and child.

The yet more subtle, and rarely perceived, tactics of what Nobel Peace Prize Laureate, Philip Noel-Baker, has called the 'obsessed military opposition' to world disarmament, is evident in the manner by which the Helsinki Agreements of 1975 have been denigrated and distorted in press and parliament. Noel-Baker's classic *The Arms Race*[3] might well have qualified him as Minister for Disarmament. The first reaction coming, however, from Lord Chalfont (who actually was appointed a Minister for Disarmament!) and other hard-line military correspondents, was to proclaim Helsinki as some sort of Communist plot to subvert the West.

But that line didn't work for long. So a single one of the ten points of the Final Act of Helsinki was seized upon and the other nine forgotten. Human Rights was discovered in Basket Three to be a hidden weapon with which to attack the 'assumed' enemy. At last Human Rights, the cinderella of the U.N.'s thirty-year struggle to actualise the Universal Declaration of 1948, suddenly sprang into popularity—another psychological boost for the continuing Cold War!

Yet Helsinki was meant to *replace* the arms race by an All-European Security Pact. I remember in 1970 interviewing Finland's Ambassador, Max Jacobson, at the U.N. in New York about his Government's bold proposals. What was neutral and democratic Finland trying to do? In reply he took out a copy of the U.N. Charter and read me the first paragraph of Article 52 on regional arrangements, as follows:

> Nothing in the present Charter precludes the existence of regional arrangements or agencies for dealing with such matters relating to the maintenance of international peace and security as are appropriate for regional action, provided [they are] consistent with the Purposes and Principles of the U.N.

The Finnish Foreign Minister Ahti Karjalainen had already begun to develop a peace and security arrangement in Europe, as a whole, that he said would be 'consistent with the Purposes and Principles of the United Nations'. Any small child could see that a Europe split between NATO and the Warsaw Pact was a travesty of these Charter commitments, which Finland sought to implement.

Hence among the suppressed or forgotten nine points of the Helsinki Final Act—to be reviewed this June at Belgrade—is a call to 'refrain from the threat or use of force' and 'peaceful settlement of disputes' and 'co-operation among states' (on concrete proposals for which the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe is now hard at work) and 'fulfilment in good faith of obligations under international law.'

Helsinki II could go a long way towards liquidating both the NATO and the Warsaw Arms Pacts, with their Mutual Assured Destruction concepts—sometimes spelt 'MAD'. The June recall conference will be a genuine test of whether the statesmen who delivered themselves of such high-toned oratorial commitments at Helsinki I, really meant what they said. And if it *is* Human Rights that count most, is there not something unspeakably immoral in a strategic game that has reduced millions of human beings to mere numbers on military targets, with an overkill of mathematical co-efficients?

Perhaps our young and enterprising Foreign Secretary, Dr. David Owen, can there take a stage further the sentiments he expressed in Parliament recently:

> Both sides have everything to gain from frankly and openly facing up to the consequences of their differing perceptions of *détente*. In the last analysis, this offers East and West the best long-term hope of progressively reducing the area of confrontation between them, and of progressively increasing the area of common ground.

President Carter, in his first foreign policy speech to U.N. Delegates in the crowded General Assembly Hall in March, called for progress in ending the 'staggering arms race', perhaps through a relatively quick but limited U.S.-Soviet agreement on some nuclear arms levels, setting aside the more difficult issues until later. In the long run, the President said, 'my preference would be for strict controls or even a freeze on new types and generations of weaponry, with a deep reduction in the strategic arms of both sides.'

But more important than Helsinki II, for the survival of our Christian civilisation, will be what the West (as presumably its defenders) propose to bring to the Special General Assembly on Disarmament in New York in June 1978. Can we not begin *now*, in this Jubilee Year, to plan and promote the new long-term strategies that World Peace requires if its victories are to be won in our own lifetime? It may be our last chance.

NOTES

[1] *The Game of Disarmament*, by Alva Myrdal (Pantheon) 1976.
[2] *End of an Illusion*, by J. A. Joyce (Allen and Unwin) 1969.
[3] *The Arms Race*, Philip Noel-Baker (Calder) 1958.

[Dr. Joyce's new book, *Broken Star: The Story of the League of Nations*, will be published by Christopher Davies during the summer of 1977.]

FEMINISM IN THE THEATRE

by Clare Colvin

TWO plays with feminist themes arrived in the West End in the space of a year. They received much attention from the critics, but one sank without trace after a month, while the other has had a surprisingly successful run.

In both plays the female cast expressed views rarely heard on the stage. The theme of women asserting the way they want to live is not thought dramatic material unless there are men in the play to provide a confrontation. In the first play, *Old Flames* by E. A. Whitehead, which had a brief run at the Arts Theatre last year, it is true that Edward is confronted by the four women in his life—mother, first wife, second wife, girlfriend—but he does not appear after the interval, having been murdered by the women, who spend the rest of the play dissecting their lives, after eating him for dinner. In Pam Gems's play, *Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi*, which transferred to the Mayfair from the Hampstead Theatre, the four women are influenced by the actions of men, but at no time does a male, beyond the fatuous voice on the radio chat show, enter their white-painted sitting room.

It is intriguing that two well written plays with ideas in common had such different receptions. But while they both portrayed female resentment of male dominated society, the emotion with which they expressed it differed greatly. The final statements sum up the overall mood. In *Old Flames*, Edward's mother delivers a tirade against the imprisonment of her marriage. Her life has slipped by within four walls and she tells the younger women, bitterly, 'Don't you be cheated. Don't you let yourself be cheated, like I was.' In *Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi*, Fish leaves a suicide note, ending, 'We don't do as they want and they hate it. What are we to do?' The first statement captures the mood of uncompromising hatred that infects the play, while the second indicates that men are also having to rethink their lives, and the anger is more at the situation.

This marks a progression in feminist thought. *Old Flames* captures the headlines of the first steps in free expression of long suppressed resentment. The women fling abuse at men in general and the one man they have all been involved with in particular. The frankly expressed hatred is an inevitable outcome for their years of trying to live the roles allotted to them. In a foreword to the play, Mr. Whitehead recalls the way he had heard women talk, and the way feminists such as Germaine Greer and Kate Millet wrote, and was struck that he had hardly ever heard women talk like this in the theatre. Then he read in Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* 'of the new note women strike, the note of being betrayed. It's in the books they write, in how they speak, everywhere, all the time.'

That quotation led to *Old Flames*, and the note of betrayal comes through loud and clear. His women resent the society which they have adapted to, but they have not yet found themselves another role, beyond that of being

a woman alone. They discuss growing old on their own, or bringing up children on their own, but they still have the reactions instilled into them earlier in their lives. Diana, worried about what will happen to her when she is forty, is told she could re-marry and replies, 'Maybe. For a meal ticket.' The sadness is that these isolated women are unable to change their lives to any extent. As one of them points out, 'You'll never break the cycle on your own.'

The women in Pam Gems's play have changed their attitudes, and thus come nearer to changing their situation. Stas is the only one who has used male orientated society for her own ends. Studying as a physiotherapist by day, she works as a prostitute by night to amass the large sums of money with which to buy her independence. Vi has opted out altogether, living on incense fumes and mantras, but eventually conforms to become a traffic warden. Dusa is bringing up her children on her own after a divorce—during the course of the play they are kidnapped by her ex-husband and then recovered. Fish is trapped in a destructive relationship with a man which, when he marries another woman, sends her on a downward spiral to suicide.

So perhaps they failed in their attempts to live their lives the way they choose? Not entirely, for they have built up a comradeship among themselves, a willingness to help each other and to share. They are nearer to breaking the cycle because they can give each other support. The bitterness has been superseded by a cheerful anarchism and a realisation of certain inevitabilities—'There is a tendency in the physical world for things to collapse', Stas pronounces.

Although the play ends in a tragedy, it is open ended. Fish's final question, 'What are we to do?' is in fact a starting point.

[Clare Colvin is theatre critic for *The Tatler*.]

EDMUND RUBBRA AT SEVENTY-FIVE

Talking about music to Frederic Vanson

EDMUND RUBBRA was born, like Malcolm Arnold and William Alwyn, in Northampton. His first music teachers were local men, Dr. Charles King and Dr. Tysoe and he went by scholarship to study composition with Gustav Holst at Reading University and from thence to the Royal College of Music. He had earlier, as he told me, spent all his savings from his work as a railway clerk on the works of such composers as Debussy, Scriabin and Cyril Scott. It was from Scott that Edmund Rubbra received his first lessons in composition, and the programme of Scott's music which he played in the Northampton Public Library at the age of seventeen fell into that composer's hands. The young musician then became Scott's pupil having fortnightly lessons with him in London.

In the interview which follows the reader may discover how Dr. Rubbra rates the influence of Scott on his own music. I think it is safe to say that he has long outgrown Scott's and indeed that of all his teachers, including Vaughan Williams and Holst but, as is obvious from his remarks below the little-known R. O. Morris was a powerful influence on his musical thinking.

To most music lovers Rubbra is perhaps best known as a symphonist and he has written to date ten symphonies as well as much more orchestral music. Chamber music too owes a debt to him and in the realm of church music he has composed some of the finest music of our time including the magnificent *Canterbury Mass* and the *Missa in honorem Sancti Dominici*. He composes for both the Anglican and the Roman churches.

In 1937 Dr. Rubbra was awarded the Collard Fellowship of the Worshipful Company of Musicians. He was made a C.B.E. in 1960. His distinguished academic career included a period on the music faculty of Oxford University. For all this he remains little known to the average Prom audience or gramophone public. But Dr. Rubbra is a man of courage and believes that his work will not only continue but will live.

Frederic Vanson: Dr. Rubbra, I understand that you are writing a new chamber work at the present time, and one which has been commissioned. Would you fill in for us the background to this commission?
Dr. Edmund Rubbra: The new chamber work I have been commissioned to write is my 4th String Quartet and, if ready in time, it will be first performed at Oxford in 1977. It is inscribed 'In Memoriam Bennett Zarshish', whose tragically early death from an incurable disease deprived English music, and my own in particular, of a champion who was spiritually at one with it. This was the more remarkable because his un-English ancestry and residence away from England (he lived in California) would suggest a rather negative response to the values of English music in general. But the pull of England was so strong that he decided to make his home here and when he had done so he and his wife travelled to Gerrards Cross to have lunch with me. It was a heart-rending experience for he was already very ill;

even so his enthusiasm and courage did not prevent him from outlining his ambitious schemes for furthering the cause of my music. But he died within a month or so of this first meeting and his wife, in commissioning a quartet from me, felt that this would be a fitting memorial to him, as one whose values were unaffected by passing fashions.

F.V. That is a sad but very interesting story. May I pass on to another matter? I should guess that in most listeners' minds your name is most immediately associated with the symphony rather than with chamber music and other forms. From your point of view is the writing of, say, a string quartet, as great a challenge to your creative powers as a symphony?

E.R. I find as I grow older that every work of whatever size or complexity is quite as challenging, if not more so, than previous works have proved to be. I suppose that this is because as one digs deeper into one's consciousness in order to widen powers of expression, one is faced with an ever greater multiplicity of possibilities from which to choose, I think it was Stravinsky who said that one of the greatest difficulties in the composition of music is to select from an infinite number of possibilities those which are absolutely personal to oneself. A string quartet is a greater challenge than a symphony only because of the relatively limited means at one's disposal, not because of any purely *musical* difficulty.

F.V. David Cox, in the Penguin symposium *Chamber Music*, wrote of you that as a pupil of Holst you have the same musical roots as your master and that what you strive to express is somewhat similar in spirit and purpose. He goes on to say that your music may well strike the listener as evocative and deeply meaningful in its solemn mystic beauty, melodic richness, suppleness of rhythm and contrapuntal strength. Do you agree with this?

E.R. My first comment would be that I just hope that the second point made by David Cox is true! Regarding the first point I find it difficult to assert that one ever consciously strives to express a purpose. One strives to be true to one's musical beliefs, to one's ideals of what constitutes music, and if the result for the listener happens to coincide with what he feels also is the underlying 'feel' of another composer's music, that, to me, is purely coincidental. Obviously my gravitation to Holst as a teacher, although it was seemingly brought about by pure chance, was because of a deep-seated desire to be rid of the impressionistic language of much of the music I had imbibed as a young man and to substitute something more rooted in the native tradition. This I had found in Holst's music, even though his sources of inspiration were often un-English and even un-European!

F.V. The so-called mystic element in your music has been referred to by many critics, and I myself feel that it frequently has this quality. How far have you been influenced here by an earlier teacher than Holst, namely Cyril Scott? And do you think that had you never known Scott your music would still have expressed a mystical view of life?

E.R. That's a very difficult question to answer! In my teens Scott's music had an enormous effect on me and its peculiar harmonic language was so overpowering that I felt I could not get away from it in what I was writing. Whether this was due to the composer's 'occult' beliefs coming to me through the music, or due to the strangeness of the musical language *per se* it is impossible to say. Obviously my response to such an influence meant that deep down I shared something of the fundamental life-attitude behind the music and I think this would have emerged with or without Scott's influence.

F.V. If we may go back to the point where we began, I find the whole question of writing to a commission interesting. How do you feel about this? Does it in any way influence what, in the end, you write or how you write it?

E.R. Commissions are, I think, very encouraging things in one's creative life, provided that one does not rely on them too much for 'getting going'. In the first place they make one feel that one is not working in a vacuum with no response from outside, and in the second a commission can extend the boundaries of the area one is working in, provided—and this is important—what is asked for is not violently in opposition to one's natural direction of thinking. I would not therefore undertake a commission, whatever the fee offered, if it meant doing violence to my inclinations, however much it might be viewed as a 'good thing' for the extension of my musical language. The latter can only be done if I believe in what I am doing. In that case it becomes a meaningful extension.

F.V. If we may refer back to the question of chamber music, would you agree with the frequently stated opinion that the writing of the string quartet is the greatest challenge that faces the 'pure musician'? Is it not rather terrifying to walk in the footsteps of the mature Mozart, of the late Beethoven and of Bartok?

E.R. Yes it is rather terrifying; if one thinks about it! But it is self-defeating if one does, for everything has to begin from one's own centre. The reasoning of music is inductive and not deductive. I don't really share the opinion that the writing of a string quartet is necessarily the greatest challenge to a composer, only that it is difficult to achieve. A composer may be a *natural* composer of string quartets in the same way that, say, Wolf was a *natural* writer of songs, and if this is so then he presumably would feel this to be an easier task than writing a symphony. Fundamentally it depends upon one's particular bias. Puccini's achievement is no less valid because he didn't write a string quartet, and even if he did (which is not impossble) his claim to fame wouldn't rest on it, any more than Verdi's single example enhanced his.

F.V. In discussions of your music much has been made of the influence of the English madrigalists upon your work. Would you perhaps care to talk about this?

E.R. The work of the English madrigalists and that of the wider school of

European liturgical composers came to me through my studies with that clear-thinking contrapuntist R. O. Morris, the brother-in-law of Vaughan Williams. His teaching extended far beyond the inculcation of the technical bases of composition for, being a composer of works of modal clarity in form and texture (the complete neglect of which should be remedied), his contrapuntal insights were of extraordinary value for me. Moreover he was a man of wide and unusual interests and he it was who introduced me to the philosophical work of Ouspensky, particularly the book *Tertium Organum*. Incidentally Morris for some time formulated *The Times* crossword puzzles! Seeing the work of the 16th and 17th century composers through, as it were, the illuminating imagination of R. O. Morris's insights was therefore an influence far more basic than would have been a merely academic study of them.

F.V. In recent discussions with students, not of music, I was confronted with the attitude that it is irrelevant in this late-twentieth-century context to write music for such, as they said, *antique* instruments as the violin family! There is perhaps a point here. Should composers today be looking towards the new possibilities brought about by the application of, for instance, electronics to music making?

E.R. It is not the instruments, old or new, that make music but the composer who makes music through them. If the instruments of the violin family can be used for fine ends by both Bach and Bartok their use is certainly not played out! And they certainly have the advantage of expressiveness, unless this attribute is going to be anathema to new generations of composers! For me the dehydration of so much *avant garde* music has been brought about by electronic means which, although extending the area of available sounds, have at the same time dehumanised it. The normal instrument, when played, is an extension of the performer's psyche which can so subtly elicit from it a seemingly limitless gamut of possibilities that are, at the same time, both true to the music and his own view of it. Electronics, while adding to the number of effects, are a poor substitute for wood, gut and metal.

F.V. In earlier ages the chamber music composers had a small but dependable public in the form of the amateur quarters, trios and so on that met in private homes. Electronic instruments, I feel, have contributed to the decline in the playing of stringed instruments by offering amateurs ready-made, apparently easy systems of home music making.

But the average chamber work of today is often technically beyond the amateur player. Do you, as a composer in this field, feel that there is a case for composers to write works which are within the powers of amateur players?

E.R. Yes. I certainly feel that the increasing technical demands made of contemporary composers is making it very difficult for the amateur player, however interested he may be in new music, to do other than listen to it from the outside. This is a great pity for participation in the playing of

classical music by amateurs is the source not only of greater pleasure but of deeper insights into the nature of the music. Where technical difficulties prevent such participation the players, being no longer able to get inside the music being written, understand it less well. Certain composers (Vaughan Williams and Hindemith come to mind) have been aware of this problem and have tried to bridge the gap by writing music that is at the same time acceptable to the players with limited technical resources yet thoroughly representative of their idiom. I agree that much more should be done to make an equation of newness and approachability.

F.V. I realise that this is bound to sound like a *Desert Island Discs* type of question, but which composers have had the greatest appeal to you? And which do you find indispensable to your musical life?

E.R. I think that, when a composer has reached the age of 75, no other is *indispensable* to his musical life. That may seem to be a sweeping statement but it is certainly true for myself, although I have not yet reached the stage said to have been reached by Delius at the end of his life when he did not want to listen to any music but his own! In reaching maturity one gradually sheds influences and one works entirely from one's own centre. This though it not the same as saying that one's *interest* in other's creative activities in any way slackens.

[Frederic Vanson, poet, critic and journalist, has written on music for such journals as *Strad, Musical Opinion, R.A.M. Magazine,* and others. He is a contributor to *Cornhill, Contemporary Review, BBC, The Tablet, Country Life* and many other journals and is poetry columnist to *Essex Countryside.* He works part-time in publishing and is an adult education lecturer.]

A QUARTER-CENTURY AT THE 'MOVIES'

by James Morton

WITH the gift of hindsight it is possible to rate 1952 as an *annus mirabilis* for the cinema. The great stars were still alive, Bogart, Gable, Flynn, Robinson; the cinema studios were still turning out dozens of films each month, let alone each year. Television was relatively in its infancy. If there were clouds on the horizon then they were only specks floating above the Garden of Allah. One quick look at the titles of the films made that year show that not only was Hollywood in its ascendancy but so was the emerging Italian and the re-established French cinema.

Sight and Sound rated Chaplin's *Limelight* as the top film of the year and it was also the year of Ford's *The Quiet Man, High Noon* and Kazan's *Viva Zapata!*, which established Marlon Brando. Close at hand were *Pat and Mike*, one of the Tracy/Hepburn comedies, and that spoof homage to the silent cinema *Singing in the Rain*. In Mexico, Luis Bunuel, so long in exile, directed *Los Olividos* and in France there was Becker's *Casque d'Or* and the enchanting Brigitte Fossey in Clement's *Jeux Interdits*. From Italy there was de Sica's *Miracolo a Milano* and from Japan *The Life of O'Haru* and *Rashomon*. Joan Crawford made her comeback. John Garfield died and in England Lean made *The Sound Barrier* with Ralph Richardson. *Sight and Sound* conducted one of their ten best films in the world surveys and it is interesting to see the list in descending order:

Bicycle Thieves
City Lights
The Gold Rush
Potemkin
Louisiana Story
Intolerance
Greed
Le Jour Se Léve
Passion of Jean d'Arc
Brief Encounter
Le Million
La Régle du Jeu

How the list was compiled goodness knows, for *Greed* was only once shown in its entirety. I suspect that a list made twenty-five years later would be very different. Of those films on the earlier list, you would probably now lose two of the Chaplin and the von Stroheim; *Lousiana Story* would almost certainly go, along with *Brief Encounter* and if there was to be a Clair then *A Nous La Liberte* would replace *Le Million*. (It is good to note that these films are at the time of writing showing at the Everyman Hampstead in a double bill.) The Renoir would certainly be higher than last place and I would think that his other masterpiece, *La Grande Illusion*, would be in the top five. *Rashomon* would probably still be there together with the *Seven Samurai*.

In the early nineteen fifties we must have been naïve. There were very

few 'sex' films. Violence was at a minimum, No one swore on the cinema screen. Nudity was a foursome playing volleyball in longshot. Now rape and female humiliation are the standard diet of the cinemagoer and for that matter the television viewer. Sex rears its ugly head in an effort to recapture the lost audiences. A warning was recently given that there could be fewer than 1,000 cinemas in Britain in 1978. Those that are extant in London and elsewhere have in many cases been divided into small houses with under two hundred seats, enabling the management to show three or four films simultaneously. Unfortunately, such houses very often show the same films over and over again, such is the nature of the distributional tie-up.

A look in last night's *Evening Standard* showed that in what could loosely be described as the West End there were 71 different screens, so to speak, of which 16 were showing sex films. In addition, there were 9 cinema clubs showing varying shades of blue movies. In other words, 25%. For the purpose of fairness I have discounted such films as the homosexual *Sebastiane, Les Valseuses, Joseph Andrews,* described as 'an epic love story in which everyone has a great role and a big part'. That should pull them in.

It is difficult to establish where or when the floodgates opened. Possibly Joseph Strick's *Ulysses* helped. Certainly Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* pushed along the cause of violence. From the continent under the guise (sometimes real) of art came the later Fellini and Pasolini. The rape scenes in Bergman's *Virgin Spring* and Visconti's *Roccoe sui fratelli* extended the then accepted bounds of licence.

But the cinema has—as always—had other trends and cycles in its last twenty-five years. We have seen the great directors die or retire—Visconti, Ophuls, Lang, Ford, Renoir; we have seen a new generation, Scorsese, Bogdanovich, Eastwood, Rohmer, Bertolucci, Franju, Peckinpah. And in the day to day commercial diet we have seen the coming—and going—of the Religious Epic, *Quo Vadis?, Ben Hur, The Robe, Samson and Delilah* and the expansion into the gladiatorial epic, *Demetrious and the Gladiators,* and the whole range of Italian demi-epics with elderly actors or musclebound American bodybuilders such as Gordon Scott and Rory Calhoun. It must be added that the best of these was Steve Reeves who, although his high pitched voice had to be dubbed, displayed great charm at times, notably in the remake of *The Thief of Bagdad.*

One of the success stories of the last decade has been the continuing rise of Clint Eastwood, He was a semi-star of a TV series called *Rawhide* when he was invited to play the lead in Sergio Leone's remake of *Yojimbo, Per Qualche Dollari.* It had already been shown that the Japanese samurai films translated easily into western format. *The Magnificent Seven,* the remake of Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai,* had been an outstanding success. Apparently, according to trade gossip, Eastwood was offered the role because he was $10,000 cheaper than James Coburn. The film was made in Spain and a good deal was shot take for take, the same as its forerunner. It

was a box office runaway and Leone, for the next film, *Per Qualchi Dollari en piu*, rated another American, the fading heavy Lee Van Clief, to supplement Eastwood. This did even better business and for the third film Eli Wallach joined the team to be the bandit in *Il Buono* (Eastwood), *Il Cattivo* (Van Clief) and *Il Brutto* (Wallach). This was the start of the spaghetti western which might properly be called the paella western. The genre reached its apotheosis in *Once Upon a Time in the West* which Leone directed and which starred Charles Bronson, Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert. Charles Bronson, one of today's top stars, actually started his acting career in Andre de Toth's *House of Wax* in which under his real name of Bronowski he played a deaf mute.

The spaghetti western was never quite the same after *Once Upon a Time in the West*. Eastwood had already returned to Hollywood where he was to make *Where Eagles Dare*, which shot him into 'International Star' but Lee Van Clief found a whole new life playing *Sabata*, who wasn't very different from the original Eastwood hero only not quite as handsome.

In all these films the supporting Italian actors adopted English names and two of them, Terence Hill and Bud Spencer, went on to make a comedy western series starting with *My Name is Trinity*. These have done enormously well in Europe but are rarely if ever shown over here.

More seriously, there has been a resurgence of the Spanish cinema which has existed on the reputation of Bunuel for so long. Now, year by year, Spanish films are beginning to filter through. First we had *La Caza* which took ten years to appear, then in—by comparison—quick succession, came *Espiritu de la Colmena*, a ravishing study of a child growing up after the Civil War, and *Los Furtivos*, a film redolent of the French and Italian films of the late forties, but by no means the worse for that. In the pipeline we have *Crias Cuevas*, another Civil War study which has been shown at the last London Film Festival and which is on view in Paris at the moment.

In Italy the industry has been lessened by the death of Visconti and Pasolini. We still have to see the last Visconti in Britain, but the last shown, *Conversation Piece*, was masterly. For me, Pasolini had gone off the rails by time of his death but some critics will no doubt put the *Gospel According to St. Matthew* high on their lists of best films, even if not quite in the top ten.

In England, the main feature of the cinema over the last five years has been the resurgence of the German cinema. The Gate in Notting Hill, which was once the Notting Hill Classic, has more or less devoted itself to German films in recent years and Fassbinder, Hertzog and Wenders have become household names—at least to the patrons of the Gate. I particularly like Hertzog's *Aguirre Wrath of God* and *The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*, but I find Fassbinder's films and Wenders', particularly the latter's latest, *Kings of the Road*, a bit like watching someone eat sauerkraut very slowly.

American cinema is now much devoted to producing films for television and many directors are meeting each other either sinking into such direction or climbing out of it. Eastwood combines most successfully acting, producing

and directing. His Malpaso Company must have made him a fortune. Peter Bogdanovich, one of the seemingly endless school of the horror director Roger Corman, flutters into the view of critical acclaim with *Targets*, the last film of Boris Karloff. His next film, *The Last Picture Show*, the story of a dying town in Texas, was similarly acclaimed as was *Paper Moon* with the enchanting Tatum O'Neill and *What's Up, Doc?*, a homage to the Howard Hawks comedies; but since then has come doubt, eclipse and partial downfall with *Baisy Miller* and *Nickleodeon* which has been almost universally panned. Probably he too has enough money to do what he wants but let us hope he doesn't disappear as did Budd Boetticher in the late fifties. Martin Scorses has been the most brilliantly successful pupil of Corman. His first film, *Who's Knocking at my Door?*, was a succinct study of Italian ghetto life in New York and was a working draft for *Mean Streets*, which is currently being revived in London. His next film was the sensational *Boxcar Bertha*, a study of the American depression made with alarming talent. He turned to comedy in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and has now directed *Taxi Driver*, another apocalyptic view of New York. Hopefully he will not meet with the abuse that Bogdanovich encountered when he tried his hand at one.

The last twenty-five years of American cinema has seen the rise and fall and rise again of the *film noir*, a series of remakes of early Chandler films and an extension of the 'lone cop' line of films. In the fifties this was almost always Dana Andrews, but the mantle has fallen on the shoulders of a number of actors such as Gene Hackman. The western has gone through a period of introspection which in fact started in 1950 with Henry King's *The Gunfighter*. For the last decade the rage has been not for the heroic sheriff in the cowardly town, e.g. *High Noon, Decision at Sundown*, but for the western to look with nostalgia at the passing of an era—*The Ballad of Cable Hogue, True Grit* and the ill-fated *Death of a Gunfighter*. There has also been the tendency to over-symbolise the western—symbolic as a noh play, anyway—*The Wild Bunch* and *Missouri Breaks* are two classic examples.

We are in a current fad, as I wrote last quarter, of horror films such as *Carrie*, so different from the film of the same name made in 1952 with Olivier and Jennifer Jones. Brian de Palma seems to be the current golden boy of this sort of film. Some critics are saying he has adopted and extended the mantle of Hitchcock, but I am not sure that that means much anyway. Certainly one of the saddest things of the last twenty-five years has been the steady unwatchability of most of the master's films. Even the so-called classics now seem very slow in comparison with, say, Tod Browning's silent films.

The French cinema's great loss has been the retirement of Renoir and the death of Ophuls. Looking back on the films it seems incredible that without exception they all stand up to viewing again and again and they seem as fresh as the first time they were shown. Jean Gabin has died and so has the immortal Gerard Phillipe and the handsome Pierre Brasseur from *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Jeanne Moreau has begun to direct her own films

and the stalwarts of the French screen are no longer Fernandel and Raimu, Michel Simon Signoret and Arletty but Jean Louis Trintignant, Michel Piccoli, Phillipe Noiret and Michel Bougquet. Jean-Charles Tacchella's *Cousin Cousine* has been very popular here. It started its run at the Curzon which at long last seems to be re-adopting its policy of showing Continental films. At the Phoenix and the Paris Pullman we have had Michel Drach's *Les Violons du Bal* with echoes such as the strafing of the refugees which hark back to *Jeux Interdits*. Brigitte Fossey from the earlier film has grown into a stunning looking girl and was the heroine of Albicocco's *Le Grand Meaulnes*. They don't make films like that in England.

Well, what do they make in England nowadays? It is a bit difficult to say what films over the last twenty-five years stand out. Lean's *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, Schlesinger's *Billy Liar* and possibly his later *Sunday Bloody Sunday* which I thought to be boring, bloody boring but which was critically well received. There must be more but memory will not call them to mind. All that seems to come to recollection is a seemingly endless diet of *Carry On* films and their slightly more vulgar and inept successors *The Confessions* series.

There have been some good thrillers such as *Get Carter* and *Gumshoe* but these cannot possibly count as 'great cinema'. The other threads have been the Hammer Gothic series which eventually slid into sex rather than anything else and directors such as Pete Walker with his soft and gradually hardening core porn films such as *House of Whipcord*. Still, these films sell to what is left of the undemanding British public and efforts to show Frankju's *L'Homme sans Visage* and Bresson's *Lancelot du Lac* end in failure. We probably get shown the films we deserve to see but it would be nice if we had made films such as Borocyck's *Story of Sin* or *Blanche*, or Bresson's *Mouchette* or *Au Hasard Balthasar*.

Perhaps if I live to write an article on the next twenty-five years to 2002 I will be able to include some British films in the top dozen, but I suspect it will still be packed with films by Renoir, von Stroheim, Carne, Kurosawa and Welles.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Christopher And His Kind. Christopher Isherwood. Eyre Methuen. £4.95.
A Life Of Contrasts. Diana Mosley. Hamish Hamilton. £5.50.

The verdict on an autobiography involves a two-fold criterion. On the one hand there is the book; on the other there is the person or as much of him or her as we can discover from the book and other sources. Christopher Isherwood's book is full of delightful touches. Almost at random one picks out an early meeting with Somerset Maugham. Maugham's 'dark, watchful, bridge-player's eyes intimidated Christopher; also his stammer, which somehow made you feel that you were stammering, not he. But, behind the grim, vigorously lined mask of the face, Christopher was aware of a shy warmth, to which he was eager to respond. He would be honoured to adopt Maugham as his Uncle Willie, if only Maugham would let him.'

Isherwood became somewhat drunk and loquacious and left early. But Maugham was not disconcerted. Virginia Woolf recorded later: 'Isherwood and I met on the doorstep. He is a slip of a wild boy: with quicksilver eyes, nipped; jockeylike. That young man, said W. Maugham, "holds the future of the English novel in his hands".'

There are many excellent laughs throughout the book, none better than when Auden, after an Auden/Isherwood first night, appealed from the stage for the Spanish children. He intended to say that worse things were happening in the outside world than anything they had been shown in the play. What he did say was 'as you all know, worse things have been happening in the audience tonight than on the stage.' This, not surprisingly, was the biggest laugh of the evening. What fun they all had, as was said of the unfortunate Stephen Ward and his cronies.

From a literary standpoint it must be expected that Isherwood, one of the outstanding novelists of our time, would have the edge on Lady Mosley, not hitherto known as an author except of elegant book reviews. In fact she is no mean writer. Some of her descriptions of prison life, for example, are novel and vivid. She does not solve the more or less insoluble problem of how an autobiographer should write about those he or she loves. 'With his lucidity and intelligence and his gift of oratory, M,' as she calls Sir Oswald, 'appeared to me then, as he does still, the cleverest, most balanced and most honest of English politicians. Above all, it was his generosity and his hatred of cant that made him attractively unlike the general run of men in English public life.' At every point he emerges as a paragon of virtue and foresight. We know she believes it and we like her all the more for saying so.

We become, however, a little restive when the same treatment is meted out to her brother, sisters (with one possible exception) and children. When she describes the actual incidents of family life, her story becomes much more alive. Nothing in the book is more moving than the account of her father's last days and the visit paid to him by his separated wife (Diana's mother), Diana herself and another sister.

It is not the quality of the writing but the values evident in these books that are bound to arouse strenuous criticism. Christopher Isherwood's life in Berlin (1928-1932) is a horrifying tale. To say that is not to denigrate homosexuals as such, as Dame Rebecca West has already pointed out. (When I introduced a

motion in the House of Lords approving the Wolfenden Report a year before the House of Commons would touch it, I was labelled by Lord Boothby as 'the non-playing captain of the homosexual team'.) It is fair to record that Christopher Isherwood went to great lengths to try to establish a permanent relationship with a particular young German. But the general ethos was one of total promiscuity, sexual exploitation of young working-class men and callous disregard of their interests. Isherwood says frankly, 'it was Berlin itself he was hungry to meet; the Berlin Wystan (Auden) had promised him. To Christopher Berlin meant Boys.' (To Diana Mosley a few years later it meant Hitler.) He writes today: 'I can still make myself faintly feel the delicious nausea of initiation terror which Christopher felt as Wystan pushed back the heavy leather door-curtain of a boy bar called The Cosy Corner . . . ' All this would be equally deplorable in a heterosexual context.

The contrast between the 'good' and the utterly irresponsible homosexual is brought out by the appearance on the scene of E. M. Forster. Isherwood was 'aware from the start that he had to deal with a moralist.' His 'baby eyes looked very deep into you. They made Christopher feel false, and tricky and embarrassed.' More than once in the book 'Christopher' refers to himself as 'selfish.' One is grateful to him for the admission, even if it be a considerable understatement.

There remains the question of how far we should be prepared to offer special indulgence, to pull as it were our moral punches, when dealing with artists of exceptional talent, particularly in their youthful periods. Most of us make *some* allowance for them from Byron downwards. Byron died at 36 only a year older than Isherwood at the end of this volume. Isherwood is no Byron, nor is Auden, but their collaboration undoubtedly produced directly and indirectly work of permanent artistic value. Their homosexualism was a factor, though not the main factor, in their relationship. At the end of this book, 'Christopher' gives us a hint of better things to come, though no weakening whatever of his homosexual purposes.

There has been nothing in Lady Mosley's life to justify the strictures passed above on the early Isherwood. She left her first husband, sweetest of men, to marry Sir Oswald Mosley, one of the most brilliant of politicians. That said, her family life can be treated as exemplary, even heroic, and she has proved the most devoted of friends. If much is forgiven to those who love much, her prospects of salvation are far better than the average.

It is, alas, her political values, or lack of them, that let her down. And here the most obvious explanation is not sufficient. To say that she loved Sir Oswald Mosley with a deep and abiding love and stood by him through thick and thin, including 3½ years in Holloway, is true but not the whole truth.

When she holds forth on politics one can sometimes hear his voice speaking through hers. But the chapter comparing Churchill and Hitler, and leaving them on a moral parity, seems to represent not only his thinking but her feeling. The truth is that she liked and admired Hitler and is audaciously unrepentant in saying so. At one point in her book she seems to be saying that in the pre-war years when she visited him quite often (Mosley only met him twice) no one could have foreseen the massacres to come of six million Jews and countless others. But even today she does not seem to realise that by any of the civilised standards which her friends associate with her, Hitler was an outrageous sadist who can only be forgiven because forgiveness ought to be extended to all men.

Can the ultimate defence of her political dementia be attributed to invincible ignorance? It would be a difficult defence to conduct in view of her manifest

intelligence and her first-hand knowledge of politicians in so many countries. But *some* defence must be manufactured for one of so much charm and beauty, and one so dear with much reason to so many friends.

Years after she had left Holloway, a prison visitor said that one of the prison officers, a Miss Davis, said to her: 'We've never had such laughs since Lady Mosley left.' The last chapter of her book is called 'Laughter And The Love Of Friends'—she is well qualified to speak on both subjects. But where the fortunes of humanity are at stake, there is need for another dimension.

FRANK LONGFORD

ASQUITH TO CHAMBERLAIN

The British Revolution (*British Politics* 1889-1939) Vol. 1. From Asquith to Chamberlain 1914-1931. Robert Rhodes James. Hamish Hamilton. £8.50.

In my March review of Volume 1, I questioned the use of the word *revolution* in the title of this projected trilogy: I now think it misleading, whatever meaning is attached to the word. Of course Britain has endured two world wars and survived; of course these wars have made profound changes, sometimes called a silent social revolution. Mr. Rhodes James has little to say about culture and social matters. Mr. James makes few references to town and countryside nor changes in the press and mass media, nor oddly enough in the machinery of government, though both books bear the sub-title *British Politics*.

Britain has been distinguished by a two-party system, with 'progressives' (Liberal or Labour or both in combination) from time to time interrupting the more traditional Conservative governments. It is only recently that this pattern has changed, after the period covered by this book. During that period both sides adapted themselves to the wishes of a mass electorate and this produced a reasonable stability over the years. Now we have minority government, owing mainly to the existence of separate nationalist parties and, what is more, we have detailed criticism of almost every aspect of government. Personally I would say that a revolution in the machinery of British government is now overdue.

This book is a straightforward narrative with conventional chapter headings, like A Nation at War, Post-War, The Return of the Conservatives, etc. As a minor actor in parts of this political drama, I look in vain for some new light on the period, on the 'ten years rule' in defence strategy, on the changing face of industry, on the Abdication—all matters which affected government. As in his other books, there are some excellent character sketches of individual statesmen, with most of which I agree: there is an easy flowing narrative with too many familiar quotations from, for example, Sir Harold Nicolson, who was by no means a reliable guide, though a first-class journalist. I enjoyed Mr. Rhodes James' earlier books on Rosebery and Lord Randolph Churchill and admire his style, but I am more critical of this one.

The author rightly stresses the crucial importance of Abyssinia in the 1935 election. I fought that election and won it with a greatly increased majority; in the course of the election I explained to my constituents the dilemma over collective security in great detail, but the main issue was not Abyssinia but unemployment. We had over 100,000 more people in work; the largest increase of housing in Scottish history. At this particular moment Baldwin had appointed me Civil Lord of the Admiralty and I went out to Malta and Alexandria in January 1936 to see things for myself and was there when George V died. I could hardly ask the C.-in-C. Mediterranean, Admiral Fisher, whether he felt able to destroy the Italian fleet. What I do know is that the only force from any

country which actually moved into position during the crucial weeks of semi-sanctions was the British Navy. Captain Stephen Roskill, the official naval historian, knew as we all knew, that Britain was short of torpedoes. My guess is that if Fisher had been given orders to attack he would have knocked out the Italians. But we could not count on France, much less on any other country. If there had been a victory, it would not have been for collective security or the League of Nations; the so-called partners never materialised. Churchill was ambivalent, as he was later on the Spanish civil war; his concentration was solely on Hitler. I think the author is perceptive and right about Abyssinia when he quotes A. J. P. Taylor's summary of the party situation: 'Both sides were in a muddle themselves and therefore muddled their charges against each other.'

I will now quote the author's assessment of Parliament 1931-40 because it is important:

> This one was to prove exceptionally volatile and unpredictable . . . it was to humiliate and then to revere and finally excoriate Baldwin; it was to give Neville Chamberlain the very rare tribute of a standing ovation and then to destroy him; it was to pull Churchill down, then to ignore him and later to give him support of a kind that neither Gladstone nor Lloyd George had ever experienced—but on its own terms. It was to prove itself a restless, disturbed, emotional, apprehensive and bloody-minded Parliament, at no time to be taken for granted. It was both in its leading personalities and in its collective character, the most brilliant and passionate Parliament of the century. A strong and glorious lustre shines upon all who served in it.

This is a fine piece of writing and is partly true, if novel. The author was in his nursery at the time and as an active member of Parliament, I gladly share the lustre. But how does he reconcile this assessment with two other statements: 'The 1930s were, in fact, the golden years of the British middle-class' and in the last chapter: 'The policies that government followed were compounded of the respective attitudes, experiences and prejudices of its members and necessarily reflected their political background in the pre-war years. Victorians . . . all the leaders of the Labour and dying Liberal parties were also children of the Victorian era.' Was it, then, middle-class, Victorians who made the Parliament 1931-40 'the most brilliant and passionate of the century'?

In a book covering twenty-five years a reviewer has to be selective. I have neglected some brilliant passages about Asquith and Lloyd George, but I must include one more quotation; Churchill on Curzon: 'The morning was golden, the noontime silver, the afternoon bronze and the evening lead. But each was polished until it shone after its fashion.' On second thoughts I recommend the second volume; it is well worth criticising, stimulating and a welcome corrective to the many superficial books written on the Thirties, such as those by Malcolm Muggeridge and Lord Francis Williams, to mention two out of twenty.

KENNETH LINDSAY

MIDDLE EAST PROCONSUL

From The Wings: Amman Memoirs 1947-1951. Sir Alec Kirkbride, KCMG, CVO, OBE, MC. Frank Cass.

The author of this slim volume is one of that small band of British proconsuls who served in the Middle East from the First World War till after the Second. Alec Kirkbridge himself, born in Nottingham but brought up in Egypt, joined the British Army in 1916. Knowing Arabic, he was attached to the Arab forces in Arabia led by the Amir Faisal. In 1921, Kirkbride, by now stationed at Kerak in the southern part of Trans-Jordan, had to cope with the Amir

Abdullah when he crossed the frontier from the Hejaz at the head of a Beduin force. From then until Abdullah's death in 1951, a close friendship developed between him and Sir Alec, so well described in his earlier book *A Crackle of Thorns* (John Murray, 1956).

During all these years, the author served in the Colonial Service, at times in Palestine, at times in Trans-Jordan. When Jordan became an independent State in 1946, he moved to the Diplomatic Service as the first British Minister Plenipotentiary to the new Kingdom.

Sir Alec appears from his books as a man who writes about what he knows, without literary affectations. He was a keen sportsman and archaeologist, with a dry humour breaking through from time to time. The reader is compelled to believe wholly what he has to say. This is particularly important when Sir Alec describes King Abdullah (whom he calls 'The King with a Twinkle'). For example, the author writes:

> We had been friends since the time I had met him on his first arrival in Jordan in March 1921. One cannot explain the instinctive liking between individuals such as existed in our case, but the reason why the feeling lasted for thirty years was probably due to the fact that I always gave him an honest opinion on any matter under consideration. He did not always agree with my opinion and he was sometimes irritated by what I said but, at least, he was sure that what I recommended was what I believed to be for the best.
>
> This frankness did not mean that I could ever take anything for granted as far as the King was concerned or that I could speak to him bluntly if we disagreed. He was touchy and expected to receive the courtesy which he extended to others. He preferred negative responses to be delivered in private but, if that was impossible, I knew how to appear to agree with him in a manner which he knew really implied dissent.
>
> Over the years, we developed what amounted to a secret talking code. For instance, if I said, 'His Majesty's Government hopes that your Majesty will accept this advice', it meant that I did not agree with what was recommended and that I would support him if he resisted. But, if I used the form 'and I hope that you will accept', it meant that I did agree with the advice and that it had better be taken.

In 1951, the King was assassinated in the Mosque area of Jerusalem by a group of Arabs supported by Nasser in Egypt. Sir Alec, then on leave in England, returned at once to Amman and poignantly describes the King's funeral. After so many years with Abdullah, Sir Alec found it difficult to continue to serve in Jordan and was transferred to become the first British Ambassador to the then new State of Libya. He is now in retirement in Sussex.

This book is essential reading for everyone interested in modern Middle Eastern history.

EDWIN SAMUEL

LIFE WITH A VIOLIN

Unfinished Journey. Yehudi Menuhin. Macdonald and Jane's. £5.95.

It could reasonably be said, and the author of this autobiography seems happy to confess it, that Yehudi Menuhin has led a charmed life. Born to loving, intelligent Russian Jewish parents, who had recently arrived in New York City from Palestine, sixty years ago, it was discovered very early on that the infant Yehudi had a vast natural talent for the violin. At the age of four he was presented with a toy instrument, with metal strings, to encourage his latent gifts. The child's reaction was to throw it to the ground and burst into sobs: it was not the real thing and incapable of making a proper sound. From then on it *was* the real thing and there was no looking back. Living with his parents in California, his earliest teacher was Louis Persinger and his formal public debut

was given in San Francisco's Oakland Auditorium in February 1924, when he was not yet 8, and by the time he had reached the age of 16 he had come to Europe, been taught by the great Rumanian violinist, Georges Enesco, and had given sensational concerts in Paris, New York and Berlin. In 1932 the prodigy gave a performance in London, at the Albert Hall, of Elgar's violin concerto, conducted by the composer himself, though he rather charmingly makes it clear that Sir Edward was keener to get to the races than to give his fullest attention to rehearsals.

The remarkable thing about Menuhin is that, having started life as an infant prodigy with a great natural gift, he survived to develop and mature his art, and all this with a minimum of formal teaching. He never attended a music school and grew up relying upon his natural gifts rather than formal mastery of technique. Indeed when, with his mother, he visited the great violinist Eugene Ysaye in Brussels at the age of ten, and having impressed him with his performance of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, the veteran virtuoso then had Yehudi floundering over his request to play an A major arpeggio in four octaves; and when he observed 'You would do well, Yehudi, to practice scales and arpeggios,' Yehudi fled, never to return.

Menuhin examines his life with pleasing objectivity, and his family, friends and colleagues with immense affection. Any temptation to find his constantly expressed love of mankind as insincere is rebutted by the facts of his life that speak for themselves. He has clearly created great joy amongst whoever has come into contact with him, has played with unabated enthusiasm throughout the world and drawn enthusiasm in equal measure for those performances. At the same time he has brought up a happy and united family and kept constantly in touch with his two pianist sisters Hepzibah and Yaltah. Even the failure of his first marriage is regarded with tolerance and understanding, and his manifest adoration of his second wife, Diana, who as Diana Gould had been a highly promising ballet dancer, would seem fulsome if it was not so manifestly sincere.

The book might be thought over long and at times tends to become, if not repetitive, something of a catalogue of playing engagements interspersed with anecdotes. Nor can one entirely believe that all his colleagues have been equally easy to work with, and some rather more objective and pithy assessment of playing and conducting standards might have been welcome. On the other hand his chapters on such subjects as his interest in yoga and vegetarianism, and particularly that on the foundation and organisation of his music school at Stoke d'Abernon in Surrey make refreshing and absorbing reading. One is indeed left with admiration that a man who has now passed sixty can still remain, after half a century of virtually non-stop virtuoso performance, so invigoratingly fresh and enthusiastic in his approach to life. Reading this book will help one to understand him better as the charming, gifted and, above all, decent human being that he is, and, having used his sabbatical year to complete this autobiography, one can wish him many future years during which he will continue to delight humanity with his manifold gifts.

DAVID FINGLETON

NOVELIST IN THE MAKING

Growing Pains. The Shaping of a Writer. Daphne du Maurier. Gollancz. £4.95.

Long ago, when editing *Daily Chronicle* features, I asked young Daphne du Maurier to write me a short article on being the daughter of a famous actor. It was, I think, her first published work though she had tried her hand at a dozen or so short stories, poems, and two plays. Two years later, in 1931, came her

first novel, *The Living Spirit*—about four generations of a Cornish family—thereby fulfilling her father's wish that she became a novelist.

Her autobiography, from age three to twenty-five, records her 'growing pains' and pleasures. Her girlhood in comfortable Regent's Park and Hampstead homes, with country retreats for holidays, was in many ways a blest one despite emotional stresses. Early on, she became familiar with her father's theatre background, met actors like Basil Rathbone who, twenty years later, was to play in the film of *Frenchman's Creek*. From age twelve her favourites were Gladys Cooper and son John and the daughters of playwright Freddie Lonsdale. With Frankie—now Mrs. Frances Donaldson—she even collaborated on a play. With actor cousin Geoffrey—thirty-six, twice married—she felt, at fourteen, the first intimations of love. 'Nothing, in a life of seventy years, has ever surpassed that first awakening of an instinct within myself. The touch of that hand on mine. And the instinctive knowledge that nobody must know.'

A crush on a mistress at the Composena finishing school near Meudon at eighteen ripened into a friendship that took her to Brittany and Paris, which she loved. At the Victor Pagets' party in London she danced with the Prince of Wales: 'Nice but rather pathetic' she noted in her diary, kept since 1920, which also recorded this delicious 'quote': 'The fruit that Eve ate was really an orange, and Man has been slipping on the peel ever since'. Avidly she read the English and French classics, wanted to emulate Katherine Mansfield's stories, and dreamed of fame.

But the chief turning-point in her young life was a holiday move to a chalet-like house facing the harbour at Bodinnick, Fowey, where she could write absorbedly, indulge her passion for Cornwall, enjoy the company of the Quiller-Couch family. While there she discovered the closed, dusty, cobwebbed Menabilly house which 'had a grace and charm that made me hers on the instant'. Years later it figured in *Rebecca* and became her home after her marriage to Grenadier Guards Major Browning who had read *The Living Spirit*, sailed his boat to Fowey, invited her aboard, and fallen in love. This she treats with due reticence.

After disposing of the small stuff of early childhood, Dame du Maurier records it all with a limpid grace and perceptive philosophy that negates her warning: 'readers looking for deep thoughts and words of wisdom will be disappointed'. How refreshing is her well-bred style compared with the four-letter crudities of some current memoirs.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939, Second Series, Volume XV (HM Stationery Office. £16.50). This latest volume of official Foreign Office documents covers 'The Italo-Ethiopian War and German Affairs, October 3, 1935-February 29, 1936.' There are over 550 documents quoted, together with additional official memoranda. The Editor brings them all together in a coherent pattern in his useful Preface. The volume starts with the opening of hostilities by Italy and proceeds to the climax of the so-called Hoare-Laval Pact of December 8. This 'settlement', which included territorial exchanges and foreign tutelage, was leaked through French sources and raised a storm of protest. Professor Medlicott takes the view that the outcry was due essentially to the fact that the bases of the

agreement 'had never been accepted by, and had hardly been explained to, world opinion'. It is, to say the least, extremely doubtful if opinion could ever have been persuaded to accept them. The resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare followed, but Sir Robert Vansittart, as a civil servant, continued in his post of Deputy Under-Secretary of State. This volume is also greatly concerned with the mounting threat of German re-armament and Nazi expansionism. With the appointment of Eden as Foreign Secretary the influence of Vansittart appears to be less effective, though still of considerable impact. Just before the Hoare-Laval Pact, on December 1, he argued for an agreement with Hitler. He wrote: 'You can only come to terms with Germany at a price. Even so, I would be glad to come to terms with Germany.' The price he envisaged was the surrender of the old German colonies. With remarkable naïvete he appears to have thought that this could finally satisfy Hitler's appetite. He returns to the same theme in February, but Eden does not appear to have been greatly impressed. In any event, as Professor Medlicott points out, Hitler had already decided on the occupation of the Rhineland which took place in March 1936. This is a volume of particular interest and importance.

Royal Progress (Cassell, £5.95). 'Britain's Changing Monarchy' is the subtitle of this book by Daniel Counihan. The justification for it is the Silver Jubilee and the author's long association with the Royal Family. He retired in 1976 as the BBC's Diplomatic and Court correspondent. He has had close contacts with Buckingham Palace and has accompanied royal tours. This lends weight to the book. It is one of discreet admiration. It contains brief biographies and pen portraits of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. It is not critical. On the contrary, Mr. Counihan is concerned to refute, or occasionally to remain silent upon, criticisms which are most frequently heard about behaviour of some of the Royals. The main theme of the book is to show how, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth II, the monarchy has come closer to the ordinary citizens and shed its old remoteness and superiority. The weakest part of the book is his brief treatment of the constitutional position of the Monarch. He repeatedly refers to Bagehot's celebrated work on *The English Constitution* published in 1867. Much has changed since then. The small residue of powers in practice of the Monarch have greatly diminished, and this process is still continuing. He refers to the Monarch's power of appointing a Prime Minister. Only recently this has so developed that in practice she cannot appoint a Prime Minister without party approval. The volume has some very pleasant photographs.

Tolstoy (Elek. £5.95). In this study of Tolstoy's most important fiction, Dr. T. G. S. Cain traces the writer's development through the novels and tales from *Childhood* onwards. With a firm critical judgement he singles out the individuality of each work whilst placing each in the overall context of Tolstoy's career. Biographical factors such as his aristocratic background and his early enthusiasm for Rousseau are noted for their influence on his writing. A rewarding view emerges of the creative tensions at work in him, particularly in *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, where Tolstoy brings together his concept of a clearly ordered moral universe and his awareness of the vast complexity of human experience within such an ideal world. Dr. Cain has amply and readably shown how deeply the novels are rooted in the intellectual and emotional tension of the novelist's difficult life.

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Price 50p per copy; £6.00 per year post free
(in U.S.A. and Canada $18 by accelerated surface post)
Published under the auspices of the

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON

by the Oxford University Press
Press Road, Neasden, London, NW10 0DD

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 61 Carey Street, London, WC2A 2JG. Tel. 01-242 3215. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers.